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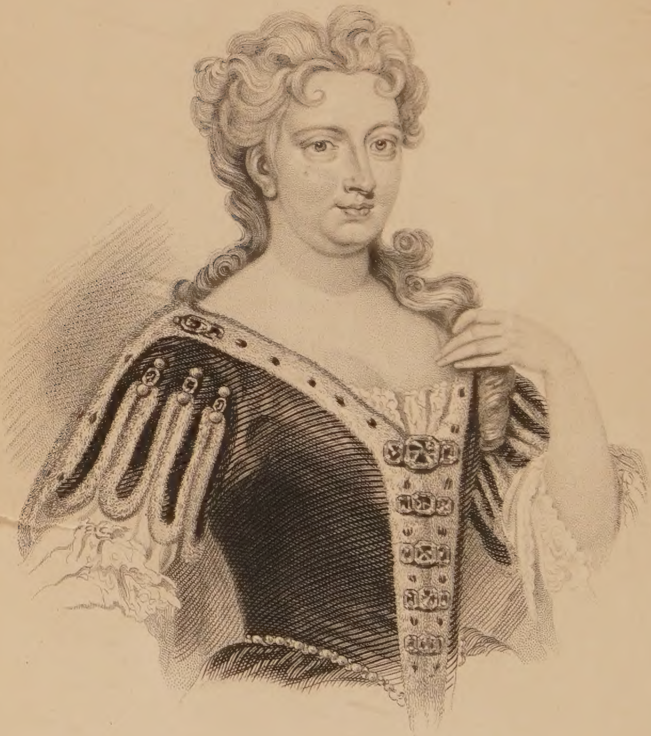

Caroline

Consort of George II.

London, Henry Colburn, 1847.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

COURT AND TIMES

OF

KING GEORGE THE SECOND,

AND

HIS CONSORT QUEEN CAROLINE,

INCLUDING

NUMEROUS PRIVATE LETTERS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED
PERSONS OF THE TIME ADDRESSED TO THE
VISCOUNTESS SUNDON,
MISTRESS OF THE ROBES TO THE QUEEN, AND
HER CONFIDENTIAL ADVISER,

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MRS. THOMSON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH,"
"MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF HENRY VIII." ETC.

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MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

LADY SUNDON.

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CHAPTER I.

A SINGULAR contrast to some of Mrs. Clayton's correspondents is presented by another of her warmest votaries. This was the celebrated Robert Clayton, Bishop of Clogher, a relative of Mr. Clayton's, and a friend of Bishop Hoadley's. Descended from the Claytons of Fulwood, in Lancashire, Dr. Clayton was, nevertheless, a native of Ireland, his father being Dean of Kildare. His character was remarkable for liberality in money matters; having married the daughter of Chief Justice Donnellan, he gave that lady's portion to her sister; and settled on his own three sisters double the sum which was bequeathed to them by their father's will. Such was his generosity, that upon a person in distressed circumstances applying to him for relief, he gave him 300*l.*, which was all the object of his bounty required to make him comfortable for life.

This act came to the knowledge of Queen Caroline, through the intervention of Dr. Samuel

Clarke. It also produced an acquaintance with Dr. Clarke, and the consequence was, the conversion of Dr. Clayton to the Arian principles entertained by that divine. These were no obstructions to the favour either of Caroline, or of her favourite, and he was immediately introduced to Lord Carteret, then Lord Lieutenant in Ireland, and his name specified for the very first vacant bishopric. He was therefore preferred in 1729-30, to the bishopric of Killala, contrary to the wishes of Archbishop Boulter, then Primate of Ireland, who would have preferred having so young a man placed in a less important diocese; but female influence, urged on by the all-powerful Dr. Samuel Clarke, was unconquerable.

From the letters of Bishop Clayton he was, it appears, by no means as indifferent to his worldly interests, as his early life seemed to promise; and it is with a feeling of something like disgust that we view his endeavours to obtain preferment by the crooked arts of political subserviency, and read his fulsome compliments to his patroness, Mrs. Clayton, or con over his recommendations that the patronage of the church should be extended to persons of birth and fortune, in order to strengthen the Court party. But, whilst we thus condemn Dr. Clayton, upon his own showing, it is but just to give the portraiture of him which has been drawn by contemporary writers.

In person he was well adapted to charm in society, and to win his way at Court. Commanding in his deportment, although not tall, with dark piercing eyes, a clear complexion, and symmetrical features, he united the dignity of the ecclesiastic to the ease of the fine gentleman. He was polite and cheerful, and his address was at once frank and conciliating. Such were his merits as a companion; of his great erudition, he gave proofs to the world, on which we shall hereafter enlarge. As a preacher he was plain, practical, and forcible. Throughout his household a peculiar elegance prevailed; and his table was maintained with a munificence due to his rank; yet he was himself singularly temperate. His favourite diversion was that of angling, so suitable to a contemplative man; yet in all the busiest season of his life, Dr. Clayton found time for study, rising at five o'clock every morning. To the accomplishments and virtues of a private individual, the Bishop added the charities of a saint. His beneficence was largely extended, and exercised without ostentation.

During many years after his preferment, the character of this prelate as a scholar was lost in that of a fine gentleman; and so mean an opinion was entertained of his learning that when his first work was published it was not believed to be his own. He is said to have been one of the few instances of a man becoming better for his exaltation. His first work was, an "Introduction to the History of the Jews;" his second, "The Chronology of the Hebrew Bible Vindicated," published in 1749, nearly twenty years after his preferment to the see of Killala. "The Dissertation on Prophecy," and the "Impartial Inquiry into the Time of the Coming of the Messiah" succeeded these, and were written with much candour and learning. But the work which excited the most extraordinary attention was, an "Essay on Spirit, wherein the Doctrine of the Trinity is considered in the light of Reason and Nature, as well as in the light in which it was held by the ancient Hebrews, compared with the Doctrine of the Old and New Testament; with an Inquiry into the Sentiments of the Primitive Fathers of the Church, and the Doctrine of the Trinity, as maintained by the Egyptians, Pythagoreans, and Platonists; together with some remarks on the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds, &c."

In this work, singularly audacious in its speculations, the author, after beginning with a series of metaphysical observations, ("The Moral Will o' the Wisp to the Theological Inquirer") proceeds to assert the Inferiority of the Son of God, and of the Spirit, to the Father. The work was dedicated to the Lord Primate of Ireland, Dr. George Stone, and the subject of Subscription was considered in the dedication; treating the Articles of Religion merely as Articles of Peace. It is a curious fact,* that Dr. Clayton was only the adopted father of the "Essay on Spirit." It was, in truth, written by a young clergyman in his diocese, who dared not to give it to the world except under the sanction of the Bishop's dedication and the indirect protection afforded by its passing through the hands of Dr. Clayton to the press; it was, however, never distinctly acknowledged by the Bishop, but was always considered as his work. And a controversy, fruitful beyond all recent precedent, in works, was the result of the publication.

The labours of Dr. Clayton were afterwards more worthily directed; first, in replying to the errors and misstatements of Lord Bolingbroke, in a work entitled "Vindication of the Histories of the Old and New Testament," in answer to the objections of the late Lord Bolingbroke; and, secondly, in a laudable but vain attempt to recover the ancient Hebrew character, by sending a person to reside among the Arabs at Tor, on the coast of the Red Sea, so as to have intercourse with the Arabs who were living near the *Written* Mountains, situated in the Wilderness of Sinai, on which the ancient character was said to have been inscribed. Being unable to find any person willing, or competent to undertake this mission, Dr. Clayton was contented to draw the attention of travellers to the Written Mountains; and the eccentric Edward Wortley Montague made a journey from Cairo to the Desert of Sinai for the purpose of discovering the character. He found it, however, interspersed with figures of men and beasts, which convinced him that they were not written by the Israelites.* Nor have the investigations of recent travellers proved more successful.

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* Stated distinctly in the Biographia Britannica, Art. Clayton.

The first letter from Dr. Clayton is explanatory of his notions of the right direction of church preferment.

---

* Biographia, Art. Clayton; from Monthly Review, vol. xxxvii. p. 380.

THE BISHOP OF KILLALA TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, March 19, 1730.

MADAM,

Though I have nothing particular to write to you about at present, yet I cannot help laying hold of this opportunity of sending you a letter by the hands of the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, a son of the Earl of Abercorn's, who is going over to pay his last duty to his father, who it is thought cannot live long; I find both my understanding and my pride affected with too forcible a pleasure, to be very retentive of my pen, whenever I can find the least pretence for troubling Mrs. Clayton with a letter, and hope you will excuse me, whenever anything offers that I think may be of service to their Majesties, in giving you my sentiments upon it. What occurs to me at present, is, the considering of ecclesiastical preferments, in a political view. It has not been customary for persons either of birth or fortune, to breed up their children to the church, by which means, when preferment in the church is given by their Majesties, there is seldom any one obliged but the very person to whom it is given, having no near relations either in the House of Lords or Commons that are gratified or kept in dependence thereby. The only way to remedy which is, by giving extraordinary encouragements to persons of birth and interest whenever they seek for ecclesiastical preferment, which will encourage others of the same quality to come into the church, and may thereby render ecclesiastical preferments of the same use to their Majesties with civil employments.

I know it will be natural for Mrs. Clayton upon the reading of this, and recollecting that I have mentioned my sending this letter by the hands of a nobleman's son, to conclude, that I have been solicited to write to you in his favour, whereas give me leave to assure you, that I have not been so much as asked either by him or his friends, to write to you about him. And I will add, that no solicitations whatsoever, shall prevail with me to recommend anybody to you; whatever I do of that nature, shall be entirely voluntary, and proceed from the sole conviction of my own mind, as I assure you this does at present, having no other motive for what I say but the real merit of the young gentleman who carries this letter, and the opinion that I have, that the taking notice of him and others of his condition, may be of real service to their Majesties. As to himself, he knows nothing of the purport of this letter, not even that I intend to write to you, and I design to give it to him, only to leave it at your door as a common letter of compliment, and to desire him to call there in two or three days afterwards to know if you have any commands to send for Ireland, that you may be entirely at liberty whether you will take any notice of him at all. I appeal to that zealous warmth which you have always exerted for your friends, not to plead my excuse, but to stand in my defence for the trouble which I have given you of this letter, who am always proud of subscribing myself,

Madam,
Your most obliged, and
Obedient humble servant,
RT. KILLALA.

It was one of the evils of the Irish government, in the reign of George the Second, that the heads of the church were the leaders of party. The primate, Boulter, held the following maxim: "The bishops," he observes, in one of his letters, "are the persons on whom the government must depend for doing the public business."* It was another of his errors, to place the Irish mitres on none but English heads, to strengthen the English interest.

THE BISHOP OF KILLALA TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, April 30, 1730.

MADAM,

I can defer no longer giving myself the pleasure of writing to you, this being the only way now left of supplying the want of that entertaining and instructive conversation with which I have been so often delighted when in company with Mrs. Clayton. The concern which you have so warmly showed for my welfare and success in the world, makes me vain enough to think that an account of my safe arrival in this kingdom would not be entirely disagreeable. In my passage through Lancashire, I was received in all the towns through which I passed, with the ringing of bells, I suppose on account of the honours which his Majesty has been pleased to bestow upon me, and the public marks of favour which Mrs. Clayton has been pleased to show me.

---

* Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. iv., p. 190.

When I came to the water-side, I was obliged to wait there a few days for the arrival of Lord Carteret,* having obtained an order for the King's yacht that brought his Lordship over, to carry me back again. On his coming on shore, I returned him thanks for his recommendation from Ireland; he seemed in high spirits, and was pleased with his success in that kingdom, and inquired instantly for your health. On my arrival here on Monday morning last, I searched for the remainder of those drawings which you was pleased to present to her Majesty, and find that I have six more which I had not put into frames, but were lying in a drawer that could not be opened in my absence; I shall take care to send them to you by the first safe hand: not that I think they are presents worth being made either to her Majesty or you, but send them as the pepper-corns of my gratitude, the memorials of my thankfulness, the marks or tokens of my remembrance, or whatever else may serve to denote the small representatives of a large and grateful heart.

---

* Afterwards Earl Granville.

I beg, when you have an opportunity of mentioning my name to her Majesty, that you will be so kind as to assure her of my duty, which is a commission that I am the readier to trouble you with, because that I know that my performance thereof is the only return that will be acceptable to Mrs. Clayton for the many favours conferred on

Your most obliged,
And obedient humble servant,
RT. KILLALA.

My wife desires that I would likewise assure you of her most grateful acknowledgments.

The next letter breathes more of the pastoral and less of the worldly spirit, than its predecessor.

THE BISHOP OF KILLALA TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, Dec. 2, 1730.

MADAM,

It is a long time since I have done myself the pleasure of writing to you, for though I would by no means be thought capable of forgetting the many obligations that I lie under to Mrs. Clayton, yet I am afraid at the same time of proving officiously impertinent. I have been for four months past at Killala, which is a very delightful spot, and where I have laid out large improvements, in order to employ the poor of that place both young and old, in hedging or ditching, or planting or gardening, according to their different ages or abilities; which I can't help thinking is the properest and best way of laying out money in charity. It will be my fault if it be not made a most delightful place, nature having sufficiently done her part; and I beg, that whenever you have an opportunity of mentioning my name to her Majesty, that you will let her know how happy she has made me, and that ingratitude in me would be double ingratitude.

I have begun an enclosure of two hundred acres of ground, which is now dividing into walks, one of which is to go entirely round the whole improvement, and goes for near half a mile together by the side of a fine lake; the rest are to divide the ground into separate parks, as they will lie most beautifully or most conveniently. I mention this to show you how much I am pleased with that lot which I owe to Mrs. Clayton's intercession, and that if ever it lies in my power to be of service to their Majesties, that it may be thought the effort of that gratitude which I owe for favours already received, and not to the expectation of future ones. I am very sensible that I have no other method of obtaining the obligations which

I have received from you, but by studying their Majesties' service, I should look upon it therefore as a particular happiness to receive your orders, and you may depend upon their being obeyed to the utmost of my abilities. I should be glad to know if there is anything that I can inform you of on this side the water. If their Majesties' affairs should require an additional loan of 50,000*l.* it will be no difficult matter to obtain it next sessions.

I am afraid of tiring you, and yet I know not how to leave off, the many delightful hours that I have spent in Mrs. Clayton's improving conversation, makes me willing to indulge my imagination with the honour of writing to you. My wife desires that whenever I write to you, I may always present her most grateful acknowledgments along with those of

Madam,
Your most obliged,
And obedient humble servant,
RT. KILLALA.

How great a stumbling block to divines has the martyrdom of King Charles the First ever been. Dr. Clayton does not seem to have risen superior to the difficulty. It would be amusing, if it were not so discreditable, to find a learned Prelate obliged to apologize to a Woman of the Bedchamber for sundry passages in his sermon.

BISHOP OF KILLALA TO MRS. CLAYTON.

MADAM,

Though you have conferred many and great obligations upon me, yet there are none of them that have given me greater pleasure than the receipt of your last letter, as it contains, not only expressions of great kindness, but as it is filled with continued proofs of that sincerity of heart which alone renders friendship valuable. As to that part of your letter which related to the bishopric, I am much obliged to you for it, and am very sensible of the truth of it. But give me leave, at the same time, to assure you, that the reason of my sending you this letter was, because I thought there could be no inconveniency in informing you of that affair, being convinced that your good understanding would not permit you to do anything that was improper. I am apt to write to Mrs. Clayton, as she has heard me speak, with imprudence perhaps, but without disguise, trusting to the soundness of my heart, which means only to be governed by your advice, as a man perfectly happy and contented, and thankful for his present lot, yet that would not omit a proper opportunity of pursuing reasonable means for raising himself in the world.

Mrs. Clayton, however, kept her satellites in some awe. She had not, it appears, approved of the worthy divine's too lenient expressions towards the martyr. A sort of apology ensues:

> As to my sermon, I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind reception of it, and the just remarks which you were so good as to make upon it, in which the only fault I find is, that you have looked it over with too benevolent an eye. What you say in your letter about my being too favourable to King Charles the First, is certainly true; but my reasons for doing so were these—First, the subject of the day, which obliged me rather to vindicate than criminate, so that I thought it my duty to say nothing but the truth, though I was not under an obligation to say the whole truth. However, I have added a sentence that will mend this matter a little. Secondly, because there are a great many things which would become one who was always a Whig that would not become the mouth of one who was bred a Tory; and whatever my thoughts are, I apprehend it to be more prudent to restrain them for some time, than to declare myself too violently on a sudden, where such declaration would not be of any service to their Majesties.

The world, and the fear of Mrs. Clayton, return upon him. Parties were, at this time, greatly agitated concerning the abolition of the Sacramental Test.

Madam,

Since I wrote the foregoing part of this letter, I had the honour of receiving yours of the 20th instant, and am exceedingly concerned that it did not come sooner. The taking off the Sacramental Test has been a subject of discourse here for some time, and there has been a pamphlet published on that subject, which has given great offence, and occasioned a meeting of some of the bishops and clergy to know one another's opinions upon that head. The words in the pamphlet, which were mostly taken notice of, were these:—"But if the ecclesiastical hierarchy, the superiority of bishops and presbyters, the jurisdiction of the spiritual courts, the vestments and holidays, the forms of prayer contained in the Liturgy, the sign of the Cross in baptism, and kneeling at receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper,—if these, and such as these, are the points which the Sacramental Test can only be supposed to secure, the question is, of what moment they are in the Christian religion, or to the designs of the gospel."

This was so public a declaration of war against the bench of bishops in particular, and the whole ecclesiastical constitution in general, that you will not wonder if they were alarmed, and unanimously declared it necessary to preserve their outworks, when the enemy had so openly professed that they only wanted to remove the outwork, in order to make a stroke at the capital. As

I was one of the number then present, and declared my opinion fully at that time, you see the difficulties which I am under; you see the battle betwixt honour and gratitude. I could easily reconcile them both, in some small degree, by making an excuse to stay away from the House, if it should come there to a debate, could I as easily reconcile myself to myself for obeying Mrs. Clayton's commands by halves! You see the state of the affair, and I leave it to you to determine for me. If you think it of moment enough, that under these circumstances, I should yet appear for it, let me but receive your commands, and depend upon being punctually obeyed. It will not come on speedily, so that I shall have time to hear from you; for we do not meet till the 3rd of February, then we shall have a week's adjournment at the least.

Was my nature capable of prevarication, I might in this letter have promised you, at once, to have complied with your commands, since the odds are infinitely great that it never will come to a division in the House of Lords. It is an affair that has been talked of here for some time, and has made a great deal of noise; and if it should be tacked in England to one of the Popery Bills, it will certainly be flung out in the House of Commons, or dropped in the House of Lords, without a division. Every Lord that I have yet heard speak of it, except the Bishop of Dublin, having openly declared against it; and the Lord

Primate declared to several of the bishops, in my hearing, that the Duke of Dorset* has wrote earnestly to England to prevent its coming over.

It has hitherto been very imprudently conducted, and I cannot help being surprised that those in England, who seem mostly concerned in this affair, did not consult you sooner about it; because you may believe me, by the sincerity which I use in this letter, that had I known it time enough to have been an affair which Mrs. Clayton had at heart, I should readily have gone in with it; and I must beg for the future, that when you have any commands for me, that you will give me as early notice as possible. I hope you have no reason to doubt my secrecy; and whoever expects any fruit from his labours must prepare his ground before he sows his seed. I was not at all consulted in this affair, nor knew anything of it, till the pamphlet above mentioned occasioned it to be a general town talk, and had no reason to imagine that the Court intended to interest themselves in it at all. I hope that the sincerity with which this letter is wrote will not displease you, or make you think less favourably of him who is, with the utmost gratitude,

Madam,
Your most obliged, and
Obedient humble servant,
RT. KILLALA.

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* The Duke was then Lord-Lieutenant.

One cannot help reading this contemptible letter with feelings of disgust. That a bishop should prostrate his reason and his secret sentiments before the favourite of the Queen—that an able and learned man should offer to forego his own views and opinions at the mandate of a Woman of the Bedchamber—is revolting to that deep reverence with which one would fain regard the minister of the gospel, whether in the plain surplice of a parish priest, or in the cassock and lawn sleeves.

In relation to the Test Act, Swift's "Reasons for Repealing the Test Act" occur to remembrance. It begins thus:—

REASONS FOR REPEALING THE TEST ACT.

1. Because the Presbyterians are people of such great interest in this kingdom, that there are not above ten of their persuasion in the House of Commons, and but one in the House of Lords, though they are not obliged to take the Sacrament in the Established Church, to qualify them to be members of either House.

2. Because those of the Established Church of this kingdom are so disaffected to the King, that not one of them worth mentioning (except the late Duke of Ormond) who has been concerned in the late rebellion; and that our Parliament,

though there be so few Presbyterians, has, upon all occasions, proved its loyalty to King George, and has readily agreed to and enacted what might support his government.

3. Because very few of the Presbyterians have lost an employment worth 20*l.* per annum, for not qualifying themselves according to the Test Act; nor will they accept of a militia commission, though they do of one in the army.

4. Because, if they are not in the militia and other places of trust, the Pretender and his adherents will be destroyed, when he has no one to support him but the King of Spain, when King George is at a good understanding with Sweden, Prussia, and Denmark, and when he has made the best alliances in Christendom; when the Emperor, King of Great Britain, the French King, the King of Sardinia, are all in quadruple alliance against the Spaniard, his upstart Cardinal, and the Pretender; when bloody designs against Great Britain and France are blown up; when the Spanish fleet is quite dispersed; when the French army is over-running Spain, and when the rebels in Scotland are cut off, &c. &c.

The parliamentary history of Ireland could scarcely yet be said to commence. The Irish Parliament was of little importance until 1753, and ceased with the Union in 1800. Up to 1753, it had never been able to muster more than twenty-eight votes in opposition to any government; but so rapid was its rise, that, in 1754, a borough sold for three times as much as in 1750. In Bishop Clayton's time, it seems to have declined to a mere shadow.*

BISHOP OF KILLALA TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, Jan. 2, 1731.

MADAM,

I am afraid I shall prove troublesome to you by the number of letters which I write; but this being a particular season, which occasions more transactions than usual, I hope that will make my excuse, especially when you consider that you are likely to have three years' respite before there is a return of Parliament in this kingdom.

Things continue as in my last. The Duke [of Dorset] very civil, but much more agreeable in his private conversation than his public. The Duchess is also of the same turn of mind, very civil and polite, but very silent in public; in private, she seems to be more at ease within herself, but not much given to unnecessary discourse. I speak not this with any reference to myself or to my wife, to whom both of them have showed particular marks of distinction, but with regard to the rest of the world; and I think myself obliged to inform you of everything. As to Mr. Carey, for some time after his arrival, he was pleased to take some notice of me; but he began soon to put on high airs, and though he spoke to me one day, the next day he would not know. The creature, I suppose, is intoxicated with the name of a Secretary,* and was imprudent enough one day, when he was talking to me, to call it *his administration.* I have never spoke my mind of him to anybody, only gave a hint of his imprudent usage of Mr. Percival to one of his friends; and whether this was the reason of his coolness to me, I cannot tell; but sure I am, I intended it both for his and the Duke's service. The last time I saw him, he would hardly bow to me, though I stood close to him, and bowed to him first. The reason of which I suspect to be this: When the affair of the representation was on foot, which I mentioned to you in my long letter to you, Mr. Percival was deeply engaged in it. However, I found means to prevail with him and another of my friends, who is much confided in by the country party, to promise me to drop it, and to disconcert the whole.

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* See Lord Mahon, from Lord Orford's Mem.

Here is something like seeing behind the scenes in the following description of the state of parties and alliances.

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* "It was," says Lord Mahon, "one peculiarity of the Irish government for the Lord-Lieutenant to absent himself from his post during the second year of his vice-royalty, so as to pocket its salary without incurring its expenses. The choice of Secretary depended solely on the Lord-Lieutenant. It may easily be conceived how important a post, under such circumstances, it became."—Lord Mahon's History of England, iv. 190.

MADAM,

I did myself the honour of writing to you last week, which letter I hope you have received, but did not then expect to have met so soon with a favourable opportunity of sending the drawings; but hearing of Mr. Meredith's going to England, who is a gentleman both of fortune and interest in this kingdom, I took the occasion of troubling you with this letter. The knowledge which I have of your indefatigable zeal for serving of your friends, is the only apology which I shall make at present, being fully convinced that you have more pleasure in doing acts of generosity, than in receiving the acknowledgments of them.

Since my arrival, my time has been entirely taken up in receiving and paying of visits. I went to pay my compliments to the Lords Justices, and they sent the next day to know how I did. The rest of the nobility of this city have been all to see me. They are not ignorant of the favours which Mrs. Clayton was pleased to show me at London. The Lords Justices are the Lord Primate, Lord Chancellor, and Sir Ralph Gore, Speaker of the House of Commons. They have all separate interests. The Lord Primate stands alone, having little interest either in this kingdom or in England, but the Bishop of London. The Lord Chancellor's intimates are the Bishop of Dublin and Lord

Chief Justice Reynolds, but all three together have no interest at all on this side the water; you know where their interest lies in England. Sir Ralph Gore is united with Dr. Coghill, whom I have often mentioned to you; the interest of this kingdom lies in the hands of these two men; it is they that can either give assistance or opposition to a Lord Lieutenant. I take the liberty of informing you of these particulars, because I find I shall be courted to enter into their intimacies, on account of the interest which they imagine I may have with Mrs. Clayton, but intend to keep aloof and do nothing but by your direction.

The Lord Primate and I are upon easy terms, he has sent this day to invite me to dinner. I am very well with the Lord Chancellor, having entered into a kind of intimacy with him before I left this kingdom; on my arrival I went immediately to wait on the Archbishop of Dublin, who received me, in his way I believe, very graciously. But my greatest intimacy is with Dr. Coghill, which, as he is united with the Speaker of the House of Commons, I think it will be my interest to cultivate, and that for these reasons, because the Lord Chancellor and Bishop of Dublin have no interest on this side of the water, and as for an English interest, they have a very good one, yet I shall never seek for any other than the favour and countenance of Mrs. Clayton. Whereas Sir Ralph Gore and Dr. Coghill have an exceeding good interest in this place, but little or no interest in England, further than what their influence on this side the water necessarily gives them. I do not mean by this as if I would break with the Lord Chancellor, but, on the contrary, to keep well with him and the Archbishop, and yet at the same time to cultivate principally an intimacy with the Speaker of the House of Commons, as I shall thereby be best enabled to be of service to their majesties in this kingdom, and as he has little or no interest in England, he will be the readier to join with me in hopes of having the favour of your countenance; if it be not too great a trouble, I should desire your opinion of this scheme. I declined mentioning anything to you of this nature in the letter which I sent by the post; and if you are pleased to honour me with any letter that you are desirous should come unopened to my hands, you may either write by Mr. Meredith, when he returns, or else enclose your letter to me in a cover directed to William Lingen, Esq., in the Castle of Dublin, who being one of the secretaries to the Government, will deliver it safe to my hands, who am with the utmost gratitude and sincerity,

Madam,
Your most obliged, and
Obedient humble servant,
ROBERT KILLALA.

And again, relating to the old affair of the sermon on the Martyrdom.

BISHOP OF KILLALA TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, Feb. 11, 1731.

MADAM,

Since I had the honour of writing last to you, I preached my sermon on the 30th of January; the Duke went to church and was pleased to take a very particular notice of it, and order me to print it, in a very obliging manner. Mr. Carey met me when I went to wait upon the Duke with one of the printed copies, and was exceeding gracious. He made me a great many compliments, and desired that I would give him one of the copies to send it to you, that he might have an opportunity of writing at the same time, &c. I went accordingly the next day to wait upon him, and carried him one for himself and another to send to you, which he received, and at the same time spoke to one of the secretaries who was by, to put him in mind of sending it. You will see when you receive it, how much I am obliged to you for the kind remarks you was so good as to make, and how many alterations I have made, the copy which I sent you being wrote in a hurry, that I might have time to receive your commands before I preached it. I have much shortened King James's character, in order to take off some of the weight of that just objection which you made of its not looking like a part of a continued discourse. And in the following paragraph in the character of King Charles, I have added in these words—" *Bred up with* *notions of despotic government under the pernicious influence of his father.*"

This, it was to be hoped, would satisfy the patroness of the Low Church party.

I intend to do myself the honour of sending you a couple of the copies of my sermon by the first private hand I can meet with, as also two more to Mr. Clayton at the same time.

I hope you have received my last letter, which I sent you by post in answer to yours of the 20th of January, as also one which I sent you by a private hand, which, though I wrote it on the 2nd of January, the person by whom I intended to send it did not sail from home in a good while afterwards. The Duke, I think, has daily increased in his civilities to me. The more I know of him, the more reason I have to think and speak well of him.

I must beg the favour of you to make my compliments to Mr. Clayton, and to assure him that it is not for want of respect that I do not write often to him, but that I am unwilling to give unnecessary trouble to one whose time is so much taken up already; I should at the same time make an apology to Mrs. Clayton, for giving her such frequent trouble with my correspondence; but, Madam, I am like a spoiled child—I presume upon the least encouragement; if I am too forward, you must blame yourself, who have given me so much reason to be pleased with, and proud of, subscribing myself,

Your most obliged, and
Obedient humble servant,
Robert Killala.

The new Viceroy of Ireland, at this period, was Lionel Cranfield, first Duke of Dorset, of a family "eminent," as Collins remarks, "for their undoubted antiquity, but also, during ages, for their genius and intellectual accomplishments."

The first Duke of Dorset was, however, far less distinguished in these respects than his predecessor, Charles, Earl of Dorset, better known as Lord Buckhurst, one of the best bred men of his time—one of the most generous, brave, and wittiest of the Peers of his day. Of this ornament to his age and station, it was fairly said that, with regard to the public, he acted through the course of his life like an able pilot in a long voyage, contented to sit quiet in the cabin when the winds were allayed, and waters smooth, but vigilant and ready to resume the helm when the storm arose, and the sea grew tumultuous. "He was the finest gentleman of the voluptuous Court of Charles the Second, and in the gloomy one of King William," writes Walpole; "he had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries, Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the Duke's want of principles, or the Earl's want of thought." The son of this accomplished father was a thorough courtier and man of business; and the appointment of Viceroy in Ireland was only the climax of a long series of offices and honours too tedious to be here enumerated. His Duchess had also been distinguished by royal favour—a Maid of Honour to Queen Anne, and First Lady of the Bedchamber to Caroline, when Princess of Wales, and subsequently Mistress of the Robes. His Duchess was Elizabeth Collyear, niece to the first Earl of Portmore, and mother, with many other children, of the famous Lord George Germaine. She was married in 1709, and died in 1768.

The letters from the Bishop of Killala to Mrs. Clayton, present a lively picture of the Viceregal Court at this period, and are valuable, as affording the observations of a shrewd and deeply-interested looker-on. The Duke of Dorset, it will be remembered, succeeded as Lord-Lieutenant the distinguished orator and statesman, John, second Lord Carteret and first Earl of Granville. Of this celebrated Minister, whom the Bishop describes as so liberal in words and promises, some traits will not be inappropriate, especially as his name occurs frequently in the course of this correspondence.

Lord Carteret owed to Westminster School, and to Christ Church, Oxford, those attainments which show with such signal lustre in the Senate. He was an instance of early proficiency ripening into a brilliant maturity, and is said by Dean Swift, with a singularity scarcely to be justified, to have carried away from Oxford more Greek, Latin, and Philosophy, than became a person of his rank. It was soon found, however, that the ambition to excel at the University, had originated in the force of a commanding intellect, and in the greatness of a mind wholly above sordid motives; and that his learning was coupled with quickness and precision in the affairs of life; that he was bold, enterprising, and powerful as a speaker, and excelled both in the declamatory and argumentative style. He was well acquainted with all modern languages, and acquired a considerable knowledge of the law, whilst in his political views he was profound, and his notions were just and great. "His character," observes Lord Chesterfield, "may be summed up in nice precision, quick decision, and unbounded presumption." To these attainments and endowments there was united a great share of personal attraction.

> "Commanding beauty, smoothed by cheerful grace,
> Sat on the open features of his face.
> Bold was his language, rapid, glowing, strong,
> And science flowed spontaneous from his tongue:
> A genius seizing systems, slighting rules,
> And, void of gall, with boundless scorn of fools."*

After a long and brilliant political career, he was, in 1724, constituted Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. One of his first acts there, was to offer a reward of 300*l.* for the discovery of the author of the "Drapier's Letters;" this was a singular step, considering that Lord Carteret lived at that time in terms of great intimacy with Dean Swift. The Viceroy and the Dean were one day arguing upon Irish affairs, when Lord Carteret defended the measures of Government with so much force, and strength of reason, that Swift cried out in a passion—"What brought you among us? Get you gone—get you gone. Let us have our boobies back again." The Dean, having one day inscribed two lines on the window of the Castle, asserting his independence, Lord Carteret rebuked him, by writing underneath the following couplet—

> "My very good Dean, none ever comes here
> But who hath something to hope, or something to fear."

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* These lines are attributed to Horace Walpole's pen.

Lord Carteret, during his Vice-royalty, was in the zenith of his fame; his conduct was irreproachable, and the vice of drinking, by which his fine qualities were eventually obscured, had not then been indulged to excess. He was greatly beloved by the Irish, and the people were happy under his wise and lenient rule. His government lasted six years, during which many salutary laws were passed, and form the best monument to his fame. Swift defended him against the attacks of the violent Whigs, who suspected Lord Carteret of favouring Jacobites and High Tories; and in return, some years afterwards, when writing to Dean Swift, his Lordship said—"When people ask me how I governed Ireland, I say, that I pleased Dean Swift." In 1730, Lord Carteret was succeeded by the Duke of Dorset; and the details which Bishop Clayton's letters afford, relate to the administration of that nobleman.

Lord Carteret was first married, in 1710, to Frances, only daughter of Sir Robert Worsley, Bart., a lady of great beauty and merit, who died at Hanover, on the 9th of June, 1743. His second wife, as we have seen, was the Lady Sophia Fermor.

The close of Lord Carteret's life was overcast by his one fatal vice—drinking, which, according to Lord Chesterfield, he brought away with him, with his Greek and Latin, from Oxford.

> "Ambition dealt her flambeau to his hand,
> And Bacchus sprinkled fuel on the brand."

He lived, however, until the age of seventy-three, and died on the 2nd of January, 1763, immediately before the Treaty of Paris; the articles of which were read to him whilst he was fast sinking to the grave. To this treaty he declared his approbation:—as, to use his own words, "the approval of a dying statesman"—to the most honourable peace that the world ever saw.

Singular was the judgment, which, as in the case of the Bishop of Killala, could prefer the Duke of Dorset, as a ruler, to the wise, noble, and experienced Earl of Granville.

CHAPTER II.

The Queen's chairman accused of having an understanding with highwaymen — Interest made with the Queen for him—His discharge insisted on by Lord Pomfret—Lady Pomfret's Private interview with the Queen—A Manœuvre —A Court lady in a dangerous path—Vertue, the Engraver —The Court stationary—A nonjuring Dean—His opinion of the Princess of Wales—Decoration of her apartments at Hampton Court—Sir James Thornhill—Subjects for painting—Letter from Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough—Her attachment to Congreve—His bequest to her—Voltaire's opinion of his works—Swift's lines upon him—Grief of the Duchess, on his death—Reports to Mrs. Clayton's prejudice confuted—Swift's discreditable conduct —His letter to Lady Suffolk—Mrs. Barber and her poems —Lady Russell's opinion of the Bath waters and doctors—Swift and Booby Bettesworth—Dr. Delany—His recommendation of Mrs. Barber—Account of Dr. Delany.

CHAPTER II.

THE following letter from the Earl of Pomfret is characteristic of the lofty nobleman—gentlemanly and respectful, yet resolved.

THE EARL OF POMFRET TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Easton, Aug. 5th, 1729.

MADAM,

I have had so many and repeated instances of your goodness, that though it must be no small concern whenever I seem to encroach too much upon it, yet it is with more confidence that I presume to trouble you, than if I was not so well acquainted with your good nature. So it is natural for me to fly to you for advice and assistance, whenever anything arises, in which of myself I should be deficient.

The cause of my taking this liberty, is a letter I received from Mr. Hervey by order of the Queen, and which indeed a good deal surprised me. You may remember, Madam, some time since, my telling you I had discharged one of the Queen's chairmen, upon his being strongly suspected of having too good an understanding with some highwaymen, one of which has been condemned, and I believe is since executed. Now, since my absence, I find somebody has prevailed upon the Queen to receive a petition from this chairman, complaining of my rigour and injustice. If you remember, Madam, I had the honour to apprise you of this affair, as I should have done her Majesty, but that I believed it a thing below her notice, and if I recollect right, you were of the same opinion. I take the liberty to inclose Mr. Hervey's letter, by which you will see how great an interest he takes in that affair; which, though I have answered, by telling him the man was removed upon three affidavits, upon oath, taken before a Justice of Peace, and now in my possession, besides the verbal evidence of a gentleman, a member of Parliament, having read them all to Steward; yet it is only you I depend upon, for a true representation of this matter to the Queen.

Upon these reasons I thought it my duty not to let such a person wear her Majesty's livery, which if I had done, I am sure, whenever it had come to her ears, she must have thought me very negligent for permitting. But I must beg leave to observe, that there will never want petitions of this sort if they are encouraged, and if a Master of the Horse has not the power of removing a chairman or footman, he will soon be upon too low a foot to keep them in any order.

Madam, I humbly ask pardon for the trouble I have given you, if it was only for the reading so long a letter; I ought to ask a thousand, but I know your great goodness, though I can no more express it than I can the vast obligations I am under to you, and for which I beg leave to subscribe myself, with the utmost gratitude, and sincerest respect,

Madam,
Your most obliged,
obedient humble servant,
POMFRET.

My wife desires her most humble service to you, as we both do to Mr. Clayton.

Meantime, the Court of Queen Caroline was going on much in the same way as usual.

Lady Pomfret has already furnished several specimens of her epistolary talent to this collection, but her correspondence with Mrs. Clayton was so frequent,—the letters preserved being upwards of forty in number, and many of them are so full of Court gossip, that it has been found desirable to make a selection from the rest, and introduce them here. The following account of a private interview with the Queen, is a curious picture of Court etiquette and manners:—

COUNTESS OF POMFRET TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Saturday, June 24.

Dear Madam,

I was to wait on you this afternoon, though with very little hopes of finding you; yet if I had been so happy, it would have saved you the trouble of this; which comes to acquaint you with what accidentally happened this afternoon. When the Queen had dismissed us all, I being the last, she called me back, and bid me send Mr. Walpole, and then Mrs. Howard; while she was doing this, the others went on, and I was left alone with her Majesty; when she had done speaking, and nobody being near, I thought it was not improper to follow the directions you were so kind to give me, and I began with saying, my Lord and I feared to be quite teasing in troubling either of their Majesties at this time, but—and then she took me by the hand, and with a look peculiar to herself, bid me trust her, upon which I said, (as you ordered) that I begged her pardon for that trouble, and, as I was sensible how good she had ever been to me, hoped she would excuse it. I take the liberty to tell you all that passed, believing by what you have said, you may not think it proper to do any more; but I am sure what was said for my own sake, had been much better said by you; and, I am sure, also, by her kind behaviour, as well as by former experience, I owe all the pleasure the Court can give me to your kinder influence. I might well fear I have tired your patience, but I have a more than ordinary satisfaction in receiving obligations from one, who confers them with a better grace than any other; and to whom I shall account it as the greatest happiness I can enjoy, to be a

Most faithful and
devoted humble servant,
J. POMFRET.

There appears in the next note to be a manœuvre attempted, to get the obnoxious Mrs. Titchbourne out of the way.

COUNTESS OF POMFRET TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Bath, June 8, 1728.

To receive a letter from you and to be pleased, is so joined together, that it would be difficult to separate them; but when it brings news like that of to-day, they must have more eloquence than I am mistress of, that can describe half the joy I feel; to know you are well, to hear you think of me with affection, to know what you tell me of my own family; of the Queen; and to know I shall be some time longer with the Princess, is all my heart can desire, or your kindness produce; though I could wish to owe that last, rather to your friendship, than Lady Sussex's condition. I have just had Mrs. Titchbourne with me, having sent to beg the favour of speaking a word to her, not being able to go out. I told her, that you had desired to know, if she talked of coming away; for if her health did not require a longer stay, I believed yours would hardly let you wait above a fortnight at a time, though you were unwilling to bring her up before she had of herself extended it. She answered, that she had already written to Mrs. Howard, that she would come when required; and that she rather chose to come now, than to stay any longer; and desired I would tell you, she was very well pleased to wait, after your fortnight was out; so that I am sure you may very safely send to her, or I will tell her what you would have me. Now, for the Princess; she heard me read what you said for yourself, and from Dr. Friend, and received both, as both deserved; and I am persuaded it is not in Dr. Friend's power to have things in more order and ease than last time, the Princess being perfectly satisfied with what he did then. I shall see you so soon, and have so much to say to you, that I will detain you now no longer, than to repeat, how truly

I am, dearest Madam,
your affectionate and most
constant humble servant,
J. Pomfret.

I beg my compliments to Dr. Friend in return for his to me.

The following letter having been the last of the writer's communications while in attendance on the Princess Caroline, accounts for the tone of mingled mortification and humility which pervades it.

COUNTESS OF POMFRET TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Bath, July 1, 1728.

DEAR MADAM,

Dr. Friend brought me this morning the agreeable news of your being well, which I assure you nothing can hinder my feeling sincere joy at. He brought me, too, your kind letter, which he gave me upon the walks, so that the Princess saw it. I put it in my pocket till we came home, and then she said, "Go and read your letters till prayer time;" as soon as I was alone, I did so, and assure you, it is impossible for any one to be more sensible of another's kindness than I am of yours, and will undoubtedly follow your advice as I would an angel from heaven from this moment forward, if it is not too late. When I returned to the Princess, she asked what you said; I told her, you were as usual very kind, and gave me good advice, in repeating to me how happy I should be in returning to the Queen, whose goodness I so well knew, and that you said it was right to value her merit, but that I must consider how improper it was to desire more freedom than was convenient. I said this, because you had said I must be easy with her, and she is quick enough not to believe you had said nothing to me concerning an affair in which she knows there is so much to be said. I read your letter over three times, and then burned it as you ordered, before I went up to her. I must say what you tell me, and in that manner, makes me very much in the dark, and if I could tell you some things, I believe I should surprise you, if what you hint at is true; yet I would fain account for the demonstration you speak of a thousand ways, rather than at the expense of those, I think, have honour and that I love; not that I doubt your penetration or judgment, and will act as you direct, though it can be no secret to her that the Queen is displeased, since she has said it to me. But I will appear indifferent, and I wish I could be really so. You remember you gave me leave to say, when I left Richmond, that you found it was better for Princesses not to be too much attached, or something to that effect, in which light I have always spoke of you, when I spoke at all, and hope you do not believe I ever will mention a single word, or seem to think one thing you have forbid me. I find myself in a very dangerous path, and will get out as soon and gently as I can, though till I see you, forgive me if I say I still esteem and value her, and cannot but hope it is possible that she (loves me too much to hurt me designedly and) may be wronged. Excuse this failing, if it is one, and think if I can love another so well, how much, how very much, I love yourself, to whom I am more devoted than words can explain, being,

Entirely yours,
J. POMFRET.

Mr. Vertue, who is mentioned in the following letter, is Vertue, the engraver, whose manuscript collections were of such service to the literary reputation of Horace Walpole; and Dr. Friend, for whose picture he is to wait on Mrs. Clayton, was a fashionable physician, figuring much in the letters of her Ladyship, and of her fair contemporaries: to whom we shall have occasion to refer, presently, more at length.

COUNTESS OF POMFRET TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Easton, September 7, 1729.

The numberless thanks I owe you, dear Madam, for all your late goodness, had attended on you last post, but that an accident prevented me. I please myself with the imagination that this letter will find you much more increased in strength, and still established in your health; for which a nation ought to pray, and all good people do. I hope before this time, Mr. Vertue has waited on you, concerning Dr. Friend's picture, as I spoke to him to do, the morning I left London. I know not if I shall be so happy as to see you again a great while; but I am sure it is impossible for me to be quite so without it. The King's approach makes me fear waiting at Windsor, and your going to Sundon leaves me little hopes of our meeting in town, which I would certainly take in my way, for so great a satisfaction. You see, dear Madam, I am for contriving all the innocent pleasures life will admit of; so far, your good advice has prevailed, for my happiness and my health, (one great ingredient of happiness) I owe quite to you, being considerably better since I saw you; but I should soon swell my letter to a volume, if I go about to recount the benefits I have received from you. My Lord Pomfret desires his humble respects to you; and we both beg our compliments to Mr. Clayton, who, I hope, has had no more of his ague. Dear Madam, may you long enjoy an uninterrupted health, and be the fountain of happiness to all your sincere friends, amongst which number, give me leave to place her that is, with equal respect and love,

Dearest Mrs. Clayton's
most faithful and obliged humble servant,
J. Pomfret.

Sophy has desired me so earnestly to say she is rejoiced to hear you are well, and give her humble service to you, that I cannot refuse troubling you with it.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

August 7th, 1731.

Thus long have I stayed, dear Madam, in hopes of meeting with some news or other that might accompany my sincere thanks for all your late favours, when I enjoyed the pleasure of seeing you at London, but whether the Court is too perfect to admit of improvement, or more fixed than to suffer any change, I do not know. All things appear to move in the same manner as usual, and all our actions are as mechanical as the clock which directs 'em; to repeat our diary would but be to spoil the agreeable description I heard of it, one night at supper.

The new Bedchamber Woman was here on Sunday last, and comes into waiting when I go out. My Lady Deloraine is often in tears for the loss of my Lord, which sometimes leaves marks of grief in her eyes, at the hours she is obliged to appear; but as for the story you heard about her, I find nothing of it. Your friend, Lady Anne, is still happy, in that favour she can never lose; and (if I may venture to answer for her) your other friend is grown as contented to be without that favour she can never gain.

My late hours of a night (it being often two o'clock before I get to bed) oblige me to rise so late of a morning, that I have hardly more time than to be dressed, &c. before the Queen calls; which forces me, much sooner than I could wish, to come to a conclusion.

I am, dear Madam,
With the greatest truth and affection,
Your most faithful, humble servant,
J. Pomfret.

My Lord P. sends his most humble service and a thousand thanks.

We now proceed with several amusing letters from one whom Mrs. Clayton describes, on the back of this letter, as "an Irish non-juring Dean, very witty, and very good for nothing." His merits and demerits, whatever their extent, have not otherwise descended to posterity.

MR. JONES TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Bath, June 21.

My dearest Mrs. Clayton,

I do profess, in the integrity of my honest heart, that I do very much love, honour, and esteem you. You may please to understand, that, for many years, I have kept a very little dog; he is much inclined to be saucy, very often extremely merry, and always good for nothing; but I cannot help loving the poor creature, because I am satisfied the creature loves me much; for when I am sick and lock myself in, the poor creature will groan incessantly at my chamber-door; and no evil treatment can divert him from giving me very disagreeable testimonies of his faithfulness and affection to me.

You may please to understand farther, that some time since, I did presume to trouble Mr. Clayton, so far, as to beg a small favour of Mr. Clayton, but he has not thought fit to take any the least notice of my request to him. If this proceeds from his resolved, deliberate contempt of me, I shall possess my soul in patience, but I do most humbly beg your thoughts of the matter, and I shall acknowledge your favour with the most sensible gratitude. I am with the greatest respect and truth,

Madam,
Your most obedient,
humble servant,
BAR. JONES.

Another letter which begins, "My honoured dearest Mrs. Clayton," is only an apology for having troubled his correspondent with "a very unadvised letter," as the writer was then, in truth, "labouring under a weight and variety of heavy afflictions." Like most very merry and thoughtless men, the Dean complains of "dejection of spirits, and melancholy apprehensions," most likely of debt or disreputable inconvenience.

The next account was more cheering:

MY DEAREST MRS. CLAYTON,

I was much disordered with long standing, when I saw you, so that it was with difficulty that I got into the open air, which soon recovered me, and since that I have eat and drank, and smoked my pipe, so that I am at present in a situation of great tranquillity and complacency to myself.

I cannot look upon myself as a very entire subject, &c., but I do with the most solemn truth profess unto you that my soul is an arrant captive to her Royal Highness, for indeed she treated me with a very particular condescension, and that rendered the more charming, and irresistible by the most agreeable sweetness; besides I discerned in some things she was pleased to say, such a quickness of apprehension, seconded by a great judiciousness of observation, that I am neither afraid nor ashamed (as a great author has it) to own, or rather proclaim, that my devotion, or rather affection, (if that would not be too familiar,) shall always follow my esteem.

It is to your goodness entirely that I owe this great honour, which I acknowledge with all the gratitude that so just a sense of a very valuable kindness can inspire me with. I do really at this present, very luxuriously regale myself with reflection, and my imagination will always retain a very voluptuous loathness ever to forget a favour of so considerable an importance. If some people knew that I made a new coat on purpose to wait upon her Royal Highness, my history would be said and sung much to a very scurvy ditty; but this will never affect me. I am with the most inviolable sincerity and thankfulness,

Madam,
Your most obedient
Humble servant,
BAR. JONES.

The work to which the succeeding letter refers, was, probably, the decoration of Queen Caroline's room, when Princess of Wales, at Hampton Court. This, the Duke of Shrewsbury, then Lord Chamberlain, had intended should be done by Sebastian Ricci, but through the interest of the Earl of Halifax, Thornhill was preferred. Sir James, as is well known, painted the cupola of St Paul's, for which he received only forty shillings the square yard—and even that poor payment he obtained with difficulty, whilst large sums were lavished on La Fosse, and other foreign artists. For the Hall at Blenheim he received only twenty-five shillings the square yard, yet he contrived with his earnings to buy back his paternal estate, Thornhill, in Dorsetshire—a happiness of which few men can boast, though many may desire it. Thornhill occasionally painted portraits—he even dabbled in architecture. He had the merit of suggesting the Academy of Arts to the Earl of Halifax. His daughter married the real genius of his time, Hogarth.

The following letters afford an instance of the great variety of Lady Sundon's correspondence, and the various subjects of the extraordinary confidence with which she was favoured by the Queen:—

MR. BENSON, SURVEYOR-GENERAL OF THE WORKS, TO MRS. CLAYTON.

MADAM,

Not having the good fortune to meet with Mr. Clayton in town, I intended to have had the honour of waiting upon you from this place, to have given you an account of the business of your staircase, but being to return to town this evening, I take the liberty to do it in this manner.

If there was as much difficulty in executing your commands, as there is pleasure, they might deserve the appellation you are pleased to give them; but one finds so great a desire in every one that is applied to you, on your account, to do anything to deserve your favour, that there is no manner of trouble in executing your commissions.

Mr. Thornhill agrees to paint some figures on every side, and, against you come to town next week, he will have made three or four sketches for your approbation. We shall pitch upon some little Ovidian story for each piece. I have chose an Apollo for the ceiling, which in my poor opinion, does better in that situation, because of the glory, which looks best over head. We intend to have the birth of Pallas for the long side, one of the Herculean Labours for the right hand, and a Daphne or a Pan on the left. But you begin already to perceive that I am very much at leisure, and am willing to employ my time agreeably, though too much at the expense of yours.

I am, Madam,
Your most obedient,
Most humble servant,
W. Benson.

The next letter is no less worthy of attention.

HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, TO MRS. CLAYTON.

I am sure you think, Madam, that I am not a common solicitor, and I am very sure that you are of as uncommon an inclination in doing good, only for the sake of that which makes me venture to beg you will show the enclosed to the Queen. The King is already apprised of it, and if the Queen would speak for it, it would be of great use.

The case is a very hard one, as every one, was it their case, would think.

My Lady Dillon, the present widow, I know very well. She is a mighty good woman, and a very agreeable one, and very miserable now to leave her child she doats of, in these unhappy circumstances.

I have been mighty seldom out, since I was to wait of you, and am, with esteem,

Madam,
Your humble servant,
Marlborough.

The haughty beginning of this letter, might prepare the initiated reader for the signature, 'Marlborough.' The resemblance of the original hand-writing to that of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the firm, clear text, and the peremptory, straight-forward style, might lead one to suppose, that the epistle came from that celebrated woman; but it is the production of her daughter, Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, in her own right. To her mother, the Duke of Marlborough once addressed these cutting words:—"I do not wonder that you and your daughter do not agree, you are so alike!" Alluding to the temper of both these high-spirited ladies.

Henrietta, junior Duchess, as she was called after her father's death, differed, however, in one respect from her mother. She had passions, if not affections. To Congreve, who wrote the funeral eulogy upon her young brother, the Marquis of Blandford, she was madly attached; and he, whose heart was corrupted by a life of singular good fortune, and by the caresses of coroneted dames, forgot the claims of the frail and fair Mrs. Bracegirdle upon his honour and justice, to flatter the avarice of one of the richest peeresses in England. He left the Duchess the bulk of his fortune. How little that ill-bestowed money has prospered with the descendants of the great Duke of Marlborough, the history even of the first two generations after his daughter might show. Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, died childless; and her nephew, the third Duke, pawned the sword with which his grandfather had fought at Ramilies. His brother, Jack Spencer, was equally impoverished by low excesses.

The junior Duchess had the beauty of her parents; was proud and passionate like her mother; and loved money as did her great and, otherwise, almost faultless father. I suppose a marriage with Congreve would have been a dangerous experiment to both parties; the fond enthusiasm of the lofty Henrietta might for ever have been annihilated, and the story of the Countess of Warwick and Addison re-enacted. Congreve, who began his literary career with a novel, had never known disappointment in that or any other undertaking in his brilliant, but, perhaps, not felicitous course. Strange to say, he shrank from the result of his genius; of a good old Staffordshire family still extant, yet, in his fortunes an adventurer, he could not bear to be regarded as a mere man of letters. "He wrote," says Voltaire, in his "Letter on the English Nation," "only a few plays, but they are excellent in their way. The laws of the drama are strictly observed in them. They abound in characters, all which are shadowed with the utmost delicacy, and we do not meet with so much as one low or coarse jest. The language is everywhere that of men of fashion, but their actions are those of knaves. He was infirm, and come to the verge of life when I knew him. Mr. Congreve had one defect, which was his entertaining too mean an idea of his first profession, that of a writer, though it was to this he owed his fame and fortune. He spoke of his works as of trifles that were beneath him, and hinted to me in our first conversation, that I should visit him upon no other foot than that of a gentleman who led a life of plainness and simplicity. I answered, that had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman, I should never have come to see him, and I was very much disgusted at so unseasonable a piece of vanity."

As Dr. Johnson justly observes, he treated the Muses with ingratitude. The same low, and little feelings led him to bequeath to the opulent Duchess that which would have secured from destitution the hardworking actress. If Swift's pungent lines were founded in truth, in his early career he had himself known the inconvenience of narrow circumstances; but these insinuations are discountenanced by the fact that Congreve was at an early period placed in very advantageous public offices.

> "Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
> And one poor office, half his days;
> While Montagu, who claimed the station
> To be Mecænas of the nation,
> For poets open table kept,
> But ne'er considered where they slept.
> Himself as rich as fifty Jews,
> Was easy though they wanted shoes.
> And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
> A shilling to discharge his chair,
> Till prudence taught him to appeal
> From pæan's fire to party zeal;
> Not owing to his happy vein
> The fortunes of his latter scene,
> Took proper principles to thrive,
> And so may every dunce alive."

After Congreve's death, the Duchess of Marlborough indulged her grief till it assumed the form of insanity. It was reported that she had a model in wax made of her fascinating and witty friend; that to this she talked—that it was placed at table, where a cover for Mr. Congreve was set, as usual; that she gave this figure food, and had an imaginary wound on the leg dressed regularly, and even consulted physicians on the health of this supposed representative of the defunct.

This, however, is only a traditional account of a distressing mania, a theme for pity rather than for ridicule.

However, she took his fortune, for she was a Churchill; the amount, after a poor 200*l.* to Mrs. Bracegirdle and some other legacies were paid, was 10,000*l.* She put up a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and placed upon it a fine inscription—whilst her husband, then Earl Godolphin, was one of the pall-bearers at the funeral performance. Her characteristic letter to another of the pall-bearers, Mr. George Berkeley, given in the Suffolk Letters, must not here be omitted: *

> SIR,
>
> The last letter I writ to you, was upon always having thought that you had a respect, and a kind one, for Mr. Congreve. I dare say you believe I could sooner think of doing the most monstrous thing in the world, than sending anything that was his, where I was not persuaded it would be valued. The number of them I think so of, are a mighty few, indeed; therefore, I must always be in a particular manner,
>
> Yours, &c.,
>
> MARLBOROUGH.

But all was not compliment; nor was the elder

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* Suffolk Letters, i., p. 331.

Duchess of Marlborough the only person who thought that "where wine was to be sold, a bush should be hung out." It seems that reports of Mrs. Clayton's disposing of her influence for money, were prevalent. She, however, evidently courted inquiry on this subject, and confronted her calumniators.

"I have heard with the greatest concern imaginable," writes a certain Mrs. Cole, (described by an endorsement on the back of the letter as a great friend of the Right Honourable Lady Barnard,) "that some ill-designing people raised a report, as if I had said that the (for ever blessed) Lady Barnard had given your Ladyship some thousand pounds to place her children at court. I hereby declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that I never said any such thing, nor ever thought it. Such a vile invention was intended to ruin my reputation with all those who truly know you. But I hope, Madam, that I am so happy as to be justified in your opinion. I know too well your generous friendship to the deceased and her just gratitude to your Ladyship, to have made so vile a return, which is so injurious to the living and to the dead."

A much more serious attack soon afterwards disturbed her repose. This was conveyed in a letter written by a Mrs. Barber, who was introduced by the Reverend Dr. Delany to Dean Swift, and who became, perhaps, from her unscrupulous adoption of any suggestion offered by the Dean, a creature of that unscrupulous man. Swift was at this time, in 1731-2, in very bad odour at court. The unhappy Stella had breathed her last in 1727, and he had recovered from grief and remorse, only the more bitterly to attack Walpole, and the more shamelessly to satirize, in private society, the Queen.

Mrs. Barber, according to the accounts given of her by her friends, assumed to be a woman of piety, and a poetical genius. In 1731, she was in London, soliciting subscriptions to her poems. She wrote, according to Dean Swift's statement, two or three letters to the Queen—one of them, anonymously, abusing Mrs. Clayton; the other, praising herself: these she signed, "Jonathan Swift." The reputation which Swift then bore for malignity and party hatred was such, that the letters were generally imputed to him; and his editors have even found a mystery in them, which is, however, solved by a communication from Dr. Delany, conveying Mrs. Barber's confession of the whole affair.

Upon this subject Swift had the effrontery to write to his friend, Lady Suffolk, in the following terms.*

Dublin, July 27, 1731.

I find, from several instances, that I am under the Queen's displeasure; and, as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason. I am told there were three letters sent to her Majesty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London, and soliciting to a subscription to her poems. It seems the Queen thinks that those letters were written by me; and I scorn to defend myself even to her Majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense, especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name; and why I should disguise my hand and yet sign my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. Last post, I wrote my whole sentiment on the matter to Mr. Pope, who tells me that you and he vindicated me on all the three letters, which, indeed, was but bare justice in you both; for he is my old friend, and you are in my debt on account of the esteem I had for you.

I desire you would ask the Queen whether, since I had the honour to be known to her, I ever did one single action, or said one single word to disoblige her. I never asked her for anything; and you well know, that when I had an intention to go to France, about the time that the King died, I desired your opinion (not as you were a courtier) whether I should go or no, and you absolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look disaffected, and for other reasons, wherein I confess I was your dupe, as well as somebody's else, and for want of that journey I fell sick, and was forced to return hither to my unenvied home. I hear the Queen hath blamed me for putting a stone with a Latin inscription over the Duke of Schomberg's burying-place in my cathedral, and that the King said publicly I had done it in malice to create a quarrel between him and the King of Prussia. The public prints, as well as the thing itself will vindicate me, and the hand the Duke had in the Revolution, made him deserve the best monument. Neither could the King of Prussia justly take it ill, who must have heard that the Duke was in the service of Prussia, and Stadtholder of it, as I have seen in his titles.

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* Lady Suffolk's Letters, vol. ii., pp. 12, 13, 14, 16.

The first time I saw the Queen, I talked to her largely upon the subject of Princes and great ministers, (it was on a particular occasion,) that when they receive an ill account of any person, although they afterwards prove the greatest demonstration of the falsehood, yet they will never be reconciled; and although the Queen fell in with me upon the hardship of such a proceeding, yet now she treats me directly in the same manner. I have faults enough, but never was guilty of any either to her Majesty or to you; and as little to the King, whom I never saw but when I had the honour to kiss his hand. I am sensible I owe a great deal of this usage to Sir Robert Walpole, whom yet I never offended, although he was pleased to quarrel with me very unjustly, for which I showed not the least resentment, (whatever I might have in my breast,) nor was ever a partaker with those who have been battling him for some years past.

I am contented that the Queen should see this letter, and would please to consider how severe a censure it is to believe I should write thrice to her, and recommend Mrs. Barber, whom I never knew till she was recommended to me by a worthy friend, to help her to subscribe, which, by her writings, I thought she deserved. Her Majesty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived till she was Queen, to write to her on behalf of Ireland, for the miseries of which kingdom she appeared then to be much concerned. I desired the friend who introduced me to be witness of her Majesty's promise; yet that liberty of writing to her I never took, although I had too many occasions; and is it not wonderful that I should be suspected of writing to her in such a style, in a counterfeit hand, and my name subscribed upon a perfect trifle, at the same time that I well knew myself to be very much out of her Majesty's good graces? I am, perhaps, not so very much awed with Majesty as others, having known

Courts more or less from my early youth; and I have more than once told the Queen, that I did not regard her station half so much as the good understanding I heard and found to be in her. I am a good Whig, by thinking it sufficient to be a good subject, with little personal esteem for princes further than as their virtues deserve; and, upon that score, had a most particular respect for the Queen, your mistress. One who asks nothing may talk with freedom, and that is my case. I have not said half that was in my heart, but I will have done; and remembering you are a Countess, will borrow so much ceremony as to remain, with great respect,

Your Ladyship's, &c.,

JONATH. SWIFT.

And again Swift writes:

I must desire leave to tell your Lordship, that I have not known a more bashful, modest person than Mrs. Barber, nor one who is less likely to ply her friends, patrons, or protectors, for any favour, or is more thankful for the smallest. Therefore, I hope you will continue to do her any good office that lies in your way without trouble to yourself. And among other things, I desire that you will advise her to be more thrifty; for she carries her liberality as much too high as our friend Sir Gilbert did his avarice. I thought I did a fine thing to subscribe for ten copies of her poems; and she contrived to send me presents that, in my conscience, are worth more than the money I subscribed.

That the general opinion was not, however, in favour of this pious lady, Mrs. Barber, is shown in the account of her by Lady Russell:

LADY RUSSELL TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Bath, October 18th, 1731.

DEAR MADAM,

I cannot omit the first opportunity of returning my thanks for the favour of yours, which was a pleasure I could never have expected, as I know so well how little time you have to spare; but it only confirms me in what I always found, that you have more ways of obliging and making your friends happy than anybody can think of or imagine. To be remembered by you in so obliging a manner, has given me more spirits than I have had since I had the pleasure of seeing you; for, indeed, I had been very unhappy at having heard nothing since I left London. Your not saying anything of your health, makes me hope you are quite well.

I beg, dear Madam, you will not give yourself the trouble of writing. If Mrs. Stacia would write sometimes to her sister, to let me know how you are, it would be a great satisfaction to me. As to myself, I cannot say I have found any benefit by the waters; this last week have been rather worse. I believe it is to very little purpose to call in anybody else, as I am sure everything has been tried; but as you so obligingly press it in your letter, I immediately sent for Dr. Winter; your having once named him was sufficient to prejudice me in his favour. Dr. Bave is the man in fashion here; but from seeing him in black velvet, strangely powdered, and terribly perfumed, I never could have any opinion of his judgment; and indeed, Madam, everybody agrees that Dr. Winter is a very ingenious man; he has not ordered me anything new as yet. Dr. Wigan goes away from home next Monday, and will wait on you as soon as he gets to town. Indeed, he has been very civil, and offered to stay longer here if I desired it. If I don't soon find benefit by the waters, think it will be to no purpose to stay longer here.

There is a great number of my acquaintance come down lately. Mrs. Page lodges in the house, and is very obliging to me. Mrs. Barber is just come. I saw her last night; she seems to be a strange, bold, disagreeable woman. Am afraid she will fall often in my way; for I find she is to be very much at Mrs. Page's and Lady Conway's. And now, dear Madam, I cannot help observing your great goodness to me, in not taking any notice of the misfortune that happened to the book. You know me enough to believe it has vexed me heartily; how he could put it up so carelessly, I cannot imagine. I sent a man with a horse, with a close bag, on purpose, because I would not trust it in the coach. When I took it out, and saw what had happened, it grieved me very much; for I am sorry you should have the least reason to think I can possibly be careless about anything that relates to you. I am ashamed to send this scroll; but I take sixty drops of laudanum every night, which makes my hand shake so much, that it is impossible to write. Will not trouble you any longer, but to beg leave to assure you that I am,

Dear Madam,
Your most obliged and
very humble servant,
M. Russell.

The epistle of Dr. Delany sets the affair in its true light, and certainly exonerates Swift from being the actual writer of these letters; but still leaves on the mind the impression that they may have been prompted by him. Mrs. Clayton, the friend of Hoadly and of Clarke, was a certain mark for the venom of that fury, partly political and partly bigoted, which the Dean chose to consider as zeal for the establishment. One cannot hear, without a certain satisfaction, that he was not always permitted to be scurrilous, and even libellous, with impunity. Two years after Mrs. Barber's affair—which brought a great deal of odium upon him — Swift having, in a satire upon Dissenters, directed a few lines against a member of the Irish bar, whom he called "Booby Bettesworth," that person swore he would cut off Swift's ears. He proceeded to the Deanery, armed with a knife for that purpose.

Swift was at Mr. Worrall's. Bettesworth presented himself and introduced himself: "Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, I am Sergeant Bettesworth." "Of what regiment?" returned the Dean. A violent altercation ensued, and Bettesworth was turned out into the streets by the servants; but it was deemed necessary to form a body-guard of neighbours and friends, for this man at once so hated and so beloved, so admired and so despised.

DR. DELANY TO MRS. CLAYTON.

February 27.

Madam,

I take up my pen with some reluctance, yet under an irresistible impulse, to write to you, though upon a subject where persons of more consequence have failed; yet no way discouraged, but rather excited, by their ill success.

You have, Madam, in a way very honourable, and very exemplary, eased one good mind of misery, relieved one good genius from the load of life, and placed improvement and happiness of every kind within his reach. But can one instance of this kind fill up the measure of your beneficence? Does the doing honour to one good genius do justice to your own? No, Madam, you think too justly and too largely to imagine it can. You know that every human creature that equally deserves, has an equal claim to your beneficence, and that nothing but want of merit in them, or ability in you, can acquit you of the claim. Nor need you be told that distress is merit, and distress undeserved the greatest.

It is upon these principles that I now beseech your protection for one who hath laboured more years than Duck* hath lived, in a course of upright, obliging, well-guided, and unwearied, though unsuccessful industry; in an exemplary education of a numerous issue; in one continued series of good advice, and good offices of every kind, to the whole world round her; who never turned away her face from any poor man in misery; and was always ready in the very letter of the command, if it were possible, to draw out her very soul to the hungry; this woman, on the verge of fifty, with an hereditary gout, cough, and asthma, with a load of four children, excellently educated, perfectly well disposed, and utterly unprovided for, sues for your protection, and is refused; and refused, too, with apparent justice; she has injured you, you say, and appearances are for you.

She hath wrote, it is said, two letters to the Queen, one in abuse of you without a name, and another in praise of herself, with the name of

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* Stephen Duck.

Dr. Swift; by the last, she hath to my knowledge, entirely lost his friendship, and by the former, all hope of yours. As to Dr. Swift, I shall content myself to tell you I know her innocent; but as to you, I shall not attempt to acquit her, let the imputation rest upon her with all its weight. It is for that reason, and under that very circumstance, I claim your protection for her. And I claim it as the noblest occasion your virtue ever did, or ever will find to exert itself to advantage; it is perhaps the severest trial to which a Christian spirit can be exposed, but you must own it is at the same time the noblest opportunity of triumph it can ever hope for. Your injury is public, and your good offices will, for that very reason, be illustrious tenfold. Your character wanted this occasion to complete it, and Providence hath been signally indulgent in throwing it in your way. I speak lowly of it, when I venture to pronounce, that it will not be the least honour with the present age, nor your least praise with posterity.

Could I think less highly of you than I do, I had taken a quite contrary method; I had vindicated Mrs. Barber's innocence, and treated her supposed calumny as monstrous and incredible, and laid before you, in the fullest light, the merit of supporting a woman of so much worth, whose least praise was writing (in the intervals of business) a volume of excellent poems, with more good sense, true taste, and a righter turn of thinking than any woman of her own, or perhaps of any age. But then in acting thus, you must own I had treated you upon the foot of a common, at least no very uncommon character. Whereas, at present I have treated you up to my own idea of your dignity, and to all the height of my esteem; and in doing this, I have given you so fair an occasion of unexampled beneficence, as will be a sure source of solid satisfaction to you, when all the vanities of this world shall forsake you, or you them.

It is true, Madam, in doing this I have risked the honour of your acquaintance, and give me leave to say, I know the value of what I risk. Yet I would not enjoy the greatest honour I ever had or hoped for, upon the terms of a less open or less upright freedom, upon every just occasion. And if ever there was a just, an upright, and an honourable occasion, this is, and is in the place of ten thousand proofs how much I am,

Madam,
Your faithful servant,
DELANY.

P.S. Give me leave to add this short postscript, to assure you, that no mortal knows of this letter, or ever shall from me, treat it as you will.

This method of addressing Mrs. Clayton, proves how highly Dr. Delany thought of her good sense, and how much he trusted to her kind and forgiving temper. She appears to have inspired in her correspondence no ordinary degree of regard, and even enthusiasm, witness the effusions of Dean Jones.

The mediator on this occasion was the well-known Patrick Delany, a divine of the Established Church in Ireland, and husband of Mrs. Delany, who was no common character—the admired fabricator of the Flora. Dr. Delany, was the son of a servant, and rose from the condition of a sizer at Trinity College, Dublin, to the rank of an Irish Dean. He was the favourite associate of Swift and Sheridan, into whose pastimes, that of making riddles especially, he entered with zest. Through the influence of Lord Carteret, Delany obtained several preferments—so small, however, in value, that he wrote the following humorous lines on them:

> "Would my good Lord but cast up the account,
> And see to what my revenues amount.
> My titles ample! but my gain so small,
> That one good vicarage is worth them all.
> And very wretched sure is he, that double
> In nothing but his titles and his trouble."

He soon afterwards added to his means by a marriage with Mrs. Margaret Lennison, a rich widow lady.

Dr. Delany distinguished himself in the Theological world, by a pamphlet entitled "Reflections on Polygamy, and the encouragement given it by the Scriptures of the Old Testament." His next work was the "Life of King David," a work which obtained its writer considerable credit and fame. His first wife having died in 1741, Dr. Delany married a second time, a widow, Mrs. Pendarves, better known as Mrs. Delany, the intimate friend of the Duchess of Portland, and the approved subject and favourite of Queen Caroline and George the Third. Dr. Delany, after Dean Swift's death, answered Lord Orrery's Life of that most unamiable man, who left, it seems, some friends anxious to redeem his memory from a too just opprobrium. Delany was, on the other hand, attacked for not doing justice to the character of Swift, by Mr. Deane Swift, who vented upon him a torrent of abuse, which was answered with the politeness of a gentleman, and the forbearance of a Christian.

On this point, however, the latter may here be allowed to speak for himself. He writes to the late Mr. John Nichols, April 25th, 1778.—"Pray did you ever see a forged letter to the Queen, signed Jonathan Swift, in favour of one Mrs. Barber, a woollen-draper's wife, and a poetess? Or did you ever read Swift's Letters to Pope and the Countess of Suffolk upon that occasion? If you never did, let me beseech you to read them over with attention; they are extremely curious; you may find them in one of the volumes which I published about twelve or fourteen years ago. I could write some mighty pretty notes and observations upon that forged letter, if I were inclined to such an amusement. The original letter which was given by the Queen to the Countess of Suffolk, who gave it to Mr. Pope to inclose to the Doctor, is still in my possession, and very carefully I shall preserve it, I do assure you. In one word, Delany's life and character, if it was written by a man of humour and genius, would make as droll, as pretty, as comic, and as pleasant a figure as any romantic story in Cervantes, in Rabelais, or in the whole legend of Saints. Delany was certainly an excellent scholar, as well as a man of taste and imagination, and wrote in a good style; and with all those advantages he was a horrid bad reasoner, and but an indifferent poet. His chief talent, (always excepting hypocrisy, and the most refined arts of dissimulation and flattery, wherein perhaps he excelled all the human race,) was that of writing an epigram, wherein I think he outshone most of his contemporaries."*

Dr. Delany was a truly Irish character—kind, humorous, liberal, but hot-headed and variable. In literature, he was more diligent than judicious. He was afflicted, and he afflicted others by an inconvenient absence of mind—a characteristic certainly not so common as it used to be. One day, being appointed to preach at St. James, before King George the Second, he entered Chapel after prayers were begun, and not knowing where to sit, planted himself by the side of the Reader, in his desk. The Vesturer looked about, perplexed, for the Preacher; and, seeing a clergyman in the desk, concluded that he must be the man. Accordingly, he went to him, and pulled him by the sleeve. The Doctor, angry at being interrupted in his devotions, kicked the man, and resisted the attack; in vain was he entreated to come out, as there was no text. Dr. Delany answered, that "he had a text;"—nor could he understand the meaning of all this, until the Reader told him he must go into the vestry, and write out the text for the Royal closets. When the Doctor came into the vestry, his hand trembled, so that he could not write. Mrs. Delany was sent for, but there was no paper at hand; at last, the cover of a letter was found, and Mrs. Delany wrote the text upon it, and sent it up to the Royal family.

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* Nichols' Illustrations of Literature in the Eighteenth Century, vol. v. p. 378.

CHAPTER III.

State of parties in Ireland—The Bishop of Killala exercises his influence in Dublin in favour of the Court—His description of the Duke and Duchess of Dorset—Obsequiousness of the Bishop—Baron Wainwright, and the vacancy in the Common Pleas—Mrs. Clayton's criticism invited by the Bishop of Killala—Baron Wainwright, and his verses—Lord William Beauclerc—Observations on a recent pamphlet—Three letters to the Bishop of Lichfield—Ramsay's plan of education—The Excise—The people of Bristol and the Administration.

CHAPTER III.

THE letters of Dr. Clayton are curious, as giving a clear insight into the state of political parties in Ireland, during a period in which we have few other documents. Lord Carteret had been extremely popular in Ireland; nevertheless, the opinion of the Bishop of Killala seems to have been much more favourable towards the successor of that nobleman—witness the following letter. The courtesy and good nature of Lord Carteret were proverbial; but, perhaps, such qualities in a minister are hardly compatible, at all times, with perfect sincerity.

The very detailed accounts of parties in Ireland, which the letters in this correspondence convey, were highly essential to the Government at home. Ireland had but recently been tranquillized after the long struggle which succeeded the Revolution of 1688. The Reformed Church, established in that agitated country in 1535, had never greatly flourished, and the great mass of native Irish remained Roman Catholics. The three years' war, after the abdication of James the Second, had been a gallant but hopeless struggle, on the part of the Roman Catholics, to restore the estates, formed by Elizabeth and James the First into shire grounds, to their old proprietors, and was, in fact, only a revival of a similar attempt in 1641. The contest of 1688 was closed by the battles of Aughrim and of the Boyne, and extensive confiscations had ensued. The flower of the Roman-Catholic party left the country, and entered into foreign service, where they were distinguished by their bravery. Those who remained were treated with the utmost severity; yet, during nearly a century, a period of tranquillity followed, and in these favourable circumstances Lord Carteret and the Duke of Dorset presided.

That the latent flame which has ever burned in secret was not extinct, the Rebellion of 1798 mournfully proved. Meantime, a watchful eye was directed to all that related to that country, and the excitement of small factions seems to have been substituted for the turbulence of insurrections. This will be fully shown in the course of Dr. Clayton's correspondence.

THE BISHOP OF KILLALA TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, September 28, 1731.

MADAM,

I did intend to have done myself the honour of writing to you before I left Killala, but was afraid of being troublesome with unnecessary letters, when I had not variety to think I could be entertaining.

I came to town about four days after the arrival of his Grace of Dorset, and, in obedience to your commands, went the next morning to wait upon Mr. Carew. I met him at the Lord Primate's, who I got to introduce me to him, and the next day I went again to see him, where he did me the honour of mentioning your name. He is so taken up at present, that I have not had many opportunities of seeing him. However, I assured him, that I would do all that lay in my power to make the business he has undertaken as easy to him as possible. I have a pretty numerous acquaintance in the House of Commons, and have spoke to several of them already, and think everything will go well. I was presented to the Duke of Dorset, who received me very graciously, and inquired after your health; I dined with him last Sunday. Everything hitherto has been so much upon form, that I have not had an opportunity of speaking to him, but find that he has a good deal of humour in his conversation. He lives very magnificently, and seems hitherto to be very acceptable to the people. His tongue is not so lavish of promises, nor his hand so full of squeezes, as the late Lord Lieutenant;* but I think, in the end, it will answer better. I went to wait upon the Duchess, who received me very kindly, and inquired likewise after your health. I hear from the ladies, that she is much more acceptable to them than Lady Carteret. Her behaviour is with less hauteur; it is more polite, and less proud. The Parliament is to meet next Tuesday; and when anything of moment occurs, you may be sure of hearing from me. In the meantime, I beg that you will believe that I am, with the utmost gratitude,

Madam,
Your most obedient,
humble servant,
RT. KILLALA.

My wife desires to join with me in presenting our best services to you and Mr. Clayton.

The Bishop was certainly a model for suitors.

THE BISHOP OF KILLALA TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, May 18, 1731.

MADAM,

Having received an account from Killala, that the Dean of Killala has been taken very suddenly ill of the gout in his stomach, and that it is uncertain whether he will recover or not, I thought it my duty to inform you of it, that, as all Deaneries are in the disposal of his Majesty, you might have the first notice, if there is any one that you would have a mind to recommend to it. The livings which are at present in the Dean of Killala's possession are worth about two hundred pounds a year, of which eighty pounds belong to the Deanery, and the remainder is in my donation; but as I hold my Bishopric from their Majesties' benevolence to me, so I think it my duty to let you know, that if either their Majesties or Mrs. Clayton interfere in the nomination of the person who is to succeed, I shall readily give up my share of the patronage to the person whomsoever it is that is appointed by their Majesties. As this is a distemper which people either soon die of or are as speedily recovered, I thought it might not be improper to give you this information, because, that in case of his death, you will have timely notice; and in case of his recovery, there will be no harm done, but the trouble of your reading this letter. If I have a certain account of his death, I shall write to you immediately; but if he should recover, I think I need not give you an unnecessary trouble.

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* Lord Carteret.

I propose setting out on Monday next for Killala, and shall be a fortnight in my journey; when I get half way, I am forced to lie at gentlemen's houses, there being no inns in that country fit for one's reception. This makes the latter part of the journey somewhat tedious; but the road till I get within sixteen miles of my own house is incomparably good. My wife joins with me in presenting our best services to you and Mr. Clayton, who am

Your most obliged
humble servant,
RT. KILLALA.

Among the many singular correspondents and confidants of Mrs. Clayton, was Judge Wainwright; and one of the first letters which we find from him, related to the promotion which he afterwards obtained, when he became one of the Barons of the Exchequer in Ireland, chiefly, no doubt, from her influence.

BARON WAINWRIGHT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Lincoln's Inn, July 14, 1731.

MADAM,

The will which I saw duly executed, and which, in my opinion, is full to all intents and purposes, and not liable to dispute, remains in my custody, till I can deliver it into your Ladyship's hands.

In your absence, a matter happened, which I should have entirely submitted to your judgment before any step was taken, had there been opportunity; as it is over, I now lay it before you, for your approbation or reproof. On Monday last, upon the news of a vacancy in the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland, Dr. Sayer offered me to sound Mr. Carey, whether the Duke of Dorset was engaged, and if not, to use his interest there for me, and directed me to try whether my brother Parsons would help me with Sir Robert. I went to my brother, and he readily undertook to set out for Norfolk, and made it his request. After I had fixed him to set out next day, Dr. Sayer sent me word that Mr. Carey had frankly owned to him a scheme which the Duke had, inconsistent with the view he had for me. I immediately sent a messenger to my brother, to stop his journey; and though it should not be disposed of according to the Duke's scheme, it will be a satisfaction to me, that I did not think of proceeding when his approbation was not to be had.

I hope, Madam, the momentary thought of a cushion in Ireland was not so bad as the thought of Bermuda; if I have erred, the Bishop of Killala was in this the tempter, and his is the original sin. He has often described to me how agreeable such a situation might be,—that there was neither too much leisure nor too much business; that both my profession and other studies, to which I had been used, might be pursued; that it was a retirement without idleness, and a recess with some but not an envied dignity. These were his speeches, and this accident of the vacancy happening when your Ladyship, whom I shall always look upon in the place of a guardian angel, was away, I gave so far into the temptation as I have mentioned. If I have been misled, pardon me, and for the future, when I can have your direction, I will not again go so far by myself. I am, with humble respect to Mr. Clayton,

Madam,
Your most obliged,
humble servant,
J. WAINWRIGHT.

My Lord Chancellor was much out of order yesterday: some say it is a fever; others, a paralytic stroke. They say he is better.

A very amusing difficulty is started in the following inquiry:—

THE BISHOP OF KILLALA TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, Dec. 29, 1731.

MADAM,

I cannot omit this opportunity of writing to you, by the hands of my Lord Duke's Private Secretary, who goes over with some bills from this kingdom, that I may take occasion of assuring you of my most sincere respects, and at the same time send you a copy of my Sermon, which I intend to preach on the 30th of January, being appointed by the House of Lords to preach before them that day. I send it to you thus early, that I may have time enough to receive your commands whether you would have anything either altered or added. I beg pardon for this trouble, but I have that reason to depend upon the soundness of your judgment, and have had so many proofs of your integrity and good will towards me on all occasions, that I hold myself obliged to consult you in everything that I apprehend may be of the least consequence. Among the rest of your observations, I must desire the favour of you to let me know whether the word *reign*, at the latter end of the sermon in part of the Queen's character, where I say we have reason to thank God for having sent a Princess *to reign* over us, whether that is a proper word or not? As to King James the First, I have said nothing of him but what I strictly collected out of the best histories; and I own that I am not unwilling to load him as much as I can, not only because the truth demands it, but also on account of his inhuman usage of that branch of his family, from whence his present Majesty is descended.*

I must likewise take this opportunity of returning you my thanks for all the favours which his Grace of Dorset has been pleased to show me, who has always taken particular notice of me; and was pleased this week to ask my wife and me to dine with him in private, which favours I can place to no account but yours.

I must desire that you would make my excuse to Mr. Clayton, for not writing oftener to him; since it is not for want of respect, but out of fear of being troublesome to him that I deny myself that pleasure. My wife joins in presenting her service, along with,

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* The family of Elizabeth of Bohemia.

Madam,
Your most obliged
and most obedient, humble servant,
RT. KILLALA.

The Baron, among his other attributes, was ambitious to shine as a poet; but in mercy to the public, it has been deemed wiser to suppress most of those effusions which were inflicted on the patient Mrs. Clayton.

BARON WAINWRIGHT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, February 29, 1732.

MADAM,

Nothing can be of too great value for me to give, that you will accept, who have always made friendship and generosity the only motives of your kindness to me. But you have another title to the head I send you—it came out of Bishop Smallridge's family; therefore look upon it as sent you by the Prebend of Worcester, as much as by an Irish Judge. The Bishop of Killala's lady's sister goes over in the spring; I will send it by her, and give you timely notice. I heard the Bishop preach to-day, and was so much pleased, that I wished you had been one of the audience. Yesterday our business in the Exchequer ended; on Monday night, I go the circuit. No business, no place, can keep me from thinking of the debts I owe you, and I shall hardly be silent for a whole month.

I understand both the Dukes are very good to me. I excused myself to the Duke of Dorset in a letter from hence, for not going to Knowle, by saying, I thought the greatest respect I could pay his Grace was by a speedy and diligent attendance in my post, and I have endeavoured to make it good. The fear of disparaging the recommendations I had, is a spur to my industry. I heartily rejoice that (as Dr. Friend* says, and I agree) the only person you could have thought of, pleased; I own I have a pride and a delight in it. What we wished, and could not be, is a concern to me, not for his sake but theirs, to whom I am bound by ties that are often stronger, at least warmer, than those of duty. It would have been an acquisition of hearts worth having, and would have carried higher and further in life, what was happily begun lower, and in more tender years.

You will think me a little wild, when I say, that if it had been begun by him, and I had been thought worthy, I, rather than it should have dropped, would have changed the course of my life, and have quitted a better post to have carried it on. Do not look upon me to be too extravagant; call this by no worse a name than a bishop did the exercises at Westminster school—a *good verse loyalty.* I defy any man to write verse who does not write from his heart. That he may write prose well, when his words are not from his heart, he himself has shown, or else his heart is double.

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* Dr. Friend, an eminent physician and philosopher.

I see by the prints, Dr. Friend's works are published. Whether the world will have the same sentiments of the dedication I have, is a doubt; but I again say to you, I think it is as good to the full as the finest piece of the best orator in the world upon the greatest subject—I mean, Cicero's oration for Marcellus, which is a panegyric upon Julius Cæsar, and these two are the only truly good panegyrics that ever were made in the world; the rest that we have are puerile in comparison. I am,

Ever honoured Madam,
your true and humble servant,
J. Wainwright.

I will find a time to bind up my sheafs; I am sure Mr. C. will think himself happy if he can serve Mr. D. The picture will make Ireland all fast. England at least a copy of it.

The following epistle contains an opinion which is singularly candid, in a Divine of the Established Church:—

DR. ALURED CLARKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Bath, February 19, 1732.

Honoured Madam,

I am very much obliged to you for taking the trouble of my money, which I will order into your hands as soon as it is ready; and I leave it entirely to you to put it out, when, and in what manner, you may think best. I had talked with the Archbishop several times about the Bishop, before I received your directions, and can assure you he had a favourable impression of the Bishop made upon him, for he speaks well of him, and I can easily perceive that the Bishop has been adroit enough in his manner of behaviour to his Grace.

Yesterday there were some hopes of Lord William Beauclerc, from an interval of understanding which they had seen nothing of for some days before; but to day he is relapsed, and we expect to hear of his death every hour.

I have been in great hopes of seeing Dr. Friend here for a week past, and am now afraid I shall hardly see him before I return to Bristol, for I have been here almost a fortnight, and want much to get rid of the next four or five weeks, which I hope will give me breath enough to carry me to Winchester, and so on to London, in April.

I have read a pamphlet, called *The Main Argument of a Late Book*, entitled, "Christianity as old as the Creation, fairly stated and *examined;* or a Short View of that whole Controversy." It has given me a great deal of satisfaction, and done me good. I have not read anything so unexceptionable upon this subject, and I am persuaded you will be of the same mind, if you have leisure to read it. It is written by a young Dissenting Teacher in this country, who has not name enough to promote a sale of the book, or to raise a substantial cry amongst the divines of any sort. If the Dissenters improve, and we—in proportion to what we have experienced of late—they will soon be masters of the field in controversy, and will be a much more considerable body of men, without money, and without dignities, than an army of men that derive their credit from preferments and not from themselves, and so bring all the dishonour they can upon the Royal patronage.

I am very glad to hear by my friend Stephen, that Mr. Clayton and you are so well recovered from the new colds. I was seized with it very lightly about a fortnight ago, but have almost got rid of it, and I think I have little to complain of, except weakness and shortness of breath, which a warm spring will probably mend.

In a sixpenny pamphlet, called "*Three Letters to the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry*," &c., concerning quakeries, there is a letter prefixed to her Majesty, which you will be entertained with, though it is not written in a masterly way.

I have nothing more to add, but that I am, with true zeal,

Most honoured Madam,
your ever obliged
and devoted humble servant,
Alured Clarke.

It is surprising to see so few letters addressed to Mrs. Clayton of a political character; but the history of England, at this period, is peculiarly uninteresting. Debates recurred year after year on the same subjects, and the same arguments were annually repeated; trade, as well as intellect, languished, and no sort of traffic throve, says Smollett, but that of Change-alley, where the most abominable frauds were practised, and every session of Parliament opened a new scene of villany and oppression.

Something like a similar spirit pervaded Church affairs—a lamentable insincerity and trimming is disclosed by many of these letters; and though we admire the benevolence and disinterestedness of Dr. Alured Clarke, he was, by no means, we cannot but observe, what we should deem an orthodox divine. To profess publicly a certain set of opinions, and to cherish privately another, may be the effect of circumstances, but must be considered as a demoralization.

The following epistle refers more peculiarly to Ramsay's plan of education:—

DR. ALURED CLARKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Bristol, Jan. 21, 1732.

MOST HONOURED MADAM,

Though I take a sincere delight in writing to you, the way of life I am in makes me at a loss to know how to make a letter worth your looking into. If you have not read the enclosed, they will not come amiss, because I think the sermon has something peculiar and artful, and something also that looks like introducing the old unintelligible jargon of the schools. I have sent a sample of all three. The author has certainly no settled notions of the subject he thinks fit, without any call, to publish his thoughts upon; and I think it is enough to send you two or three of his sentences as a proof. I am afraid his new station will not mend him in these matters, and am more afraid, for the honour of my superiors, that he will not answer *any one* of their purposes; for though I believe he is a very good scholar, he has not that sort of learning which a Westminster society ought to have at the head of them, and I have no doubt that a very little time will show that he was neither made for the place, nor the place for him.

I should have taken some notice of Ramsay's plan of education, but he has been so much about the Court, that it must have been long ago in your hands. The performance is very fine and shadowy; but as no Prince ever had such an education, our comfort is, there is no danger of it for the time to come. For a Prince that expects to be filled with *pure and intellectual influency* from above, would make sad havoc among his people in some of his hotter fits of enthusiasm. The author tells us what we are to expect, in the first sentence or two, by saying, that our spiritual nature ought to perform *the different functions of the philosopher, the painter, and the lover.*

But the most free and easy sentence is, that *the principles of Sir Isaac Newton may be reduced to a few Propositions; all the rest are but fine silk webs, spun from the prolific brain of that surprising genius, or perhaps* DEFECTS OF METHOD, *perspicuity, and elegance, which the most part of profound men seldom or never apply themselves to.*

The business of religion and the Test Act is quite dropped amongst us, and the Excise is now the private and public care. We have had daily meetings among our citizens; and though this is one of the best affected places in England, yet they begin to be almost united in this affair, and the Jacobites and Tories work day and night in warning the people's minds, and are now trying to make it odious for any citizen, though no way concerned, to refuse to set his name to the petitions that are framed for the purpose. I wish this petitioning, remonstrating spirit, which can be so easily raised upon surmises, &c., may not be attended with bad consequences, for it never yet produced any good ones.

As to the people of Bristol, their friendship for the administration depends upon the profit they draw from it, which they afterwards weigh in scales of their own making; and the prayer they teach their children is the same the heathen sung to Jupiter:—

"Great Father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth;

for virtue without wealth exerts less power, and less diffuses itself. Then grant us, gracious! virtue, *and wealth*, for both are of thy hand."

I beg my humble services to Mr. Clayton, and am, with my sincerest wishes for your health,

Honoured Madam,
Your ever obliged and
devoted humble servant,
ALURED CLARKE.

The famous Excise Bill, which had succeeded the Test Act as the fashionable topic of the day, was devised by Sir Robert Walpole for the security and improvement of the revenue charged on tobacco and wines. It excited the most violent indignation, and was regarded by the Opposition as an invasion of the liberties of the country. Sir Robert's plan was, in effect, to join the laws of excise to those of the customs; thus to simplify the system, and to prevent frauds and inconveniences. The House was completely surrounded during the debate, and a crowd of those whom Sir Robert Walpole called sturdy beggars—*i. e.*, merchants interested in obstructing the scheme, thronged all the passages. The Bill was lost, and the Minister burned in effigy.

Dr. Clarke continued, with unabated zeal, to favour Mrs. Clayton with his correspondence, full evidence of which will be found in the following chapters.

CHAPTER IV.

Dr. Friend—Manufactures in metals—A reverend Consul—Standing forces—Dr. Clarke's new house at Winchester—Lord Lymington—Lord Drumlanrig—Mask from the face of Henry the Seventh—Dr. Friend's dedication—A new poem by Stephen Duck—Controversy of Drs. Waterland and Pearse—Dr. Middleton—Mandeville's Book of Honour—Hogarth—Dr. Clarke's verses on the Queen's Hermitage—Bacon on Gardens—Alarming illness of Dr. Clarke—Lord and Lady Lymington's considerate conduct towards him—Lord John Russell's duel—Dr. Clarke's opinion of duelling—Extraordinary case of murder and suicide—Book on the genuineness of St. Matthew's Gospel—Discovery of a medicinal spring.

CHAPTER IV.

DR. CLARKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Bristol, January 6, 1732.

Honoured Madam,

I received a letter from Dr. Friend this morning, and should have been in great pain to have heard of your illness, if I had not had the good news, at the same time, of your being in a good measure recovered from it. It would be the highest pleasure to your friends to see you in a more certain and settled state of health than you generally enjoy; but everything here is puzzled with mazes and perplexed with errors.

I am sorry poor Dr. Friend has so much reason to complain, and am told, from two hands at Westminster, that he has thoughts of resigning his charge. I hope, for his own sake, it is true; for if it be not always the wisest thing a man can do to consult his own ease, I am sure it is so when age or infirmities has brought us near the end of our scuffle. As soon as I hear of his being come to Bath, I will certainly make him a visit, if I mend in any proportion as I have done for some time past. I find the moon has a very sensible influence upon me, in common with mad folks, and therefore am forced to bleed at the change, for fear the vein should open again, which would probably be fatal; but as my constitution of mind does not incline me to feel ills before they come, I do not suffer by any apprehensions of what may be.

A very considerable merchant of this city having made me an obliging tender of his acquaintance, I have been pretty much employed of late in examining the whole process of making copper, brass, lead, which are the main branches of the trade of this city to Africa, &c. And if I cannot recover breath enough to live in my native country, and it should be necessary for me to go into a warmer climate, it is possible I may get so much insight into the African trade as may qualify me for his Majesty's Consul at Algiers,* unless the commotions thereabouts shall have made the country too hot to hold anybody that can keep out of it.

Our Dissenters here are not yet let into the secret of their brethren's giving up the cause of the Test above. They are a good deal out of humour, but say little. The Quakers are generally pleased that the scheme is laid aside, either because they expect no advantage at any time from it, or, as I rather think, because they were afraid they should have been left to themselves if the Test was taken off. But we are so well affected here, that almost everybody is exasperated with the last Craftsman about standing forces;* and we have so little notion of the danger of the present number, that we never think ourselves safe in this city without the constant guard of a whole regiment; for being in the neighbourhood of several thousand colliers, they are (and have often showed themselves to be) our masters the moment we are left without our standing defence.

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* The notion of a Reverend Doctor being made a Consul at Algiers, sounds to us strange; but is not more strange than that, after the death of Sir Isaac Newton, the Mastership of the Mint should be offered to the Reverend Dr. Samuel Clarke, who refused it.

I suppose Lord Lymington left London to-day, and wish his journey may be attended with success, which I think is much to be feared from many circumstances that have concurred to sink an interest that has been a match for the other side, supported by a Tory administration.

I beg my humble service to Mr. Clayton, and, with my wishes and prayers for your perfect recovery, remain,

Ever honoured Madam,
Your most obliged,
most devoted humble servant,
A. Clarke.

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* During the previous year, 1731, a debate had taken place in the House of Commons concerning the number of the land forces. The Whigs were in favour of continuing a large standing army, the Tories against it. Lord Morpeth, Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Sir William Wyndham, and others, opposed Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Hervey, who was the invariable creature of the Minister, who gained his point.—*Smollett.*

DR. CLARKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Winchester, April 4, 1732.

Honoured Madam,

You put me in full enjoyment last night by your obliging letter, and the good account of your health, which I pray God continue. And I persuade myself you know me too well to think I mean, by troubling you with my letters, to lay a tax upon your time, which would not serve your own private concerns, if your friends were allowed to have the management of it. And therefore I will hope all is well when I hear nothing, and that I shall have a line from Mrs. Ravenshaw if it should be otherwise.

I continue to be very busy in fitting up my new house, and hope I shall have some pleasure in it, though you must allow me to say that my Hampshire enjoyments are very much lessened since the good fortune of my acquaintance in Cleveland Court; and as soon as I am settled enough to leave my house without inconvenience, I shall want to hear of the instalment at Westminster.

Another thing that gives me some trouble is, that I am afraid I am more out in my reckoning this year than ordinary, and that I shall not be able to put any money into your hands this twelve months, for I have found so many new articles of expense in this fine house, to fit it up in a tolerable uniform manner, that I durst not stretch my credit so far as to touch my best apartment this year, so that if I have the honour of seeing Lady

Russel here, we must make shift without a dressing room. And I design in a fortnight to write my Lord word that I am in as much order to receive him as I can afford to be this year.

Lord Lymington dare not come hither, because of the small-pox, but as I must be at my parish next Friday and Sunday, I shall see him in a day or two. He has sent to me two or three times, and I hear from all hands that he is mighty well, and thought his London journey had done him a deal of good. Lord Drumlanrig was taken ill of the small-pox Sunday morning, on which an express was sent to London to the Duke of Queensbury, and they came hither yesterday. The child is like to do very well.

It is a very fine season with us in this country, and it has rained now a day and a night almost incessantly, which will raise our springs that were exceeding low. I am glad Mr. Conduit and his lady are in such high honour, and hope they have some great entertainment in view for their country neighbours, for they are building the fellow to their fine room in town, at their house near this place, and are raising their works so fast that we little folks can get no bricks till they are supplied.

I desire my humble service to good Mr. Clayton, and am,

Ever honoured Madam,
Your most obliged,
and devoted humble servant,
A. CLARKE.

The egregious flattery of the following letter must elicit a smile:

BARON WAINWRIGHT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, October 13, 1732.

MADAM,

Upon opening my goods I found among the rest the mask that was taken from the face of Henry the Seventh, and immediately considered it could nowhere be more properly placed than in the Hall at London, among the great and wise. I think it an admirable piece of work, and if you give leave will send it by the first safe conveyance. Could I have my wish, that Hall should not be forgot whilst the Hermitage is remembered, but the recess should be known in which you delighted. It will be great pleasure to hear that Dr. Friend's works are near being published. I long to have the dedication appear in the world; it must fill all who have a taste of style and oratory with the highest admiration of the man who could write it. I will venture to say that if Tully had wrote such a dedication of Hippocrates to Julius Cæsar, the performance and the panegyric would have been as like as the subject and the authors, and he whom Shakespeare styles the greatest man that ever flourished in the tide of time, would have been pleased with that praise which is justly given to their Majesties; as it is, I insist upon it none can understand or test the dedication fully, without reading the famed oration for Marcellus, and weighing the dedication with it, an experiment that no other panegyrist that ever I read could bear; this I shall say to the Duke of Newcastle, who laid his commands upon me to write to him, but not before the book is published. If you approve of the letter I send with this, you will be pleased to forward it to J. F., by having it put into the post; it flows from a source of gratitude that will last while I live, and am,

Madam,
Your obliged,
humble servant,
J. Wainwright.

My humble respects to Mr. Clayton; and if you please to let the Duke of Dorset know I am sensible he has done better for me than I proposed for myself here, the acknowledgment will be made with advantage.

DR. CLARKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Winchester, April 22, 1732.

Honoured Madam,

I was unluckily prevented writing last post, or should have taken the first opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of Stephen's* poem, under Mr. Clayton's cover; it has given everybody here great pleasure, and I dare say he will lose no credit by it at London: I was a good deal surprised at the first sight of it, but was satisfied by the first line of his letter, which assured me that he had printed it with your approbation; and I had another very agreeable post-night yesterday, by the Bishop of Salisbury's letter, which says you are improved in your health by your two waitings, from which your friends have always had reason to be in fear for you, but I hope our fears will now be at a great distance.

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* Stephen Duck.

I have had a new book of Dr. Middleton's sent me hither, which I mention, because I think you read his former pieces, which made so much noise in the world—his letter to Dr. Waterland,*

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* Dr. Waterland, to whose controversy with Dr. Middleton Dr. Alured Clarke refers in this and the next letter, was an able assertor of the doctrine of the Trinity. He took pupils at Cambridge, and wrote a work called "Advice to a Young Student, with a method of study for four years." Dr. Waterland, when he was made a Bachelor of Divinity, took for his thesis—"Can Arian Subscription be lawful?" One singular result followed his thesis; Dr. Samuel Clarke omitting, in the second edition of his "Scripture Doctrine," the following words: "It is plain that a man may reasonably agree to such forms (of subscription to the thirty-nine Articles) whenever he can in any way reconcile them to Scripture." After the publication of Dr. Waterland's thesis, Dr. Clarke always refused subscription.

Dr. Waterland's controversial works were numerous, and were very able and effective. His dislike to Arianism was so great, that he was said to have been disposed to Arminianism. An immense extent of reading, without confusion, is visible in his works. "His head," observed the Reverend Jeremiah Teed, in his funeral sermon, "was an immense library, where the treasures of learning were ranged in such exact order, that whatever himself or his friends wanted he could have and defence. This is an answer to Dr. Pearse, under the title of "Remarks on a Reply to the Defence of the Letter to Waterland;" and I believe was intended at the same time to qualify the heats that have been raised against him in the University of Cambridge; but I think it is very indifferently calculated for that purpose, for he still supposes, as in the former, that the Jewish Government was not a Theocracy, (governed immediately by God,) but only made, or pretended so, by Moses, and consequently that this conduct of Moses was resolvable into a sort of political fiction for the good of the people. And though he has great advantage over Dr. Pearse, as an able and lively writer, I doubt he has recourse to a very disingenuous manner of quoting his authors, which any one that sees the liberties he takes in some places, will easily suspect in many more. However, towards the conclusion, he seems desirous of reconciling the gentlemen of the university to him, by appearing to declare his whole opinion, and dropping some of the most offensive things that had brought the storm upon him, and sums up all that he says he has affirmed in the dispute, in four particulars:—

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immediate recourse to, without embarrassment." Zealous, but not temperate, he was by no means the mildest of controversialists.

Dr. Middleton's principles are well known. "Though, as he was my godfather," writes Mrs. Montagu, "you may suppose I have read his 'Evangelist' with great veneration; I cannot find much solid comfort in a doctrine without promise."

1. That the Jews borrowed some of their ceremonies and customs from Egypt.

2. That the Egyptians were in possession of arts and learning in Moses' time.

3. That the primitive writers, in order to vindicate the Scriptures, thought it necessary in some cases to recur to allegory.

4. That the Scriptures are not of absolute and universal inspiration.

If you have not seen the book, I believe the last twenty-five pages will entertain you very well, the rest being either a repetition of what he writ before, or a mere strife about the sense of passages which had been pretty largely examined on both sides.

I have just run over Dr. Mandeville's (author of the fable of the Bees) Book of Honour, which was published this last winter, and is indeed the work of a very odd genius. He says honour and virtue are both of human invention, and that honour which came last into the world is the best of the two—i. e., the most serviceable—that it came originally from the Northern barbarian nations, and that it was unknown in the polite ages of Greece and Rome, and was invented to supply the defect of religion in the minds of men; that it is necessary to have an order of clergy to humour as well as to awe the people, but that in times of war it is impossible to be a good Christian and a good soldier—that a peaceful disposition and humility are not qualities more promising in the day of battle than a contrite heart and broken spirit are preparatives for fighting; that the doctrines of Christ do not teach men to fight any more than to paint. And that if repentance was preached amongst military men, soldiers would be in danger of being spoiled by it, and rendered unfit for their business. He is very plain with the clergy, and declaims against their revenues, translations, worldly grandeur, and laughs at Apostles in coaches and six. He proposes exemplariness of life, and sanctity of manners as a remedy against the growth of Popery; yet fears the Bench of Bishops would not thank him for the prescription, but think it an attempt to cure the patients by blistering the physicians, and with most Protestant divines the remedy would be worse than the disease.

It is probable this gentleman may be a favourite author with the town, though I am surprised he should be so much in the confidence of a great man who is ambitious of patronizing men of worth and learning, unless he is capable of mistaking low humour and drollery for fine wit.

And now, Madam, if these two books have come in your way before, you will be so good as to excuse my inclination to be with you as much as I can, or in some measure to think myself so, whilst I am filling up a sheet of paper; and I have the less scruple about writing so much, because I am sure I must have convinced you by my former letters, that they will keep cold, and need not take off your attention if they should come into your hands at an improper time. I have received a present from the author of "An Inquiry into the Evidences of Christian Religion, by a Lady," whom I suppose to be a clergyman's wife, and will send you some account of it when I have read it, if I think it worth entertaining you with.

Mr. Conduit came into this country with Sir Andrew Fountain for two days in Easter-week, but I did not see him. I am told he is going to have a conversation-piece drawn by Hogarth, of the young people of quality that acted at his house; and if I am not mistaken he hopes to have the honour of the Royal part of the audience in the picture. And I doubt not the painter's genius will find out a proper place for Miss Conduit.

I spent this day se'nnight with Lord Lymington, who kept a double festival at his house, it being his own birthday as well as the Duke's. He and his lady are both in good health and spirits, and desired me to make their best compliments to you and Mr. Clayton. When I have got a little clear of my workmen I intend to go thither for three or four days. I have just writ to Lord Russell to acquaint him that in a week I shall be in as much order as I can propose to myself this year, and therefore hope Lady Russell and he will give me the honour of their company pretty soon, because I intend to go to London just before the instalment, so that I am apt to think they will be here quickly, if she has not altered her mind about the journey. I beg my humble service to Mr. Clayton, and am always,

Ever honoured Madam,
Your most devoted humble servant,
A. CLARKE.

Winchester, October 21, 1732.

MOST HONOURED MADAM,

As I think myself extremely obliged to you, for the liberty you give me of writing, I do not know whether I can make an excuse with any propriety for neglecting my own pleasure. But though I have been very much employed this last fortnight, I can never be at a loss to find time to write to such a friend, if one could have the heart to do it without any materials of entertainment. But I think that reason would not do now, for I am much mistaken if the inclosed copy of verses do not give you as much pleasure as I have had from them. They are come warm out of the author's hands, and have not yet been once copied, and have only been seen by two persons of very good taste and judgment. If they have the good fortune to be approved by you, and you think it proper, you will do me the honour of presenting them with my humble duty to her Majesty. For when I found a very commendable spirit gone abroad of paying due compliments to a Princess that has shown a peculiar love of uncommon merit, by the honour she has done to the memory of the worthy dead, I was very desirous of making one in the list of such grateful admirers. How to do it without poetry I could not tell, and at last it came into my head that though I was too weak to do the office myself, I might *find*. For I believe if I was a great man, the greatest pleasure I could propose to myself would be to have the best artificers of science in every kind, to work for me. If there be any mistakes in the description of the Hermitage, they are owing to the imperfect account I gave the author of it, having not seen it myself since it was quite finished. And if there be no tall trees thereabouts, we are beholden to another author for planting them in his Latin copy of verses, from whence we took them. And thus I leave the paper in your hands to be entirely used at your own discretion.

Some time ago I was observing to you, that the present taste of gardening was in a great measure formed upon such a sort of model as my Lord Bacon had laid down above a hundred years ago, though it never obtained authority amongst us till of late; and that, considering how great and universal his genius was allowed to be, this remark inferred a high compliment upon the present age. And as I lately met with the passages I meant, I cannot fill up my paper better than with some of them.

" A man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, soon then to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it that in the

Royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, in which severally things of beauty may be then in season.

"Gardens—speaking of those which are Prince-like—ought to be divided into three parts; a green in the entrance, a heath or desert in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst. For the ordering of the ground within the great hedge, I leave it to the variety of device, advising nevertheless, that whatsoever form you cast it into first, it be not too busy, or full of work; wherein I do, for my part, not like images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff: they are for children. Little low hedges, round like belts, I like well.

"I would also have the alleys spacious and fair. You may have closer alleys upon the side grounds, but none in the main garden. I wish also in the very middle a fair mount, with three ascents, and alleys enough for four to walk abreast, which I would have to be perfect circles, without any bulwarks or embossments, and the whole mount to be thirty foot high; and some fine banqueting-house, with some chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass."

I am, ever honoured Madam,
Your most obliged,
devoted humble servant,
A. Clarke.

The following touching letter from Dr. Clarke is a beautiful commentary upon a good man's emotions when in imminent danger, which came suddenly upon him:—

DR. CLARKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Winchester, November 4, 1732.

HONOURED MADAM,

I am very much obliged to you for your kind inquiry after me, and will give you the best account I can, though I am so weak you must excuse the broken, imperfect manner I am able to do it in. Thursday fortnight I preached a sermon upon an annual feast, which cost me more spirits than I ought to have spent; and after sermon, I walked through the streets in the procession whilst I was warm, into a large old room, that I believe never has a fire in it, where a large company of us dined. I am apt to think the cold I catched that day, occasioned the sudden eruption of blood on Monday, though my blood must have been out of order some time, for I have long complained of unusual weariness and lassitude, (for I never could allow myself to call it laziness,) and, particularly when I was making my Feast Sermon that week, began to think there was more sense in Dr. Woodward's scheme than the world would allow, and that it would be necessary for me to have recourse to evacuations before I ventured on the making of any new compositions.

I was at church Monday morning, when a cough seized me without any warning, or any apprehension I had of bleeding, and in a minute I found myself in so much danger of being choked, that it was difficult for me to get home. I had eight ounces of blood taken from me, and, in less than an hour, saw ten ounces in basins, besides what gushed from me at church and on my way home. By this time my house was full of doctors and apothecaries, everybody sending their own, and my own servants not so much in their senses as myself; and whilst I had all this help, fell into another fit, which brought more blood, and promoted a shortness of breath so fast, with an universal cold, clammy sweat, that my doctors thought it the very stroke of death, and I am afraid I shall never meet it more easily than I could have done then; for though the sudden change from health to an immediate hazard of losing one's life shocked me at first, yet, when I came to examine myself, and could not find one reason, not even to cheat myself with, why I should not die then as well as at another time, I became so composed and resigned, that I think this one experience has made more than amends for my illness. I found, also, that this world had no hold upon me but my friends, though I think I did not want this trial; for it is very long since I can remember any great pleasure I ever took in any other enjoyment of any kind.

Another circumstance dwelt upon my mind very much in that honr, which is, what we court and bow down to in our health, we do not so much as waste a thought upon at the approaches of death—that riches, honours, empires, &c., being said to be lighter than vanity itself, are rather valued too much by having any value set upon them, and that it would be exceeding mortifying to great people to know that every good man on the bed of sickness has them no more in his thoughts than if they were the blanks of the creation. But I must not moralise; not for your sake, because I have always desired rather to learn of you; nor for my own sake, because my head and my hand are both too weak at present.

Lord and Lady Lymington were here in a few hours after my illness, though they had not come near the town in two years for the small-pox; but they kept themselves incog. from me above a day, that I might not be surprised, and shut themselves up in the house with me till Thursday last, by which means they kept all company from me, and kept me quiet. This was such an instance of friendship, that I am not yet recovered enough to think of it without too much emotion; and, indeed, my neighbours throughout the city have expressed such a general concern for me, that I hope it cannot be very faulty to indulge one's self in the satisfaction of finding that, in the whole, one has behaved acceptably for so many years, amidst a great majority of people of very different turns of mind.

I am going to Bristol as soon as it is possible to get thither, where I must stay till Midsummer, and though I think it is hardly possible for me to be restored, I think it is right to act as if one believed it. I have had the opinions of several physicians above, and have inclosed you Dr. Burton's, which his brother sent for, because it seems to be the simplest and most masterly. I beg the favour of you to let Mr. Harris write me out a receipt for making pulled chicken, though I do not know whether I shall be allowed to go so far these three months.

This is my first letter, and I have been these two days writing it by piece-meals. I wish I could convince you before I went out of the world, that you never served a more grateful nor a more sincere person; for let there be never so much vanity in it, I will go on to say it as long as I can say anything. You never showed your regards to one that has loved and honoured you beyond what he ever thought fit to say to you, for the station you are in is a most unhappy one with regard to your true friends, who are incapable of giving you those undoubted proofs which an honest mind must be in constant pain to give you. But I must go no farther now.

I am, ever honoured Madam,
Your most obliged,
devoted humble servant,
A. CLARKE.

I hope you have received the verses on the Queen's Hermitage.

DR. CLARKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Winchester, May 6, 1732.

Most Honoured Madam,

I had great pleasure in hearing from Lady Herbert, who is come to Hursbourne, that she saw you in good health a few days ago, which I cannot help being solicitous to know by one means or other. I received a letter last night from Lord John Russell, by which I am apt to think he will not come into Hampshire before I take my Huntingdonshire journey; and if you can give any guess what part of the summer you shall be able to spend at Sundon, I shall be very much obliged to you for the notice, that I may order my matters so as to have the pleasure of waiting upon you for a fortnight, in one part of my journey or other.

Last week Lord John Russell wrote Lord Lymington a particular account of his duel, out of the great inclination he has to stand well with his Hampshire friends; but I am very sorry to hear from another hand, that there is reason to apprehend the quarrel is not healed yet. One would think the ways of destruction were but few, and that men were hard put to it to find them, before they could think of sacrificing themselves to the shadow of honour and the silly tyranny of custom; and I question whether in many cases that might be mentioned, duelling is not more unjustifiable than self-murder, of which the most remarkable instance I have heard, is the late case of the bookseller and his wife, of which a gentleman (who was curious enough to go and examine into all the particulars) sent me a large account.

It seems the man was a great disputer in religious matters, and passed among those of his own rank for an Atheist. They spent their last night at a neighbouring alehouse, very cheerful and easy. They had been exact to a nicety in discharging their little debts as fast as they could, just before, and before they died, spent some time in nailing up a curtain between them, that they might not see each other's dismal preparations for death. Take it altogether—that a man and his wife should coolly and deliberately reason themselves into such a resolution, especially to take away the life of an innocent child they were extremely fond of—that after they had despatched the child, they should go on to execute the rest of the bloody purpose, is strange beyond conception.

I find there is a book published at London, concerning the genuineness of St. Matthew's Gospel, which I have not seen here, but am informed it comes from the same quarter as "Christianity as old as the Creation." It is grounded on the Bishop of London's defence of the Canon of Scripture, which being built on the common-place proofs that Christians have been satisfied with for many ages, this author has revived the ancient objections, that he thinks his Lordship either has not considered or not removed, and pretends that his Lordship's weak and general defence has raised many scruples, which, out of his great regard to Christianity, he hopes his Lordship will consider over again.

A piece of news of another nature that we have here, is a discovery of a spring at West Aston, near Holt in Somersetshire, that can do more wonders than either the Bath or Holt waters. The owner, Mr. Beach, digging a well for his own use, employed a labourer who had had a sore leg some years, and being surprised to find his leg so much better the first day, and still better the second day of working, began to imagine it might be the water, and was soon after assured of it by farther experience; afterwards other lame people in the neighbourhood tried it with the same success, and they have already got cures upon record to open shop with. Mr. Beach has been offered a considerable rent for it, but chooses to enjoy the estate himself, and is building lodgings as fast as he can for the reception of the sick. How much of this is true I cannot venture to say, though I have it from a very worthy person who lives no great distance from the place.

We have had great rains for some time past, which will probably make all our farmers rich, for it is the misfortune of the country to be made happy in such years as are very bad for most part of the kingdom, and we cannot help showing our joy on the prospect of ruining our neighbours.

And if one was to tell them that moderate years were best for the whole, and that every particular man ought to be most pleased with what was most for the good of the whole, it would be thought strange divinity, and a man would pass his time but ill in a Hampshire parish, for we like moderation in the fortunes of other people, but cannot be persuaded it is best for ourselves.

I have nothing more to add, if you will excuse all this ramble, than what I always conclude with in the greatest sincerity of heart, when I subscribe myself,

Ever honoured Madam,
Your most devoted,
most obliged, humble servant,
A. CLARKE.

The case of suicide mentioned in the preceding letter, excited a great interest at the time. It is even mentioned in the dry details of Smollett's history. According to his account, the man and his wife were living within the liberties of the King's Bench. They had first murdered their infant, justifying that act by saying it was less cruel to take away her life than to leave her to the mercies of the world. They professed, says the historian, "their belief in Almighty God," in stating which, he differs from the statement of Dr. Alured Clarke.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Clayton consulted on every subject—Dr. Bentley, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge—His controversies with Dr. Clarke before the Queen—His character in the Dunciad—His cause—St. Matthew's Gospel—Character of William the Third—Mavrocordatus, Prince of Wallachia—The famous drop—Dr. Clarke summoned to a Chapter of Westminster—Excuses his attendance—Dr. Waterland's Charge—Modern Deists, and advocates for Deism—Passage in the London Journal complimentary to Queen Caroline—Dr. Clarke's high opinion of Mrs. Clayton's friendship—Good sentiments in great people—Dr. Friend at Sundon—Will of the late Duke of Wharton—An uncommon Sermon.

CHAPTER V.

It is a presumptive proof of the strength of Mrs. Clayton's understanding, that she was consulted and addressed by Dr. Clarke upon every subject, however difficult, and on the most critical questions that then occupied the public attention. It must be remembered, that in writing to Mrs. Clayton, her reverend correspondent was, in reality, writing to Queen Caroline. These letters were, doubtless, intended for her Majesty's information, and conveyed to her the opinions of a reflective, and learned, though not dispassionate reasoner upon public affairs.

"Dr. Bentley's Cause," to which reference is made in the following letter from Dr. Clarke, had been pending ever since the year 1717. That learned critic, and extraordinary man, after rising from the station of a country schoolmaster, to be the Chaplain to William the Third and Queen Anne, as well as Regius Professor at Cambridge,—was, at that time, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was, also, the great antagonist of Robert Boyle, concerning the genuine character of the Epistles of Phalaris, and he had been the first to preach the Boylean Lectures. Bentley, whose fame as a philologist was unrivalled in his time, was taught the Latin accidence by his mother—a woman of extraordinary sense and knowledge. He was a Bachelor of Arts at the age of nineteen, and at that early period of his life stood for a Fellowship, which was withheld only on account of his being too young to take Priest's Orders. His intellect seems to have ripened sooner, and to have lasted longer than that of other men. His frame was as powerful as his mind, robust and large, with strong, perhaps harsh features, and a great severity of aspect. He retained his faculties to an advanced age.

Few men had warmer friends, or more bitter enemies than Bentley; a circumstance which may be accounted for, by his overbearing, pompous manner, which exasperated his foes—and by his real tenderness of heart, which won upon his friends. This bulky, austere man, could never read a pathetic tale without shedding tears; and on seeing Bishop Moore, during a contest which

Dr. Bentley had with the University of Cambridge, concerning the Vicatorial power, appear against him, he fainted away in court. To the Doctor's urgent entreaties, he being the friend of Sir Isaac Newton, the world is indebted for the publication of the Principia, which the modesty of Newton caused him to withhold.

Dr. Bentley is said to have encountered from the University of Cambridge, proceedings the most unjustifiable, arising from a party disaffected from the government. His offence was an exaction of four guineas from each Doctor of Divinity on being made Doctors, over and above a broad piece, the customary fee. This new tax, imposed in the character of Regius Professor, was violently resisted by the University; and among the others, by the celebrated Dr. Middleton, author of "The Life of Cicero." The Vice Chancellor, then Duke of Somerset, was appealed to; and Bentley was suspended from all his degrees. The case was afterwards referred to the King and Council; but the Ministry being unwilling to interfere, the matter was again referred in a judicial way, to the King's Bench; the proceedings of the University were all reversed by that Court, and Dr. Bentley was restored to his degrees. This was in 1728. It now appears from Dr. Clarke's letter, that a further appeal was made in 1732, to the House of Lords.

Dr. Bentley was Librarian to Queen Caroline; and it was often the Queen's pleasure to excite him and Dr. Samuel Clarke to an argument on subjects of literature, and to listen to their amicable controversies. But the haughty Master of Trinity was soon weary of talking even for the diversion of a Queen. His arena was of a very different description, and he had not the complying temper of Dr. Samuel Clarke.

Perhaps the portrait of the great critic in the "Dunciad," was not, in some respects, too strongly coloured.

> "As many quit the streams, that murmuring fall
> To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare Hall,
> Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
> In troubled waters, but now sleeps in *Port:*
> Before them marched that awful Aristarch,
> Ploughed was his front with many a deep remark;
> His hat, which never veiled to human pride,
> Walker with reverence took, and lay'd aside.
> Low bowed the rest; he kingly did but nod:
> So upright Quakers please both man and God.
> Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne.
> Avaunt!—Is Aristarchus yet unknown?
> The mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
> Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains!
> Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain;
> Critics shall rue, shall make it prose again."

By admirable judges it has been, however, fully shown, now that the warmth of disputation is at an end, that Bentley was not merely the verbal critic who, as Pope describes him, settled disputes of "Me, or Te, of Ant, or A," "to sound or sink in Cano O, or A." The man who was considered, whilst under the age of thirty, to be the fittest person to preach the Boylean Lecture, must have had a far higher intellectual character than that of a mere poacher in "Suidas for unlicensed Greek." Much of Dr. Bentley's mass of accumulated knowledge would be regarded, however, and perhaps justly, with something like contempt in the present day. "He could judge," observed the celebrated Lowth, Bishop of Oxford, "with great penetration, of the age of an author, by the dialect, the phrase, and the matter; by Thericlean cups, and Sicilian talents; this was his proper sphere of science, and in this he excelled. But in matters of pure taste, in the fine discernment of the different characters of composition, colours of style, and matters of thinking; of interior beauties, and excellencies of writing, what was he? Unus Caprimulgus aut Fossor." This opinion was warmly controverted by the well known Richard Cumberland, the grandson of Dr. Bentley.

Collins, to whom Dr. Clarke makes a brief allusion in this letter, is doubtless, Anthony

Collins, the author of an "*Essay concerning the Use of Religion*," of "Priestcraft in perfection," a "Discourse of Free thinking," and many other works attacking revealed religion. Collins was an instance of a man fulfilling every duty of life, without faith; almost a dangerous character, if a man of benevolence can be so called. Yet one cannot but have misgivings of the genuineness of that benevolence which is extended to man, yet wants devotion to God.

DR. CLARKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Hursbourne, May 18, 1732.

MOST HONOURED MADAM,

I spent Monday with the Bishop of Salisbury, who, by this time, I suppose, has waited upon you in town, and is glad to be laid up in Grosvenor-street for the remainder of the year. He seemed very well after the fatigue of visiting his diocese, and explaining to his clergy the various senses in which they may be said to be Stewards of the Mysteries, &c. If he had been in town, I believe he would have dissented from the rest of his brethren in Dr. Bentley's cause, which seems to be drawing to an issue, not very favourable to the Doctor, unless means be found to adjourn the final decision of the House to another session. We are informed in the country, that Lord Carteret was very bitter in some of his expressions towards the Bench, and I doubt not Gordon's book against Bishop Hare has contributed to the strength of the spirit which is rising everywhere against the profession, and I wish it may do us so much good as to make the clergy do honour to their government by their learning and conduct, which will be more serviceable to the public than they can be at present, merely by their votes, &c.

The inquiry concerning the Canon of St. Matthew's Gospel came to hand since I wrote last, and seems to be the beginning of a design which Mr. Collins had formed in his life-time. And though there be little more pretended than a revival of the old arguments, it is done with so much shrewdness as to deserve the consideration of the first pen. But as these things are given into the conduct of one person, I suppose Dr. Middleton's adversary will be employed, that the cause may not suffer for want of a *grave* and *weighty* manner of handling it.

I am sorry, for many reasons, to see so much bustle of late, about King William's character, in the journals, and find that it has produced a controversy that affects Bishop Burnet's, with relation to what he says of that Prince, which Mr. Burnet has resented so warmly, as to enter the lists in defence of his father, for the London Journal supposes him to be the letter writer, which I take for granted he would disavow if he was not.

I saw a letter the other day from Mr. Carte, the nonjuror (who has been employed by Buckley, the printer, in collecting materials for Thuanus's

History), in which he says that the Speaker has employed a correspondent at Constantinople, to buy the library of Mavrocordatus, the late Prince of Wallachia, who had collected all the ancient manuscripts that were to be met with in the East, that any way concerned the History of Christianity, which he proposes to have annexed to the Cotton Library, if a sum of money can be raised for a proper building and endowment. Mavrocordatus was a man of very uncommon virtues and parts; he published an excellent book of morals in Greek, which was printed in London a few years ago. He was a tributary to the Turks, and when he was taken prisoner by the Emperor in the Turkish War, refused great offers from the Emperor, and chose to put himself under the protection of the Grand Seignior, which procured him so much favour as to be admitted a member of the Divan, an honour never before enjoyed by a Christian.

I have received two letters from the Speaker concerning a relation he has a mind to send to Winchester School, where he was educated himself. To add one scrap more to my letter—one Clutton, a chemist at London, a Quaker, was with me last week, who told me that he had studied a good deal about the famous Drop of Sir T. Robins. That he believed it had given great help in many cases, and that he found a receipt in Sir Kenelm Digby's Chemical Secrets, by which he made what he verily thinks is the

Drop, or very near it, and whether it be or no, is persuaded that the main ingredients of the Drop are nitre and gold.

I am charged with Lord and Lady Lymington's best services to you and Mr. Clayton, and beg you would always believe me to be,

Ever honoured Madam,
Your most obliged
humble servant,
A. CLARKE.

Winchester, September 9, 1732.

MOST HONOURED MADAM,

I felt a more particular pleasure than is easy to express, from your kind inquiry after me, by Stephen Duck, the same post by which I thanked you for your obliging letter. I hope you have received the venison in due time, and will take care that half a buck more shall be sent, about Monday or Tuesday se'nnight, when, (if I guess right,) you will be returned home from Court. I hear Lord Lymington begins to recover of the sprain he received in his leg. His house has been very full of company some time past, and, amongst others, Mr. Burnet has been there a few days. I have a very urgent letter from the Bishop of Rochester, to attend a Chapter at Westminster the end of this month; and, as I am of opinion I cannot be wanted to make up a sufficient number for the Chapter, I am afraid there may be some difficulties about the disposal of St. Bride's Living, which I the rather suspect from another letter I received at the same time. I have desired the Bishop, if possible, to excuse me the journey, because I am obliged to be here again in November, or at least to defer the Chapter till the beginning of next month, if it be necessary for me to come at all.

I have seen no modern piece since I came hither, except Dr. Waterland's Charge, which probably you may not have had time to look into; the scheme of it is to consider the several charges of credulity or bigotry, superstition or enthusiasm, state-craft, priest-craft, or imposture, which the Deists lay upon us, and to show that the guilt which they would load us with, is not ours but theirs, and that these imputations are, for the most part, chargeable upon the accusers themselves. The Doctor goes through these articles severally, in so plausible and popular a way, that I dare say the clergy are generally much pleased with the performance. But I think one thing more is essential to such a work, and that is, that the reflections of a clergyman and a scholar, be just and reasonable, as well as plausible, of which you will please to judge, by two or three of his smartest sentences, and I am afraid he will never be able to stand the just raillery he deserves for the following observations, viz. :—

" Our modern Deists, however they may please to think of themselves, have not so clear a discernment, nor so true a taste, nor so correct a judgment (whatever the reason be), as common Christians have." I shall not trouble you with any reflections upon such stuff, but give you another taste of his ingenious manner of treating a subject, when he makes it a proof of hypocrisy, to build our obligations to morality upon the reasons of things. Their rejecting the best and only complete system of morality, and their taking morality out of God's hands into their own, shows they are not in earnest. A little further, he says, the amount of all, is to compliment virtue or morality very highly, but to starve it at the same time, leaving it little or nothing to subsist on. But his greatest piece of wit is, that now seeking the truth is almost become as much a phrase amongst these gentlemen, as seeking the Lord once was, among another set of refiners. And when I have given you one specimen more, you will see whom he means to rank in the number of Deists, and what pains he takes to straighten the circle of the Christian church, which, upon his scheme, would soon be an invisible one, and very little worth the concern of good men.

The present advocates for Deism sanctify their flights of fancy, their own roving inventions, under the sacred name of Reason, which they style also, in part, Divine Inspiration, and in the whole, internal Revelation. They prescribe, where they know nothing, what services God ought to expect, what indulgences he should make to warm desires, what penalties he may appoint here or hereafter. They enter caveats against his being arbitrary, either by imposing positive laws without their consent, or by abridging them of their natural rights, or by interposing in matters indifferent, or by punishing the incorrigible for sins past. Indeed, all claims to any internal notices, exclusive of God's written word, whether they be entitled inspiration, or internal revelation, or inward light, or reason, or infallibility, or what else soever, I say all such claims, brought to exclude Scripture, are enthusiastic and fanatical, false, and vain.

This is the way in which Dr. Waterland thinks fit to treat Dr. Clarke and his friends, and all that have endeavoured to remove the difficulties with which the Christian religion has been clogged by the zealots of all professions; but whatsoever condition the morals of the present age may be in, I believe there is understanding enough left to despise such a manner of writing, and am persuaded the Doctor will soon write himself down, with all men of sense, if he goes on to publish things in a mere declamatory strain; for I am persuaded the public taste is so much improved, that if we were to write after the Doctor's example, the Deists would soon have all the readers of the age to themselves, and then we might have reason to be thankful to them for anything they might please to let us keep.

It was natural enough to think of this author, when I read a passage in the London Journal this day fortnight, which I shall transcribe, because I thought it a pretty remarkable one, though it never would have come from a prudent man, nor ought to have come from a journalist that is encouraged by the administration. The paper is in honour of her Majesty, on her setting up the four busts in the Hermitage; and after a great many just compliments to the Queen, and an account of the peculiar excellencies of persons, to whose memory she has done so much honour, he concludes his paper in this manner:

"When her Majesty consecrated these dead heroes, (for heroes are those only who are benefactors to mankind,) she built herself a temple in the hearts of the people of England, who will, by this instance of her love of liberty and public virtue, think their interests as safe in the hands of the Government as their own;" and after a sentence or two more of this sort, follows the reflection I mean in these words: "They (the friends of liberty) are now fully satisfied, that if any persons have been preferred who seem not to entertain the same principles, that it was merely political, and with no other view than to keep the balance of power as equal at home as it is held abroad." Whether this friend of ours meant this as a compliment to the Government, or thought that either party can ever be prevailed with to come into such policy, I will not pretend to determine, nor would it be reasonable I should, after having taken up so much of your time. I shall only stay to express my wishes, that you may not lose any of the health you have brought out of the country by too much fatigue in your attendance at Court, considering how long it will be before you can have such another recess.

I am, ever honoured Madam,
Your most obliged,
devoted humble servant,
A. Clarke.

DR. CLARKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Bristol, July 23, 1733.

Most Honoured Madam,

Though I intended nothing should prevent my writing to-day, I find I have a double obligation upon the receipt of your most obliging letter, which has put me in full spirits. But I am in pain least you should think I could defer my thanks for it one day; for by the date, I think it ought to have been here a week ago, though I have not had it two hours. I know full well how much you enjoy yourself at Sundon, and know, too, how agreeable you make it to your friends, and am very much mortified to think that it will be almost impossible for me to be at liberty to wait on you before you leave Bedfordshire.

For I think I ought to pretend to nothing, if I have not gratitude enough in me to watch all opportunities of expressing the sense I shall ever have of my obligations to you; and if I was to wish for anything in life that could add to my happiness, it should be to convince you, that the interest which I propose to myself in the honour of your friendship is quite of another sort than what generally forms the dependencies of courts, &c. And, therefore, I felt an unusual pleasure on reading what you say on the subject of friendship, which nobody, within the compass of my observation, has carried so far into practical life with so disinterested a mind as yourself. But it is a subject there is no talking upon without a more delicate turn of thought and expression than I can pretend to.

I believe few that are very high in the world are proper subjects of such a blessing; and yet, where by chance it may happen that they are so, it must be an additional pleasure to a good mind to instil good sentiments into those upon whom the happiness of multitudes depends. For, as somebody says, all the curses of a kingdom ought to centre among those who debauch the minds of great people, as being the poisoners, not only of cisterns of a private house, but of those public springs of which so many thousands are to drink; for which reason, it is as true, on the other hand, that the greatest public blessings come from them who can do anything towards regulating the minds of those, who are a sort of rule and standard, by which whole countries form and govern themselves. Here I stop short, for fear of wading out of my depth.

I am mighty glad that Dr. Friend is well enough to go to Sundon, where, I am persuaded, (from what I have often heard of him from you, as well as the little I have seen of him myself,) he will meet with a greater restorative in his frequent conversation with you than from anything else.

Since I came hither, I have met with an account of a very peculiar and whimsical sort of a will of the late Duke of Wharton's, in which he declares himself a member of the Roman-Catholic communion, and a very loyal subject of the Pretender. Over his grave, he orders the two following inscriptions, and is very express in his direction about it:—

> "Vixi. et quem diderat cursum fortuna peregi."

(i. e., I lived, and pursued the course marked out by fortune.)

> "My fame shall last, when pyramids of pride
> Mix with the ashes they were raised to hide."

It is strange that a man in such a situation should dream of reputation, and desire to be remembered after such a life! It is said the widow claims a jointure of 1200*l.* per annum.

I had a letter last post from our friends in Hampshire, where Lord Lymington is very much engaged in visiting round the country and bestirring himself against the grand bustle.

Having met with an uncommon sort of sermon preached before the Lord Mayor last 29th of May, I have made my man transcribe the most remarkable passages, that you may see how much pains the preacher took to procure the attention of the public. Since I wrote last, I know of nothing worth communicating from hence, except that Mr. Scrope has sent word he intends to offer his service to represent the city in the next Parliament.

I beg my humble service to Mr. Clayton and Dr. Friend, and am, in the most earnest manner,

Ever honoured Madam,
Your most obliged, devoted,
humble servant,
A. CLARKE.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Hamilton's acknowledgments—Doings in Dublin University—A College fight—Conflict of the watch with the students—One of the scholars taken up for murder—Mrs. Clayton solicited to use her influence to save him from being hanged—Swift on the state of Ireland—Influential men in Ireland—The Bishop of Killala thanks Mrs. Clayton for mentioning his name to the Queen—His obsequiousness—Different conduct of Bishop Atterbury—The Bishop of Killala's description of the Duke of Dorset as Viceroy of Ireland—His Duchess—Members of the Irish House of Commons—Mr. Carey, the Irish Secretary—Lord Percival and his son—Irish parties and politics—The Opposition resolve to address the King—The Bishop's political services at this period.

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Clayton, in the midst of the domestic cares of the Court, was still the depositary of every important change in the sister kingdom. The following account of a College fight may recall the remembrance of our English universities some forty or fifty years ago:—

THE BISHOP OF KILLALA TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, April 17, 1731.

Having received a letter from Mr. Hamilton, full of acknowledgments for the honours which you have done him, I think myself obliged to trouble you with this letter, to return you my most sincere thanks for your condescension, in taking so much notice of my recommendation. I think I need say nothing more in his favour, because since you have permitted him to wait upon you, if he has anything in him, I am sure you will find it out; and I freely acknowledge myself to be much deceived in mankind, if I have ever reason to recant the character I have given you of him. It gives me great pleasure to hear of your health.

I propose going down to Killala the middle of next month, and shall return to town the beginning of September, to attend the Duke of Dorset.

This city does not afford any news worth sending you account of. There has, however, an unfortunate accident happened here lately, which will occasion you some solicitation at your Court, in behalf of a young gentleman of the College of Dublin, who was engaged in a quarrel with the watch of this city, wherein two of the watchmen were killed. The story is this. The College happens, though formerly built at a distance, to be now almost in the midst of the town; and they have a custom, that during Lent, on the afternoons of the Sunday, the body of scholars, which are about four hundred, with the Provost and Fellows at their head, go through the whole city to church at St. Patrick's, which is the old cathedral, and was the monastery from whence they were erected into an university. There were a great number of mob and townspeople gathered together in a large space before the College, to see this procession; but before the scholars came out, some of them being impatient for the show, threw stones at the College gates and windows, and wounded one of the scholars, as the gates were opening. This occasioned a battle between the scholars and the mob, in which, though the scholars got the better, yet several of them were wounded; till at length the guards of the city were sent for to conduct them back to the College.

This outrage upon the principal youths of the nation, by the lowest of the people, incensed the scholars very much, and occasioned several little skirmishes between them and the mob, whenever they met one another in small parties; but by the prudence of the Government no hurt was done, and everything was seemingly at an end, till unfortunately about a week afterwards, some idle boys of the College who were raking about the streets at an irregular hour, (the College gates being always locked at eleven o'clock at night, so that nobody can get either in or out,) quarrelled with the watch, who, after a slight skirmish, seized three of them. The rest who escaped, came running to the College, and gave out that the mob of the town was up, and had met with some of the scholars, and were murdering them. This alarmed the whole College: in an instant, they called one another up, and about fifty of them jumped out of their windows, one story high, over a large ditch, into the street, and went to the relief of the scholars. They met with none but the watch, who by this time had collected themselves into a large body, and without considering what they were doing, they attacked the watch, who drove them back to the College; but a new recruit of scholars still coming out, the watch were forced at length to fly, and carried off with them one scholar, a prisoner.

This is the youth who is now in the gaol, and who is to be tried for his life; two of the watchmen being since dead of the wounds received in the last engagement. The misfortune lies here, that the scholars who first began this fight with the watch, and carried a false alarm to the College, and ought deservedly to be hanged for their pains, were either prisoners before this second engagement, or else are not known; whereas this poor youth, who has a good and sober character in the College, suffers not only for his own rashness but for their wickedness also. I am glad that I have sent you this account, because I now recollect that his Majesty was formerly Chancellor to this University. The boy will certainly be condemned, and there will be application made for a pardon; and as nobody can confer a favour with a better grace than his Majesty, you are the best judge whether you will think it proper to apprize him of it.

Had Mrs. Clayton the good opinion of herself that the rest of the world have of her, I should not stand in need of an apology for troubling you with my letters; I have so often trespassed upon your time without a rebuke, that I begin to be hardened, and have received so much pleasure in your conversation, that I begin to take up even a pen with pleasure, as the only means of supplying the loss. Could you but form to yourself the imagination of another person endued with the same steadiness of friendship, liveliness of conversation, soundness of judgment, and desire of making everybody happy that is about her, which all the world can see in you but yourself, you would then pardon my forwardness in desiring to keep a correspondence with her. Add to all this the many favours, which I have received from you which demand the most sincere and constant acknowledgments, and I hope you will then forgive the frequency of my assuring you that I am, with the utmost gratitude,

Your most obedient,
humble servant,
Rt. Killala.

The same unblushing subserviency which marks the former letters of Bishop Clayton goes through his whole correspondence. Mrs. Clayton's interest was able to command not only respect at home, but reverence to her favourites, even in Ireland. It might have been happier for the people of that unfortunate country, if her rulers at home had been occupied in benefiting her general condition, rather than in interesting themselves in the history of factions at the Castle. "This kingdom," writes Swift two years afterwards, in 1735, "is absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind. '*Shall I not visit for these things?* saith the Lord.' You advise me right not to trouble myself about the world; but oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues."* The mixture of feeling and of selfishness in this passage is very characteristic—"*Men are not all evil.*"

THE BISHOP OF KILLALA TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Killala, June 5, 1731.

MADAM,

It is not easy to express the pleasure which the receipt of your letter gave me. I have too grateful a sense of the many favours which I have received from Mrs. Clayton not to look upon this as an additional honour, which, among the multitude of business with which you are pressed, it would have been unreasonable for me to have expected, and which nothing but your own great goodness can account for. I must add to this my acknowledgments for the honour you have done me in mentioning my name to her Majesty. If I am free from any vice, I think it is that of ingratitude. Judge, therefore, whether I shall not think it my duty, as I am sure it must be my interest, to behave in such a manner as I think will be most acceptable to her Majesty, whom I regard, not only as my Queen, but also my benefactress.

Your mentioning my name to his Grace of Dorset is only a continuation of your former fa-

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[*] Swift's Letters to Pope, octavo edition, vol. iv. 359.

yours. I shall think myself happy if I am capable of doing him any service. Mrs. Clayton cannot command what I will not endeavour to perform. The Archbishop of Dublin and I, if I be not mistaken, are upon better terms than common civility. I endeavour to behave myself after such a manner as to make nobody my enemy but those that are their Majesties'; but the Archbishop of Dublin I shall try to make my friend. When I write next to the Bishop of Clonfert, I shall deliver him your message, which I am sure will be very acceptable.

A little before I left Dublin, I received an account of the Dean of Killala's being very ill, which I thought it my duty to inform you of. I have been near a fortnight on the road, and on my arrival found him perfectly recovered. He is an infirm man, and has very severe fits of the gout. If anything happens to him, I shall be sure to inform you. As I have two Bishoprics, I have likewise another Dean, who is very old, and possesses the best livings that are in my gift; but though he is ninety years of age, he is very hearty, and may last a good while. However, as he must die sometime or other, I shall take care to inform you of it, if it happens in my time, and will not dispose of the livings which are in my donation till I receive your commands. I have not above fifteen clergymen in my two dioceses, and the rest of the livings are very insignificant.

My wife is much obliged to you for thinking of her, and desires that her most grateful acknowledgments may be returned to you, along with those of

Your most obliged,
humble servant,
Rt. Killala.

The Bishop of Killala presents a contrast to the celebrated Bishop Atterbury. "Visits to statesmen," remarks that eminent Prelate, "always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things. Let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage. I am free. When I want them, they shall hear of me at their doors—when they want me, I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. A President of the Council, or a Star and Garter, will make no more impression on my mind, at such a time, than the hearing of a bagpipe or the sight of a puppet-show. The time is not far off (1722) when we shall be all upon the level; and I am resolved, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now; for he is so that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue and less pride, and then I will court them as much as anybody."* This from a High Churchman and a Jacobite!

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* Atterbury's Letters to Pope.

The Duke of Dorset would not have been highly flattered, could he have perused the following account of his qualifications, as a public character, to attain popularity:—

THE BISHOP OF KILLALA TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, November 9, 1731.

MADAM,

I hope you have received the letter which I wrote you soon after my coming to town. However, I cannot forbear laying hold of this opportunity of sending this letter to you by a private hand, which, as it contains some things that do not please me, and I believe will not please you, I should not have ventured to have sent by the post. I believe it will not be unacceptable to you to let you know the true state of affairs in this kingdom, and therefore I have sat down with a full intent of giving you as particular an account as I am able.

The Duke, ever since he came over, has lived in a very splendid and magnificent manner; he behaves himself very civilly, but with something of more height than is agreeable. He has three mornings in the week that he sees company at his levee. He stays but a short time out, speaks but to a few, and that but very little. You may easily perceive that entertaining of a mixed company is not his talent. When he entertains at dinner or supper, he does it with great magnificence, his retinue in great order, and all his attendants perfectly civil and complaisant. I have dined twice with him on public days, along with the rest of the nobility.

The Duchess has a drawing-room twice a week, in the evenings, at one of which there is always a ball; this also is very orderly and handsome. On his Majesty's birth-day, everything was very grand, and the day following there was noble entertainment given the town, in imitation of a ridotto, where the rooms were ornamented, at his Grace's expense, in a very splendid way, and nothing was wanting that could add to the grandeur of the entertainment.

All this is very well, but it does no business. Men who are to do one a service must be gained by something particular. No one thinks it an obligation to be lumped with a crowd. There are many members in Parliament, which have been a good while in town, that his Grace or his Secretary hardly know the face of. To remedy this, I desired Mr. Carey to come sometimes and dine with me, and told him, that if he would let me know when he would come, that I would always take care to have some of the members of the House to meet him there, and I would take care to have engaged such as are against the Court, that if we could not have gained them over, we would, at least, have taken off their edge; but I have never had the pleasure of seeing him at my house since I wrote to you last, but once in a morning, when he paid a formal visit. I do not know what station Mr. Carey has acted in in England, but to me he does not seem to understand business. He is too busy in public, and too little so in private. In the House of Commons, where he should sit still, he is perpetually running about speaking to the members, even in the midst of a debate.

However, the state of the nation, with regard to its debts and the vote for borrowing an additional loan of 100,000*l.*, was all carried on with great ease and quietness, and indeed I thought the business of the session was over.

The Bishop then proceeds to give a sample of Parliamentary tactics. Well might the Primate Boulter decree that public affairs in Ireland should be governed by Churchmen. What party tool could be a greater adept than the Bishop of Killala?

I carried my Lord Percival's son to wait upon Mr. Carey, and presented him to him. He went afterwards to wait upon him by himself, but did not find him within; and when Mr. Percival told me that Mr. Carey had never returned his visit, I told him it must be the fault of the servant, who had never informed his master, and desired him, when he next met Mr. Carey in the Parliament House, to let him know he had been to see him, which he accordingly did; but from that time to this he has never heard anything from Mr. Carey.

My Lord Percival has an estate in this kingdom, now let for 5600*l.* a year; his son is in the House of Commons, and there are two other members of Parliament, one of which is his receiver, and the other his receiver's son, that are very much influenced by him. I am not well enough acquainted with Mr. Carey to pretend to instruct him in pieces of good breeding, but I hinted it to a friend of his, who, I believe, has since told him; for within this day or two, he has come up to Mr. Percival, and asked him some questions about his father; but it is now too late. It is natural for everybody to desire to be thought of some consequence; and if they cannot gain some regard by fair means, if they have any spirit, they will strive to gain it by opposition. This has been the effect of Mr. Carey's negligence, which I did not think had made so great an impression, till I found Mr. Percival, in the last debate of consequence, voting with the country people, as they call themselves.* The court lost it but by a single vote, whereas, had there been but the least proper precaution taken, they might have carried it by twenty. I knew nothing of it till I heard the debate in the House of Commons; Mr. Carey always declaring to me, that the Duke had no point to carry, and therefore would leave the members to themselves. But behold, as soon as ever the vote (for borrowing the additional 100,000*l.*, and granting the duties for two years only, instead of twenty-one, as the Court would have had it) was carried against them, then they imprudently showed how much they had it at heart—sent for numbers of the members openly, and closeted them, and spoke to others in the public drawing-room, to try to get the bill recommitted.

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* One cannot avoid admiring the purity of Mr. Percival's principles.

This alarmed the gentlemen of the adverse party, and made them publish lists of all that had voted for the two years, in order to keep them right, and to send expresses instantly out of town for all their friends, insomuch the Court was forced to drop it entirely, and agree to the resolution of the committee. This has done them more hurt than perhaps they are aware of.

I am thus particular in giving an account of this affair, because I would not have Mrs. Clayton imagine that I would not do all that lay in my power to serve any one that she recommends. I think it was prudent in the Court not to declare their designs, but it was wrong, at the same time, not to make friends; for my part, I thought I made an offer which Mr. Carey might have been glad to accept, when I proposed engaging members to meet him at my house, (since he keeps no table for himself, as the Secretary did,) where, without seeming to have any design upon them, he might have represented things to them in such a light as might have gained upon them. But whether they thought themselves secure in having gained over one leading man, and having two Judges' places, the Clerkship of the Council, and the Counsellors to the Commissioners vacant, I cannot tell; but am sure they have found themselves mistaken.

December 1, 1731.

MADAM,

The foregoing part of this letter was written the day of the date thereof; but the person who was to be the bearer being delayed on this side of the water longer than he expected, I did not close my letter, that if anything further offered, I might at the same time give you an account of it. And as I did apprehend, and hinted at in the first part of this letter, that the second attempt which the Court had made about the twenty-one years, had done them more hurt than perhaps they were aware of, so it accordingly fell out; for this having formed the opponents of the Court into a party, which gave them an opportunity to know their strength, they came to resolutions among themselves to draw up a representation of the state of the nation, and to address the King in pursuance thereof.

Everybody who is versed in the histories of Parliaments knows very well that these sort of representations, let them be put in what words you please, are in reality a complaint against the Administration; so that as soon as I heard that they were determined on such a resolution, there having been flying reports of their design some time before, I set to work to dissuade them from it, and had prevailed upon a considerable party of them not to join in such violent methods before any one but they and I knew anything of the matter. I went then to visit the Duke, to inform him of the design, and to desire him to employ all his friends. He had heard of the general design and of their resolutions, but knew nothing of their last meeting till I told him of it, and that they intended this week to make their push. I told him that I hoped to be able to do him some service, but desired that he would at the same time speak to the rest of his friends.

That very day happened to be appointed for the hearing of a contested election at the bar of the House, which occasioned a great number of members to be present; and then one of the leading men against the Court took that opportunity to rise up and say, that as he saw a great number of members attending on a private occasion, he hoped they would not be less diligent when the service of their country demanded their attendance, and promised that in a few days he would make some proposals to them which would very much contribute to that end.

This convinced the Duke and his friends that they had no time to lose, among which the Speaker of the House of Commons did him great service. However, I had the pleasure of going to the Duke about three days afterwards, to tell him that the danger was mostly over; for as I had constant intelligence of everything they did, I was better able to counterwork and divide them among themselves; and found that the next time that they met they were much disappointed when they saw that party which I had prevailed upon, upon which they very much depended, rather opposing than consenting to their resolutions.

This brought them into some temper, and accordingly on Monday last, which was the day designed for the attack, the Speaker sent for some of the leaders into his chambers, among which were several of my friends, and there they agreed to drop their designs. So now I hope there will be an easy sessions.

I will venture to say, had it not been for Mr. Carey, there would not have been one word about a representation, and had it not been for me it had gone to a great height. It is hard to conceive how much he has lost himself among the members. You may think what a contemptible notion I have of him, when I durst not inform him what I was doing, even when I was doing his own business for him. He is the veriest marplot I ever met with, and am surprised to hear that he is in esteem, not only with the Duke, but also with Lord Wilmington. I cannot give a stronger proof of the regard I have for Mrs. Clayton than in writing my sentiments thus freely to her,—I should perhaps have said, than in exposing my sentiments to her; but I must think you have a right to my heart as well as my hand. I wish it may be worth your acceptance, who am

Your most obedient humble servant,

RT. KILLALA.

CHAPTER VII.

Judge Wainwright an advocate for Dean Berkeley—Berkeley's work on Immaterialism—His philosophical opinions—Proceeds to Italy, as Chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough—His alarm at Leghorn—Visits Père Malebranche—Returns to Ireland with the Duke of Grafton—Vanessa's bequest to him—Proceeds to Bermuda on a mission to convert the heathen—Its failure—Returns to England—His work, "The Minute Philosopher"—Attracts the notice of Queen Caroline—Is promoted to the Bishopric of Cloyne—His conscientious scruples—His last days—His amiable character—Baron Wainwright's verses—Berkeley's Sermon before the Society for Propagating the Gospel—Berkeley represented to be insane—Impartiality of Baron Wainwright—Death of the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford—Baron Wainwright's suggestion to fill up the vacancy—Marriage of the Prince of Orange—Dr. Robert Friend—Repeal of the Test Act—Factions in Ireland.

CHAPTER VII.

BARON WAINWRIGHT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

December 31, 1731.

MADAM,

My friend, Dean Berkeley, is to wait upon her Majesty this evening; the Bishop of Bangor carries him. Give me leave to be, as I have often been, an advocate for the Dean with your Ladyship, not for any particular recommendation, but for any good offices and kind impressions that you see time and place for. They will not be lost upon a man unworthy, indiscreet, or ungrateful. Forget Bermuda, and he will shine among the clergy, and do honour to the church by his virtue and learning. If I exceed my bounds, who so ready to pardon warmth in friendship as yourself? I wish many happy years to you and others, by the continuance of your health and prosperity, and am, for all that I have to come,

Madam,
Your ever obliged,
faithful servant,
J. WAINWRIGHT.

Bishop Berkeley, it is well known, was, for a considerable time, without the pale of royal favour, owing to a prevalent suspicion of his being a Jacobite. This most amiable and singular man was, therefore, as it now appears, not until he had attained his forty-seventh year, (being born in 1684,) recommended to the patronage of Mrs. Clayton by Baron Wainwright. His mind, matured under the tuition of Dr. Hale, at Trinity College, Dublin, very early displayed that speculative turn which obtained him, as it appears from Baron Wainwright's letters, the character of being insane.

From a youth, Berkeley was addicted to the perusal of romances, whilst his attention was also directed to the operations of the mind by the writings of Locke and Father Malebranche. His early support of the doctrine of passive obedience, by a work on that subject, prevented his rising in the Church of Ireland; and the first occasion of his introduction to Queen Caroline was an injurious mention of him by Lord Galway, and an exculpatory explanation on the part of Mr. Molyneux, one of the Queen's Chaplains. This was in 1712. Still there was much prejudice to be effaced, as the efforts of Baron Wainwright sufficiently show.

In 1713, Berkeley came to London, and there published his famous work on Immaterialism, under the form of three dialogues, between Hylas and Philonous, and there he formed the acquaintance of Swift, of Pope, and of Steele.

The speculations of Bishop Berkeley have so long been forgotten, or set aside, that it is almost a matter of curiosity to inquire into the nature of those philosophical dreams which procured him the reputation of being "mad."

The object of the dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, "was to prove that the commonly received notions of matter were false; that those things which are called sensible material objects, are not external to the mind, but exist in it, and are nothing more than impressions made on our minds by the immediate act of God, according to certain rules termed laws of nature." * The steady adherence to these rules, from which our Heavenly Father never deviates, is what constitutes the effects of reality to his creatures, and distinguishes the ideas perceived by sense from the work of the mind itself, or from dreams. Berkeley was not, as he was represented, a sceptic as to the reality of our sensations, but as to the cause of them, which he conceived not to originate from a set of insensible material beings

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* Note in Biog. Brit., Art. Berkeley.

around us, but from the direct act of God upon our minds.

Happily for himself, the young philosopher was shortly afterwards engaged in the active business of life. He accompanied Lord Peterborough, as his Chaplain, to the Embassy at Leghorn. Here, an amusing circumstance showed the simplicity of Berkeley, and the absurd superstition of the customs of the place.

"Basil Kennett, the author of the Roman Antiquities, was then Chaplain to the English factory at Leghorn, the only place in Italy where the English service is tolerated by the Government, a favour which had lately been obtained from the Grand Duke, at the particular instance of Queen Anne. Kennett requested Mr. Berkeley to preach for him one Sunday. The day following, as Berkeley was sitting in his chamber, a procession of priests in surplices and with all other formalities entered the room, and without taking the least notice of the wondering inhabitant, marched quite round it, muttering certain prayers. His fears immediately suggested to him that this could be no other than a visit from the Inquisition, who had heard of his officiating before heretics the day before. As soon as they were gone, he ventured with much caution to inquire into the cause of this extraordinary appearance, and was happy to be informed that this was the season appointed by the Romish calendar for solemnly blessing the houses of all good Catholics from rats and other vermin; a piece of intelligence which changed his terror into mirth."

On his return to England, Berkeley visited at Paris the famous Père Malebranche. That venerable man was cooking, in a pipkin, a recipe for a complaint under which he was suffering—inflammation of the lungs. With such a disorder, it was fatal to converse; yet the opportunity for discussion was irresistible. Malebranche entered into a warm dispute on the opinions recently advanced by Berkeley; he raised his voice so high and was so much agitated, that his complaint was aggravated, and in a few days afterwards proved fatal.

After repeated visits to Italy, Berkeley returned home, a polite and accomplished, as well as an ingenious man. He had a taste for architecture, which made him acceptable to Lord Burlington, who recommended him to the Duke of Grafton, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and with this nobleman he returned to his native country, in 1721. In the same year he became a Doctor in Divinity.

The friendship of Swift, which one might suppose so foreign to his gentle nature, had one important result to Berkeley. During his first visit to London, Berkeley, introduced by Swift, had dined, occasionally, at the house of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, the mother of the deluded and self-deceived Vanessa. A year after his return to Ireland, Berkeley unexpectedly found himself appointed the executor to Vanessa's will, with a legacy of 4000*l.*; she had altered her will, on finding that Swift was betrothed, or married to Stella, and had made Berkeley and a Mr. Marshall her heirs. Berkeley, however, did not comply with one of her injunctions. He wisely and delicately suppressed her correspondence with Swift, which she had ordered him to publish, and saved, it is believed, the reputation of the desolate and injured woman for delicacy and prudence; for the wild passions of Vanessa had not the restraint of ordinary minds.

Berkeley rose in time to be Dean of Derry, and it was after that promotion, that he formed a plan for converting the savage inhabitants of Bermuda to Christianity, by means of a college in that

Island. Aided, as he hoped, by the Ministry with the promised grant of 10,000*l.*, Berkeley married, and taking out with him his wife and two friends, gentlemen of fortune, he sailed to Rhode Island, the nearest to Bermuda, and there, for two years, endeavoured to promote the cause which he had at heart. He was afterwards shamefully deserted by the Government, and after passing seven years, in the prime of life, in that ill-starred undertaking, he returned to Europe.

His Book, "*The Minute Philosopher*," a work in which he combats the Freethinker in a dialogue after the manner of Plato, excited the attention of the learned. Queen Caroline had a custom of assembling around her, on one particular evening, divines and philosophers; among these were Hoadley, and Sherlock, afterwards Bishop of London. Hoadley was no friend to Berkeley; but Sherlock strongly espoused his interest, and showing to his Royal patroness "The Minute Philosopher," inquired if he who composed that work could be charged with a disordered understanding? The Queen then sent for Berkeley, often questioned him on subjects connected with America, and derived much pleasure from his interesting conversation.

In 1733, this simple, learned man, became

Bishop of Cloyne. His zeal and benevolence gradually shone forth, in an age when party spirit and self-interest were shamelessly espoused, and made the chief objects. It is to the credit of Lord Chesterfield, that, when Lord Lieutenant, he offered to Berkeley the See of Clogher. This preferment, however, Bishop Berkeley declined; he had become fondly attached to the beauties of Cloyne; he believed that in that diocese his labours had been effectual; he had, he said, all of worldly goods that he desired; yet Cloyne, thus embellished by a cheerful heart and a bright fancy, is said to have little either remarkable or interesting enough to have riveted the affections of any one except the Bishop.

The last days of Bishop Berkeley were spent at Oxford; it was his earnest wish to live in that city, to superintend the education of one of his sons. Conscience, however, raised a difficulty; the Bishop could not think it his duty to retain his bishopric, and to live elsewhere. He earnestly entreated that he might exchange his high station for that of a canonry or other minor preferment; but George the Second, struck with this extraordinary application, desired Berkeley to be told that he should die a Bishop in spite of himself, and gave him leave to live where he liked.

Life was now becoming a burthen to Berkeley; he had in vain had recourse to his famous tar-water, on which he wrote a work full of erudition and piety, rising from the humble theme to the contemplation of Supreme Benevolence. His sufferings, occasioned by a sedentary life, were increased by exercise. The release of this purified spirit from earth was, at the last, sudden. One Sunday he sat among his family, listening to a sermon of Dr. Sherlock, which his wife was reading to him; he was struck by a palsy of the heart, and died instantly. No one perceived the change; he fell, as it were, asleep — his last thoughts employed on the subjects to which his life had been devoted. His revered form was cold, and his limbs stiff, when his daughter, rising to offer him some tea, perceived that he was insensible. He expired on the 14th January, 1753.

In person, Berkeley was handsome and robust; very strong, and with a countenance beaming with intelligence and goodness. His character, a model for the clergyman, a study for all, cannot be well described in a slight sketch. Pope exaggerated not, when he attributed to Berkeley every virtue under Heaven. Yet this excellent man was the theme of ridicule to those who could not pardon his flights of fancy, nor account for his angelic disinterestedness of character.

Thus wrote Lord Chesterfield about the Bishop: "I heartily wish that both he and his brother Berkeley (who is truly* the title of his own book) would keep their minute philosophy to themselves; or at least would let religion alone, and not blend them into one inconsistent lump. They both seem to me to be well qualified to dress out a romance. Dean Berkeley, particularly, has beautiful imagery, and fine expression, and fruitful invention. But as to the native simplicity of religion, they are made to hurt it; and if they cannot be said to corrupt it, it is only because it is already corrupted in their hands. They do all they can to keep on the corruption; and I own I think Alciphron the most plain attempt to bring obscurity and darkness into all sciences, as well as to make nonsense essential to religion, that this last age has produced. And I know very well, that it was from such books, formed upon such principles exactly, that Dr. Clarke used to dread and foretel the total subversion of all knowledge, as well of all religion; of all that Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Locke, he himself, and many others had been endeavouring to bring into some reputation. I cannot indeed say that the veil is well made, or well spread. I think it may very easily be taken off, and the absurdities placed in a glaring light, as I have heard acknowledged in many instances by the greatest admirers of these dialogues. I would not have you think that I put the two upon an equal foot. But when I see even the best of the two, flattered and caressed for those very wounds he has given to all that is most worthy of the study or regard of reasonable creatures, I cannot help making an ejaculation—To what purpose are all endeavours to make knowledge and religion plain and amiable, when a few pretty words, either without a meaning, or a very bad one, shall, like a charm, dissolve and tear to pieces all the labours of the great!"

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* The Minute Philosopher.

Chesterfield, the cold-hearted man of the world, could, however, appreciate the merits which appear also to have been lost upon Hoadley; whilst Bishop Atterbury is reported to have said of Berkeley, "So much learning, so much understanding, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, until I knew this gentleman."

To Berkeley is attributed that exquisite romance, "Gaudentio di Lucca," worthy of his pure, imaginative, and beautiful mind.

Mrs. Clayton had, it appears, given her friend the Baron the excellent advice to lay his verses aside for a few days, "*to let them cool.*"

BARON WAINWRIGHT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

April 11, 1731.

MADAM,

You ordered, and I have obeyed; the verses have been laid aside and quite cooled, and I have tried a new heat, at the distance of several days, and brought them again to the anvil, and two prologues are the produce. I own the two last lines of the first, which are new, are owing to some doctrines which I have lately seen advanced by the State writers, which seem to me to take away all regard to the King's birthright. I am sincerely of opinion, that the Revolution was just and right, and I think it so, because when it was brought about, we kept as near to the Constitution as possible, and the same just design was pursued by the Act of Settlement. I could give your Ladyship a reason of what I do, say, or write, and to be approved or corrected will be a pleasure and advantage to me.

The Dean* is in a great distress. He preached a sermon before the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts. This sermon is annual, and always printed. When it is printed, it is usually presented to the King, the Queen, the Prince, the Duke, the Princesses, and the Ladies of the Bedchamber. The Dean is really so ill, it is impossible for him to go through the ceremony; he has actually a blister on his head at this time. One of his sermons is devoted to your Ladyship, and if he might put that for her Majesty into your hands, he would esteem it a favour. I was no judge whether it was proper, but I would acquaint you with it.

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* Berkeley.

I have transcribed the last foul drafts in fair sheet singly, as I did the former; if anything would make me averse to crossing the water, the last conversation would do it. I am prepared in every other respect to be pleased with my lot, wherever it falls. I am,

Madam,
Your obedient, humble servant,
J. WAINWRIGHT.

It was the fashion of the day, especially in Ireland, to represent Berkeley as deranged; we cannot but sympathize with the generous exculpation of Baron Wainwright, of this excellent man.

BARON WAINWRIGHT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

February 19, 1731.

MADAM,

I send your Ladyship the testimony of my friend's respect to you, and his regard to your judgment; at the same time, I am sorry to let you know, what you will soon hear, how cruelly he has been misrepresented from Ireland, by the interest or prejudices of some competitor or enemy. If it were the voice of that nation, I would say, it is a part of the world not worthy of him; but I believe it is the whisper of a few, perhaps one subtle, designing man, and concerned I am, that it has been admitted and had an influence with a person whom I highly honour, for I fear in the event, it will give an advantage to those who are willing to restrain his power.

It has been represented, that the Dean is unbeloved and disagreeable in his own country; for what? Whilst he was among them, they chose him to write the inscription which is under the statue of his late Majesty, and afterwards he was desired to wait upon his present Majesty, when he accepted of being Chancellor of the University of Dublin, and preserves the golden medal given him on that occasion, to this day. Did they choose a madman for these purposes? What have they known of him since? He has not been among them, but has been known in England and other parts of Europe and America; and where has he been unbeloved or unvalued?

The generosity of your own heart will excuse the overflowings of mine, and I may venture to say you will find no common indignation upon this occasion in persons of great rank, abilities, and power. Perhaps I write with greater warmth than becomes me, and such as might hurt me with any but yourself; but it is a lesson I have learned from you, to open my mind with the same truth that I ever profess myself,

Madam,
Your obliged and faithful
humble servant,
J. WAINWRIGHT.

The following letter is a fine contrast to the party views of other correspondents :—

BARON WAINWRIGHT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, November 28, 1732.

MADAM,

I have gone through one term that ended this day, with satisfaction to myself; what I wanted in experience I have endeavoured to make up in diligence, and will give the Irish no occasion to say that the English live upon their labour; that is a poor subsistence, and they are very sparing of it, for laziness is a national fault. I must say, however, that the business of the law is justly and industriously discharged: there is an upright bench of judges, and a learned bar; and sincerely, there is a pleasure beyond what I hoped or expected, in employing the mind constantly, and exercising one of the principal virtues totally divested of any partiality and prejudice; for I am embarked with no particular families, no parties, nor habituated to any friendships or affections here, and have no impressions of dislike or esteem that can imperceptibly come upon me and govern my opinion: in short, I serve the King faithfully, and do the best justice I can to the people, and always remember with gratitude the kind influence which placed me here.

The Bishop of Killala is come to town; we shall meet oftener in the vacation than we have been able to do yet. Our respect and obligations to you will increase our former friendship; and our regard to your recommendation will make us watch our conduct, so as to give no offence to the Government here; and I am sure fidelity and affection to their Majesties and the Royal Family is a vital principle in us both. I have had a letter from Jack Friend, by which I really believe he will follow the law in earnest. If he does, it will be a great pleasure to me to lead him on in that part of life. His interests will be under a better guardian.

My wife desires leave to present her humble respects to you, and I am Mr. Clayton's and,

Madam,

Your most obliged servant,

J. Wainwright.

Oxford had long been the very centre of Jacobitism; and on the occasion of the death of the Dean of Christchurch, Baron Wainwright in his next letter very wisely suggests such an appointment as would lead the disaffected to loyalty.

BARON WAINWRIGHT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, December 26, 1732.

MADAM,

The last packet brought us the news that the Dean of Christchurch is dead. The way is now open to fix and warm that College in duty and affection to their Majesties and the Royal Family. I wish as much to see it there, as I did in Westminster-school, and do to see it everywhere; an acceptable person may lead them, and those that will not drive would follow, like a flock of sheep. As far as I know them, they are not Jacobites; they went unanimously against a person who set up on that foot.

I do not write this from an opinion that I can suggest any thoughts which do not occur to you, where you can serve your Sovereigns. A proper Dean to receive Royal guests, a visit, a sight of their persons, and the Duke's continuance any time among them, would make their hearts as the heart of one man. Perhaps I go too far, and zeal that causes will excuse impertinence that proceeds from loyalty and gratitude. You will pardon in,

Madam,
Your humble and faithful servant,
J. WAINWRIGHT.

In 1733, the Prince of Orange arrived in England, in order to espouse the Princess Royal; but the nuptials were postponed on account of his being taken ill, and he repaired to Bath—the then fashionable and certain cure of every species of diseases. The marriage took place, however, in the course of that year. It is to celebrate this event that Baron Wainwright says, that the harps should be resigned into the hands of younger poets, whom the subjects might inspire.

Dr. Robert Friend, the correspondent of Mrs. Clayton, ran a safer career than his distinguished brother, whose scientific studies were singularly intermingled with politics. Dr. John Friend, being suspected of a share in Atterbury's plot to restore the Stuarts, was committed to the Tower, during the suspension of the Habeas Corpus in 1722-3. He was released after three months' imprisonment. The generous conduct of Dr. Mead, on this occasion, has been justly commended. He refused to attend Sir Robert Walpole until Friend was released, and afterwards remitted the Doctor five thousand guineas, which he had received from his patients during his captivity.

When his brother was committed to the Tower, Robert Friend gave to the Westminster boys this theme—" Frater, nedesere Fratrum," which excited much speculation.

Dr. Friend died in 1715. His wife, the daughter of Dr. Samuel Delaney, Prebend of

Westminster, seems to have been highly esteemed by Mrs. Montagu, and others of that accomplished group of friends who afterwards acquired the name of "*les bas bleus.*" Dr. Friend was a poet in his own day, but has ceased to be so in ours; his poems having gone out of fashion with the powdered wigs and patches of the last century, and perhaps with as good reason.

BARON WAINWRIGHT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, January 1, 1733.

MADAM,

My wishes of health and many happy years to you and Mr. Clayton, though they cross the sea will not be less ardent than those of the nearest to you; in this I will scarce yield to my master, Dr. Friend himself. If he presided at Westminster, (he will ever preside there,) I should think a meeting upon the occasion of the marriage desirable. The subject would inspire younger poets, and we might resign our harps into their hands. My desire was always gently and by degrees to instil into the minds of the youth, and imprint in the soft clay, duty and affection to this Royal Family, nor did I ever think they were so stiff and hardened at Oxford but that success would have attended the same steps there. I hope the streams that flow from Westminster will mend those of Isis.

I should be glad to hear that your charge, who for your sake and his father's is also mine, has your approbation in the progress of his studies; it is now time he should send me an account how far he has proceeded upon my plan. I will write to him very soon, to desire that.

Attendance upon the Parliament, and matters that arise there, take up much of our time. The repeal of the Test, was, for some time, matter of great expectation. The Dissenters certainly deceived themselves; they have little interest in this Kingdom; they made out a list of votes, and pretended many persons had promised, who absolutely denied and declared against them: this is matter of fact, which we all know here. I believe the King's servants would all have obeyed his absolute command, had it been his pleasure to have laid that upon them, and submitted their private opinions to his judgment; but all the weight that could have been laid, even a dissolution, would not have carried it through the Commons.

I was in that house, when in a manner unparliamentary, they declared the house was then full, and gentlemen would be soon going into the country; and as they had been long under an apprehension of an attempt to repeal the Test, it was fit, if there was such a design, it should be considered in a full house, and therefore they fixed a short day, beyond which they declared against receiving any proposal of that kind. I never saw upon any question so great an appearance of strength on one side, and weakness on the other: one would scarce have thought there had been a man for them in the house; there was no room for a division. The prudence of a gentleman with whom I am acquainted prevented a rumour, of instructing their representatives how to behave, from running through the Kingdom on this occasion, as it did through England on the Excise. His corporation were preparing to do it. The example had certainly been followed. He dissuaded them, by assurances that this was no time of danger. I will not enter into the merits, but confine myself to facts. The Dissenters were here quite easy with the Church and all of fortune daily coming over.

The persons that would have been qualified to act as Justices of Peace by the Repeal are not more than twelve in the Kingdom. They are divided into two sects; the Old and New Lights. The old are of the most rigid of the Scotch Kirk; the new, Latitudinarians embracing all religions, among whom I always suspect Jesuits to creep in. I am told the people sent us solicitors here, who carried the work on at some expense of eating and drinking, and now they return without success. The contributions that have been raised become grievous; so I suppose they must lay the blame on my Lord Lieutenant, who could not have attempted the matter sooner without prejudice to the necessary affairs,, and could not have carried it by any art or rigour, and who had the opinion of the chief persons in and out of the King's council, that it should not now be tried.

Though in the instance I have given of the contending parties and factions, all united, as a bear, puts an end to the quarrels of those that bait him ; yet, in an Irish House of Commons, I have often thought of those lately extolled forms of Government, the Commonwealths; their wild and broken divisions, their hearty hatred to each other, their tumultuous and rash resolutions, have made me think myself in Athens or Rome, and not in St. Patrick's country.

I send you two papers, which perhaps Mr. Clayton may not be displeased to see. One is only a calculation with regard to the Dissenters in the province where they most abound; in the other three provinces, they are of no note or consideration.

The other is a calculation of the state of the Roman Catholics of this kingdom. As to their numbers, I fear they are more, though this be drawn by a return from the hearth-money collectors, who go over all the Kingdom, and visit every house and cabin; but as religion is not their business, their inquiry is not diligent, nor their return exact.

Good Madam, excuse this long letter. I will never trouble you with so much politics. I am, through all the years of life,

Madam,

Your ever obliged, faithful humble servant,

J. Wainwright.

Poor Ireland! how melancholy is every account, in every period, of this divided and suffering country. Swift describes Dublin, at this time, as being almost deserted by the opulent. "There are not," he writes to Pope, "three gentlemen out of employments who are able to give entertainments once a month. Those who are in employments of Church or State are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen." "All my acquaintance tell me they know not above three families where they can dine occasionally in a year." "It is true, our wine and meat is cheaper here; as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them."* He adds afterwards, that he means to be buried at Holyhead, for he could not die in a land of slaves.

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* Swift's Letters to Pope, July 8, 1733.

CHAPTER VIII.

Bishop Hoadley's opinion of Mrs. Clayton—His remarks on political controversies—Pope's Essay on Man—The Bishop of Gloucester—Dr. Alured Clarke's opinion of the Essay on Man—The Emperor Vespasian, a patron of men of letters—The people of England and the Excise—The Bishop of Killala and the Irish Secretary—An useful piece of advice—A courtier ill rewarded—His desire to be promoted to the Bishopric of Meath—Another specimen of the Bishop's subserviency.

CHAPTER VIII.

Many of these letters, having probably been inclosed in franks, are without dates—a circumstance which leads to much confusion. We are apt to say with Swift—

> "I wish, when you'd prated,
> Your letter, you'd dated."

The following extract of a letter from Bishop Hoadley to Mrs. Clayton shows the very high opinion that prelate entertained of his correspondent. The subsequent allusions to the Government prosecutions of the Press are marked by sound sense.

BISHOP HOADLEY TO MRS. CLAYTON.

I hope, Madam, you have, ere this, received my last letter, and forgiven the length of it, as well as every expression in it. When I write to you, I always think I am writing to a person of excellent understanding, who can temper the meaning of an expression or a word, and not think me so weak as to intend flattery in what, I own, would sound a little extravagant were it said to most others. When I use the highest expressions of you, I know you cannot think I intend to place you out of the rank of mankind, or to exempt you from the frailties and passions inseparable, in some instances or other, from our nature. I compare you in my thoughts with others of the same kind, and I see, with pleasure, so great a superiority to the many, that I think I can hardly express my sense of it strong enough. Compared with them, therefore, I may justly speak of you as of one of a superior species; and you will supply the comparison if I do not always express it, and not think me capable of offering incense, which I know you are not capable of receiving. In a word, I would be understood, in all such cases, as expressing the pleasure of a friend, and the sense he has of his happiness in the friendship of one whose understanding and whose heart are both so free from those uncomfortable imperfections which very many labour under, even of those who pass through the world with some character and reputation.

I left myself no time, when I last wrote, to say anything but upon one subject; and I think I am now running on as if it would be so again. But I stop my pen, for once, in the course. I was not a little concerned to see the war from the press at last break into an excess; but then, on the other side, what can be proposed by the Administration from the prosecution of printers and publishers now again, after so many disappointments, set on foot? I defy them to name any one instance (excepting the case of high treason) in which a prosecution of this sort did not end to the prejudice of the Administration, even where they succeeded in the sentence for punishment; much less where they perhaps can never succeed, but must go on still to disappointment, as they have done already. I wish they would consider this experience, instead of consulting their present anger. I am sure I would presently name them twenty instances of the truth of what I now say, and what I have often said to them and theirs heretofore. One advantage plainly comes to the clergy from these late political controversies,—that the laity will never again be able to reproach them, as the only masters of ill-language and scandal in controversy; for certainly the lay gentlemen have at last outdone them, by many degrees,—I hope enough to make the clergy themselves forsake the bitter style and their bad manners upon such occasions, now they see how shocking and indecent these are, even in those who do not profess so much regard for religion as they do. There may be a sort of pleasure in reading the keenness and wit of a writer; yet it cannot make amends either for the littleness to which he descends, or the enormities he rises to in his wrath.*

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* Life of Bishop Hoadley, by his Son.

Pope's Essay on Man was published anonymously; it elicited few criticisms more favourable than those given by Dr. Alured Clarke. Swift pretended afterwards to have detected the writer. "Surely, I never doubted your Essay on Man; and I would lay any odds that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. I confess I never did imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any head. I confess, in some few places, I was forced to read twice."

DR. ALURED CLARKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Winchester, April 10, 1733.

HONOURED MADAM,

I hope to see Dr. Friend here some time next week, after which I intend to show myself to my friends in London, for which reason I am in no disposition of saying anything to you with regard to books or other trifles, which I promise myself the much greater satisfaction of talking over at your leisure hours. I am afraid I shall not be able to stay so long in town as I should be glad to do, unless I could muster up virtue enough to make no visits but to the few friends I can have much sincere regard for. I have been much concerned at the accounts of the good Bishop of Gloucester's decayed condition, and I think it is an afflicting circumstance that men of such real worth are seldom known or brought into the world till the world is almost at an end with them. But the *first* Essay on Man sets these things right in one's mind; and I fancied for some time after I had read it, that the poet had enabled me to be a perfect hero in affliction, if it had come soon in my way to be put to the trial. I hope the author (when he is known) will be found to be a *very good* man, or else his scholars—that is, his readers—must be very much mortified. I think, upon the whole, it is the most extraordinary performance I have met with; and if the man and his work are of a piece, I wish he may meet with as good a friend as Vespasian, the Roman Emperor, was said to be, who, though otherwise very penurious, gave annual pensions of 800*l.* per annum to good orators and poets, and not above half as much to a ragged lord. I have seen the Second Essay, which in many places is too hard to be understood; and taken altogether, is, I think, not comparable to the first, though it has many beauties. But I did not intend to say a word of books, and do not know how I got into the feast.

I find this place much quieter than Bristol, in these noisy times; for I have less money and more wit than those Dutchified traders, who will serve no Prince but in subordination to the idol of Riches, which they fall down to worship.

I think the present times may convince us that the parsons are not the only people who can raise a mob and spread an universal infatuation. The people of England seem to me to reason upon the Excise as some of our fathers do upon the Bible; and the reasoners of both kinds have an uncommon attention paid to them by people that are much wiser than themselves, and that would not give a lawyer a farthing for pleading for them in *such* a manner at the bar. I hope Mr. Clayton and you are in good health, and am always, with the greatest deference,

Ever honoured Madam,
Your most obliged,
most devoted humble servant,
ALURED CLARKE.

THE BISHOP OF KILLALA TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, January 3, 1733.

MADAM,

Last Tuesday, I did myself the honour of writing a long letter to you, informing you how affairs stood at that time. On Wednesday morning, the Duke sent for me, and to my great surprise, told me that the Bishop of Dublin had been with him, to recommend the Bishop of Cloyne, and made use of your name to put a stop to my promotion, and averred to the Duke, that it was not your intentions that I should be removed from Killala for some time yet; that he had talked with you about it, and that you had positively told him so, and that you promised him to write to me about it. I was thunderstruck, but ventured to assure the Duke, that I never had received such a letter; that about two years ago, when the Bishopric of Meath was then vacant, I had wrote you word what his Grace then said to me; and that you returned in answer, that you was pleased I had not attempted to remove so soon; but that if I would have patience, you did not doubt I should attain to everything I could expect; that I have had the honour of several letters from you since, wherein you ordered me to behave dutifully to his Grace, and to take care to live well with the Primate and the Archbishop of Dublin, because if they were my enemies, any rise which I might propose to myself would then go very hard: this, I told his Grace, did not look as if you intended to tie me down to Killala. I do not know how to express the gratitude which I owe to the Duke. I am confident he is desirous to serve me, having in a serious manner assured me that, in his opinion, I was the fittest person on the Bishop's bench to be made Bishop of Meath, both for the service of the King and the Bishopric, were it not that the station is too invidious to be given to so young a man, when the two Archbishops oppose me.

And now give me leave to inform you, that my predecessor, Dr. Howard, was but just three years Bishop of Killala, when he was translated to the Bishopric of Elphin, which is in income equal to that of Meath. The Bishop of Killala before him was Dr. Cobb, who is the present Bishop of Kildare; he was, indeed, near six years Bishop of Killala, and I should not wonder if he had been Bishop of Killala to this day. The next before him was Dr. Dowers, who is the present Bishop of Derry; he was not quite three years Bishop of Killala when he was also removed to Elphin. I have now been four years Bishop of Killala, during which time the Bishop of Cloyne has already been once removed. But if it be your pleasure that I should abide where I am, I shall with the greatest readiness comply with it, and shall endeavour to convince you that I am, with all due submission,

Madam,
Your most obliged, and
most obedient humble servant,
Robert Killala.

Madam,

Since I wrote the foregoing letter, the Duke was so good as to send for me again, and told me that what the Archbishop of Dublin said was only a fetch to make way for the Bishop of Cloyne, and that he would take no notice of it. That he had a scheme of removing the Bishop of Kilmore, if that Bishop accepted of Meath: that he was to have the Bishop's answer this night, and has ordered me to wait upon him to-morrow; but, in the meantime, bid me think about Kildare, if the Bishop of Kilmore should refuse to change. I told his Grace, that he might dispose of me just as he pleased; and owned it would grieve me to the heart to see everybody promoted around me, while I was the only person not worthy of being taken notice of. Let it be what it would, I would never inquire into the income, but should accept whatever he was pleased to give me with great thankfulness, and should value it more, as it was a mark of his favour and affection than for anything else that I could possibly get by it.

The unworthy jealousy and littleness betrayed in this communication requires no comment.

THE BISHOP OF KILLALA TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, January 17, 1733.

MADAM,

I had the honour of a very obliging letter from you by the last post, and assure you that I find myself infinitely more happy in reading the kind expressions of your friendship, than the greatest promotions in the world could make me without them. I believe you were somewhat surprised at the last letter you received from me. I own that my pride was a little mortified when I wrote it, and continued so for a few hours; but the next morning I rose just the same happy man that I was the night before, when I went to bed with expectations of a removal. I still believe the

Duke has a regard for me; but attribute the alteration of his designs entirely to the Secretary, and am daily convinced the more of it from the awkward civilities he now shows me more than formerly. If he does not hurt me in the Duke's good opinion, I shall not be solicitous about anything else.

You are so good as to give me a useful piece of advice in your letter, when you say that the only way to be better for the favour and protection of great people is not to make it too difficult to them. This is what I am very sensible of, and that was the reason of my releasing the Duke from his engagement; for it is not a pleasant thing to see other people put over one's head, where the difference of merit is not very great, only for having paid a servile court where I did not think it proper to apply.

I have since done all the service I could for the Duke, both in the House of Commons and Lords, and behave myself to everybody just in the same manner that I did before this affair happened. I rely upon your good will for doing me justice with the Queen, and letting her know that it is not for want of a grateful mind or a dutiful behaviour to his Majesty that I am not taken notice of in these promotions, and do not doubt but when the Duke goes into England, he will give as good an account of my behaviour as he did when he was last there.

I must desire you will present my best services to Mr. Clayton, and accept of the sincere and grateful acknowledgments of

Your most obliged, and
most obedient humble servant,
Robert Killala.

One more specimen of Bishop Clayton's subserviency and duplicity we find in the following letter:—

THE BISHOP OF KILLALA TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Killala, August 23, 1733.

Madam,

I am infinitely obliged to you for your very kind and friendly letter. As to the picture, I shall say no more but to assure you, that I think the trouble of sending it greatly overpaid by the honour you have done me in accepting it. I propose being in Dublin some days before the Parliament meets; but shall be detained in this place by necessary business a little longer than I at first proposed. You may depend upon my doing everything I can to make the Duke's Administration as easy as possible. You are so good as to mention that, besides his being your friend, this kind of behaviour may contribute to my own interest. Could a thought of this kind rise in my mind in competition with your friendship, I should ill deserve the favours you have conferred upon me. I have a real personal value for the Duke; his behaviour towards me has been so obliging. I should be glad to do it, purely on account of the esteem which I have for him.

As to the Primate and Bishop of Dublin, I would live well with them for my own sake. I hope I am pretty well with them at present, and shall endeavour to continue so; but I know it is not in my power to be a prime favourite; nor do I think it would be much for my interest. I know they may do me disservice, therefore I ought to keep well with them; but I know they will never serve me, therefore I ought only to keep well with them. Wherever the King's business is to be done, there is nobody joins more heartily with them; but if I always went in with them, I should lose my credit, and be thought a fool, and be disabled from serving their superiors in more substantial things. In the last sessions, I always consulted the Duke, and had his approbation before I ventured to do it. But this they know nothing of; and, Madam, a man who can venture sometimes to think for himself, will never be a prime favourite with them; but this method of reasoning I entirely submit to your better judgment. I have said the more upon this head, because I apprehend, from some words in your letter, that somebody has hinted to you, as if some person on this side of the water, who thinks in a different manner from the Archbishop of Dublin and Primate, had some influence over me.

Your words are these: "If you meet with any friends that reason after any other manner, do not attend to it, but believe I put you into the right road." Now, give me leave to assure you, and I think you may depend upon my word, that there is nobody on this side the water who has the least influence over me: you have put me above it; and I should be a fool, as well as an ungrateful person, if I could prefer anybody's advice to yours. I endeavour, in the general tenour of my life, to be sincere, but it would be the height of folly in me to be insincere to you, when you do me the honour of receiving my letters. I assure you, I always lay my heart open to you, and I do it the more willingly, not only on account of the confidence you have given me reason to place in you, but in hopes also of receiving your advice, which I wish I had abilities to follow equal to my inclinations.

My wife is sensible of the honour you have done her, in remembering her, and desires me to return you her sincere thanks. The compliment which you are pleased to make me would much more properly have become my mouth, had I the happiness of being able to express myself so politely. I must desire you will present my best services to Mr. Clayton, who am,

Madam,
Your most obliged, and
most obedient humble servant,
ROBERT KILLALA.

In a subsequent chapter the reader will find the remainder of this prelate's curious correspondence with his powerful kinswoman.

CHAPTER IX.

Somerville's complimentary letter to Mrs. Clayton, with a copy of "The Chase"—His opinion of hunting—Desires the patronage of the Prince of Wales—Somerville's birthplace—The Poet a specimen of the country gentleman—Lord Somerville—The Chase—The Queen's letter to the Duchess of Orleans—Royal gardens in France compared with those in England—Popularity of Dr. Friend—Mrs. Montague's description of Pere Courayer—His speech to the Assembly of Protestant Divines—Dr. Secker's Sermon—Dr. Winter, of Bath, attempts self-destruction—Baron Wainwright and his friends in Ireland—Lord Hervey, a favourite at Court—The Duke of Grafton his rival—His literary talent—His son marries Miss Chudleigh—Hervey, Bishop of Derry—The Royal Circle at Hampton Court—Lord Hervey's new view of locomotion—Proceedings at Hampton Court—A martyr to a Court—A night in a Palace—Stanislaus chosen King of Poland—Lady Chesterfield's match.

CHAPTER IX.

Among our poetical classics a respectable place has been accorded by Dr. Johnson to the writer of the following letters, who, though a plain country squire, devoted to the sports of the field, and too greatly attached to his native Warwickshire to desire to change it for the pleasures of the town, or the attractions of the Court, was ambitious that his rustic muse should find favour in a palace. In the postscript to each, he will be found acknowledging relationship to the Claytons —following the example of more than one correspondent of even higher rank. Yet Mr. Somerville was as well connected as he was well informed, and possessed a good estate. Besides "The Chase," with which his name is most commonly associated, Somerville was the author of "Hobbinol, or Rural Games,"—a clever mock-heroic, — "Field Sports," and several other pleasing poems, which are still held in much respect as a portion of the sportsman's library.

He was the intimate friend of Shenstone, who erected to his memory a monumental urn at the Leasowes, shortly after his death, which occurred at Wotton, near Henley-in-Arden, on the 29th of July, 1742, in his fiftieth year. He could also boast of the friendship of several persons of distinction, particularly of the nobleman mentioned by him, who was one of the representative Peers of Scotland. He was extremely hospitable, and so far exceeded his income, that, during the latter portion of his life, he suffered severely from pecuniary embarrassments.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, ESQ. TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Edston, June 5, 1733.

MADAM,

I could never yet think any of my poetical trifles worthy your perusal; but as I heard you once in conversation say that you preferred blank verse to rhyme, indulge me in the vanity of laying this poem at your feet. You will readily observe that I imitate Virgil's Georgics, particularly his third, upon Cattle, and I have endeavoured to follow Mr. Addison's instruction in his Essay on this manner of writing. Hunting has been the diversion of the most consummate heroes of antiquity; and is now the entertainment of every polite court abroad, but has received its greatest mark of honour by the encouragement which has been given it by our whole Royal Family at home. I hope, therefore, an old huntsman may be excused if, in the fulness of his heart, he has scribbled on this subject.

But I know not what apology to make for presenting so mean a performance to a lady of your refined taste. I shall have at least this advantage—if you approve, it will do me honour; if not, I have had my amusements, and shall suffer only a fate with the rest of my poetical brethren who have the mortification to see their works die before them. Have the goodness, madam, to accept it from the hands of my Lord Somerville, with whom I have the honour of an intimate friendship, and believe me to be, with all possible respect,

Your most obedient,
and most humble servant,
W. SOMERVILLE.

I beg my most humble service to my Cousin Clayton.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, ESQ. TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Edston, July 7, 1733.

MADAM,

I had the honour of yours this morning, inclosed in a letter from Lord Somerville. I am very much at a loss in what manner to return my most humble thanks for your great goodness to me upon this occasion; but I know you will receive my poor acknowledgments, because I can assure you they come from a most grateful heart. Your being pleased with my Poem, is stamping such a merit upon it, that I shall no longer fear to make it public, and if his Royal Highness will permit me to lay it at his feet, I shall very justly be proud of so great an honour. I am very sensible that "The Chase" by no means deserves such a patron; but here, also, your goodness comes to my aid, and has found out the best way in the world to improve it, by submitting it to the correction of the most knowing judge of works of this nature that perhaps any age has produced. I should indeed tremble at Dr. Friend's reading my poor performance, did I not know his candour to be equal to his judgment.

I am infinitely obliged to you for the favourable character you have given of me: I shall always be ambitious to deserve it; and though I am conscious it will be impossible for me to reach it in some points, yet I hope my constant zeal for the Royal Family will in some measure excuse my defects.

I am, Madam,
with all possible respect,
your most obedient, and
most obliged humble servant,
W. Somerville.

I beg my most humble service to my Cousin Clayton.

Somerville was a fine-spirited, convivial country gentleman, whose patrimonial estate was situate in that portion of the county of Warwick, which is said to have more old land in it—that is, more lands still originally held by the descendants of the first owners of the estates — than any place in England. This is in the vicinity of the fair town of Stratford-on-Avon; and a few miles from that classic borough was the family seat of the Somervilles. Edston, as the Poet spells it, or Eadston, as it is sometimes written, is on the Birmingham side of Stratford, and situated not far from the old Manor of Clopton, in which, during the time of Shakspeare, dwelt Sir Hugh Clopton, and where several traditions attest the interest and antiquity of the spot. No trace is left at Edston of William Somerville's abode. A spacious mansion, the residence of Mrs. Phillips, stands near a fine artificial sheet of water; the woods are of comparatively recent growth; and luxuries, such as the author of "The Chase" never dreamed of, are there to be found. Yet the neighbourhood has still about it the sylvan character which may have inspired "The Chase;" and the love of the chase is still a characteristic of all true Warwickshire Squires.

The Poet was a specimen of the country gentleman of his day, as far as conviviality went; his ancestors had lived at Edston from the time of

Edward the First, and after completing his education at New College, Oxford, the gay-hearted young man planted himself there, blessed with a rent-roll of 1500*l.* a year, out of which there was an annuity of 600*l.* a year to his mother. He became a justice of the peace; and between the duties of the office, the pleasures of the hunting-field, and the labours of the pen, time might have passed both pleasantly and profitably. But Somerville was too careless of his means,—and, as we have said, too hospitable, when hospitality implied a profuse, if not extravagant table,—too good-natured and poetical to attend to his affairs. He ran into debt; and, as his friend Shenstone expressed it, "drank himself into pains of the body, in order to get rid of the pains of the mind."

One branch of the Somerville family (companions of the Norman Conqueror, in former times) had settled in Scotland, had prospered there, and been ennobled. But the hereditary taint of improvidence had shown itself, even in this "more favoured portion of the family," and since the time of Gilbert, the eighth Lord of Cowthaly, which James the Sixth called *Cow-daily*, from seeing a cow and ten sheep killed daily, the title had not been assumed until James, the thirteenth Lord, and the nobleman named in the preceding letters, was enabled again to claim and to bear the honour. To this nobleman his poor kinsman, the Poet, was deeply indebted, during the latter part of his sad career; and he was induced, being unmarried, to settle the reversion of his estates on Lord Somerville, in consideration of certain sums allotted for his relief; nor could he, as it appears, have bequeathed his property more justly nor desirably.

The poem of "The Chase" is probably but little known to most modern readers, yet it attained a great share of popularity; and, with all the taste for revival and illustration in the present day, it seems surprising that so favourite a subject should never have been presented to the public, embellished by the limner's art. It is in blank verse, and is evidently the production of a great master of his theme; nor is it devoid of information concerning the mode of hunting in other countries. Somerville, in some lines addressed to Addison, very happily brought in the word "Clio," used by Addison as a distinctive mark to his papers in the Spectator.

> "When panting Virtue her last efforts made,
> You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid."

His "Chase," was, it appears, very graciously accepted by the Queen.

The writer of the two following letters was Thomas, the fourth Duke of Leeds, who had lately succeeded to the title, his father having died on the 9th of March, 1731. He was at this time a very young man, and he appears to have been sent on his travels to finish the education, for so much of which, as he informs us, he was indebted to Dr. Friend. A similar obligation the Doctor is said to have conferred on Lord Carteret, (Earl Granville,) Lord Hervey, and the Duke of Newcastle. This was Dr. Robert Friend, head master of Westminster School, (brother of Dr. John Friend, physician to the Queen.) He is described as " a scholar whom Bentley would consult." He published a translation of Cicero's " Orator;" but was mostly celebrated for his Latin poetry, of which his Verses on the Death of Queen Caroline, and his Epitaph on Lord Carteret's son Philip, were most admired. He died August 9, 1751, aged eighty-four. The Duke of Leeds, it appears, had been honoured with a commission from her Majesty.

THE DUKE OF LEEDS TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Angiers, June 28, 1733, N.S.

MADAM,

I take this opportunity to acquaint you that I delivered the letter with which her Majesty was pleased to honour me to the Duchess of Orleans last week, which I should have done sooner, but waited for an opportunity to wait upon her Highness till then; for when we first got to Paris she was retired, and saw nobody, but as soon as she came to Baquolet, (a little place which she has, about a league from Paris,) her Highness sent word I might then wait upon her, which I did, and was very handsomely received; had the honour to salute her, and was afterwards introduced to Mademoiselle de Beaujolois, and received the same honour from her, who is one of the most agreeable women about Paris.

As soon as the Duchess had read the Queen's letter, and compliments had passed, her Highness showed us the house all over herself, as she would have done the garden also, but it being suspicious of rain, we begged she would not trouble herself for fear of cold; so she sent her first gentleman with us, and he showed us the gardens, which are extremely pretty, and I think she mentioned something of sending a plan of them to the Queen; they are indeed very beautiful, but in my opinion they do not come up to her Majesty's, at Richmond.

I hope you will be so good, Madam, as to acquaint the Queen with this, and make my most humble duty acceptable to her Majesty, if proper, with many thanks for the great honour her Majesty did me in favouring me with her letter, which I shall always acknowledge. We have had a most agreeable journey through the finest country I ever saw, which I would give you some account of, but am afraid of being troublesome; therefore beg leave to conclude, with returning many thanks to you for all favours, and assuring you nobody can be more ready to obey, or would take more pleasure in receiving, your commands, than

Your most obedient, and
much obliged, humble servant,
LEEDS.

THE DUKE OF LEEDS TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Angiers, Sept. 19, N.S., 1733.

MADAM,

I am very much ashamed that I have no sooner acknowledged the favour of your obliging letter, for which I must return you a great many thanks, as also for your goodness in presenting my duty to her Majesty, and hope you will be so good as to do the same whenever her Majesty does me the honour to mention me.

I was very glad to hear, by your letter, that my old master, Doctor Friend, is so much recovered; for I assure you, Madam, I was very much concerned to see him look so bad as when I left England. The day that I had the honour to meet you at my Lord Oxford's, (where he was at the same time,) was the first time that I had had the pleasure of seeing him for near two years, so you may easily imagine from thence, Madam, how surprised I must be to see so great an alteration in him. It is impossible but everybody who knows him must wish him well, and especially those who have been under him, in return for the great love and affection which he always had for them; and as he bestowed a large share of it upon me, so I think myself under the greater obligations to him; therefore I take the liberty to beg my compliments to him, if you please. I hope Mr. Clayton is well, and desire my best respects to him. I leave this place to-morrow, when I set out for the south, in my way to Italy, where, if you have any commands, I once more take the liberty to assure you that nobody will be more ready to obey them, in the best manner they can, than

Your most obedient,
and very humble servant,
LEEDS.

Père Courayer, of whom we have already given some notices, is mentioned in the following letters; he must have been a very singular personage. Mrs. Montague thus describes a visit to him, when he was ill:—"Poor Dr. Courayer notified to me that he was ill of a sore throat, and could not come to visit me, though he wanted to see me. To make this matter easy, I went to him: I was obliged to pass through all the gay vanities of Mrs. Chenevix, and then ascend a most steep and most difficult staircase to get at the little philosopher. This way to wisdom, through the vanities and splendid toys of the world, might be prettily allegorized by the pen of the great Bunyan; and the good man himself, to an emblematizing genius, would have afforded an ample subject. His head was enfoncée in a cap of the warmest beaver, made still more respectable by a gold orris, 'a wondrous hieroglyphic robe he wore,' in which was portrayed all the attributes of the god Fo, with the arms and achievements of the Cham of Tartary. Never did Christian doctor wear such a Pagan appearance; one would have imagined he had been sent hither from Tonquin, to propagate idolatrous worship. When I ceased to look upon him as a missionary, I began to consider him as the best piece of Chinese furniture I had ever seen, and could hardly forbear offering him a place on my chimney-piece. He asked much after your health, and with so much regard, I am convinced he is still a good Christian, though his habit is Heathenish."

DR. ALURED CLARKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Bristol, August 18, 1733.

MOST HONOURED MADAM,

Father Courayer's speech falling in my way last night, I was willing to lay hold of the opportunity of furnishing out a little entertainment for you, which I should be ashamed of doing, from the diversions of these sort of places. Though I intended only an abstract of the speech, I found it necessary, after I had begun, to send most of it in his own words, which you will easily distinguish from the manner of my expression. I have not taken time enough to mind anything but the sense, and shall be obliged to send it away without reading it over very carefully; but as it is, I hope it will answer the end, which was to give you a specimen of the manner of Courayer's speaking on so critical an occasion, and in the midst of so numerous an assembly of Protestant divines. Whether any of our friends will think themselves obliged to take notice of any reflections or inconsistencies in the speech, is uncertain; but I should rather think we shall hear no more of it. However, as you know the author, I thought you would be glad to see him, even in the undress I am obliged to send him to you.

I suppose you have seen Dr. Secker's sermon, at the Public Act, on the subject of Education, which, though it be in English, I think wants to be translated, as much as Father Courayer's speech; but I think there are things in it worth taking some pains to get at.

I have inclosed Mr. Lewis's letter, which I received this morning, by which you will see the joy he is in by the Duke of Bolton's removal, and the good effects he thinks it will have in the county.* But I doubt he is much too sanguine; for he sent me, at the same time, a list of members in the county, by which our friends will have a majority of *six hundred and fifty*, and if we have the odd fifty, I think the victory will be a surprising one, considering all the disadvantages we lie under.

Dr. Winter, of Bath, has been in the utmost danger with a fever, in which he endeavoured to destroy himself, and his friends are apprehensive he will never be quite well again.

I hear from Chelsea, that my friend Stephen Duck is married, and a little wonder (if it be so) that he has not writ me word of it.

I hope now to leave this place in ten days, and, by the help of good air, good water, and exercise, to have laid in a sufficient stock of health for another year, till when I must wait with patience for further relief, as to my shortness of breath. Nothing would give more pleasure than to hear that you are able to say as much for your own health, which will always contribute, in the highest degree, to the satisfactions of my life; for I am, by the strongest ties,

Ever honoured Madam,
Your most obliged,
most devoted humble servant,
ALURED CLARKE.

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* Swift's character of the Duke of Bolton seems here confirmed:—"Duke of Bolton does not make any figure at Court —*nor anywhere else—a great booby*."—Characters of Queen Anne.

It is amusing to observe in what condescending terms Baron Wainwright speaks in the next letter of the man so infinitely superior to himself —Bishop Berkeley.

BARON WAINWRIGHT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, March 21, 1733-4.

MADAM,

Since you called me out into the world, and brought me into business, I never had so much upon my hands as since Christmas last—the labour having been almost without recess or intermission, except an excursion for the day now and then with the Bishop of Killala. My letters, by this means, have been less frequent to England than they ought to have been. Attendance at the Castle, upon the Parliament, and in the Exchequer, and after, at our Old Bailey here, has employed my whole time. On Monday next begins my circuit.

I have been extremely obliged to the Duke and Duchess, and their whole family. The Secretary has been frankly and cordially my friend. When they leave Ireland, it will be another parting from my English friends, and only less grievous than the day I left London. I have all reason to believe his Grace's esteem will be strongly expressed to all who have done me good and wish me well.

Your Ladyship may justly conclude I often want a helping hand to steer my little boat (upon which some attempts have been made) with discretion; but be assured I keep a straight course, with my eye truly and constantly fixed upon a star of the first magnitude, however the influence of other planets may guide or second my way. Where gratitude requires my service, I endeavour to exert it with effect, looking back upon the obligations I have received, not forward to new and other interests. They who gave birth to my fortunes will always have my natural duty and affection.

My next to your Ladyship will be more full and circumstantial. It was happy for the Bishop of Cloyne to be made known to those who could abundantly supply his defects. I hope his behaviour in his station will justify the favour conferred on him, and he, as well as those who value him, well know what is due from him, and where and how much opposition the Duke got over. I will say no more now, but that if any one ever thought himself happy beyond others in a friend, I would not yield to him in that pride and pleasure, who am,

Madam,
Your most devoted servant,
J. Wainwright.

Few noblemen have ever encountered more praise and more ridicule, gained more favour and more contempt, than John, Lord Hervey of Ickworth. His character offers a warning to the public, not too readily to adopt as true, the pungent satires of contemporaries, nor the attacks of envy. Lord Hervey was born in 1696, and even at the age of eighteen, before he had taken his Bachelor's degree in Cambridge, was appointed one of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber to George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Second—a proof of that Royal favour, which continued to be extended to his Lordship until his death.

In 1720, Lord Hervey was united to the accomplished Mary Lepell, daughter of Brigadier General Lepell—a lady who is always mentioned with commendation by Pope and Lord Orford, and to whom several of the letters of both these celebrated men were addressed.

Lord Hervey possessed all the fascinations and displayed all the errors of an accomplished courtier. In person, he is said to have been forbidding, and his manners disagreeable; but this is almost incredible, when we remember he carried off from a host of competitors the beauty of the Court, and excited another attachment, of the most durable character, in one of the daughters of his Sovereign. Such was his vivacity—such were his attainments, and his varied subjects of conversation, that it was soon found that the Court was intolerably dull without him; and Queen Caroline could rarely be induced to spare him from her select circle. Her Majesty's regard was repaid by Lord Hervey's exciting a deep and hopeless interest in the affections of the Princess Caroline—an interest which ceased only with her existence.

The Duke of Grafton was, meantime, the favoured lover of the Princess Amelia. The sneering terms in which Lord Hervey writes of that nobleman are explained by their frequent quarrels and avowed dislikes. But Lord Hervey was not content to reap his harvest of fame only as a courtier. He became a poet, and wrote satirical verses, which irritated even his contumacious enemy, Pope. When told of his Lordship's attempts, George the Second remarked to him, "My Lord Hervey, you ought not to write verses; it is beneath your rank: leave such work to little Mr. Pope." Lord Hervey was the author of many political pamphlets, which are declared by Horace Walpole to have been equal to any which were ever written. Many of his productions, with the exception of his "Memoirs from his first coming to Court till the Death of the Queen," were published by Dodsley, after his death: and this Diary of the Court, which has remained so long in manuscript, is about to be given to the public, under the able auspices of the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker. To his classical erudition, Dr. Middleton has left a tribute, in his Dedication to the "Life of Tully;" to which work Lord Hervey contributed the translations of some of the passages from Cicero. The malignity of Pope, his jealousy and misdirected wit, have produced the character of Sporus—a disgusting caricature, penned at the dictation of a fiend-like spirit. Every principle of truth was violated in the lines of Sporus, which cannot, in the opinion of Archdeacon Coxe, be read without disgust and horror—disgust, at the indelicacy of the illusions; and horror, at the malignity of the poet, in laying the foundation of his abuse on the lowest species of satire, personal invective, and, what is still worse, on sickness and debility.

The nobleman thus cruelly attacked, suffered during the later years of his short life, which was closed at the age of forty-seven, from a dread of epilepsy, which he endeavoured to repel by an abstemious diet; hence the contemptuous designation of Pope—"The mere white curd of asses' milk." But the precaution could not ensure length of days. In 1743, this favoured and accomplished courtier expired, leaving four sons and four daughters, whom the Princess Caroline adopted as her own peculiar charge. Lord Orford attributes his death partly to rage and disappointment, on being, on a change of ministry, dismissed from all his employments, for which, he adds, he ungratefully satirized the King in a ballad.

Lord Hervey's eldest daughter, Lepell Hervey, is described by Horace Walpole to be "a fine black girl, but as masculine as her father should be." Three of his sons were successively Earls of Bristol. His son, Augustus John, the third Earl, had the misfortune, at the early age of twenty-two, when a Midshipman, to encounter at a friend's house the infamous Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston. They were privately married, his wife continuing to be Maid of Honour to the Queen. In 1768, Lady Hervey, who had long lived with the Duke of Kingston as his mistress, obtained her suit in the Commons, declaring her marriage with Lord Hervey void. She then married the Duke; but several years afterwards she was indicted for bigamy, and tried in the House of Peers, and found guilty. She was discharged from corporal punishment, as being a Peeress.

Augustus John Lord Hervey, whose private happiness was thus sacrificed to the intrigues of an abandoned woman, was a fine specimen of the British sailor. He had entered the service at ten years of age, and he could therefore be but little prepared to resist the attractions of the artful Miss Chudleigh. He was the pupil of the unhappy Admiral Byng. To great professional skill, he united courage, honour, and humanity. In spite of a defective education, he became an eloquent speaker; he was also an agreeable companion, and an accomplished gentleman. "His manners," it is said, "were as noble as his birth." He was succeeded by his brother, Frederick, who became Bishop of Derry, where he was a benefactor to his diocese; and not the least amiable of his actions was his presenting the Roman-Catholic titular Bishop with a donation, in order that he might build a chapel, and not be obliged to preach in the open air, on condition that he should pray for the King and Queen, which he did.

The Bishop of Derry was one of the greatest travellers of his time, but there was not a place where he did not relieve the distressed, and his charity was unaccompanied by ostentation. With all his virtues he retained that peculiarity of character which caused the beautiful and witty Lady Townshend to say, "that there were three descriptions of persons, men, women, and Herveys."

Perhaps this expression may have been as ill founded as Pope's incomparable, but too bitter description of Sporus:—

> "Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd:
> A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
> Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
> Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust."*

Upon the Duke of Grafton, who is mentioned in Lord Hervey's letters, Swift has penned the following observations:—"Duke of Grafton, grandson to Charles the Second, a very pretty gentleman, has been much abroad in the world, jealous for the constitution of his country; a tall, black man, about twenty-five years of age. *Almost a slobberer, and without one good quality.*" †

LORD HERVEY TO MRS. CLAYTON.

St. James's, July 14, 1733.

MADAM,

I fear you will think me both unreasonable and absurd, in making use of the privilege you gave me to trouble your servants as a plea for troubling you, but it is quite impracticable for me to have taken possession of your house at Kew, upon the obliging offer you made me of a room there, without acquainting you that I had done so, and thanking you for the authority to do it.

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* Prologue to the "Satires."

† Swift's "Characters of Queen Anne."

The Court removes on Monday, after dinner, to Hampton Court, so that I shall no longer be obliged to lead the disagreeable stage-coachman's life which I have done during their stay at Richmond, and I assure you I have so little of the itinerant fashionable taste of many of my acquaintance, that I look on this negative pleasure of fixing with no small comfort. It has often been matter of the utmost astonishment to me, what satisfaction it can be to those people whom I see perpetually going from place to place, (as others walk backwards and forwards in a room,) from no other motive but merely going; for the first seem no more to prefer one corner of the world to another than the last do this or that end of the room; and the only way I can account for it is, that feeling an absolute cessation of thought, they keep their limbs in motion, as their last resource, to prevent their next heir seeing them decently interred.

I have often thought the actions of these breathing machines are to the body just what dreaming is to the mind; as the one shows the limbs can act whilst thought is asleep, and the other, that our thoughts are not always at rest when our limbs are so. I fear you will think my pen moves to as little purpose as the first of these, and as incoherently as the last: I am sure it is with as little design as either; for when I began my letter, all I intended was to tell you I had lain a night at Kew, and was obliged to you for the permission to do so.

However, notwithstanding the impertinent flippancy of writing three pages to say three words, if I knew any facts to entertain you with, I would launch out afresh; but there is nobody in town to furnish, invent, or relate any; and at Court I need not tell you, Madam, that between the people who cannot say anything worth repeating, and the people who will not, one seldom hears anything one cares to hear, more seldom what one cares to retain, and most seldom of all, what one should care to have said.

If I can do you any service in this part of the world, you cannot oblige me more than by honouring me with your commands.

I am, Madam,
Your most obliged, most
obedient servant,
HERVEY.

I beg my compliments to Miss Dyves and Mr. Clayton.

LORD HERVEY TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Hampton Court, July 31, 1733.

MADAM,

I am going this afternoon, with the Duke of Richmond, to Goodwood, for three or four days, but cannot leave this place without returning you my thanks for the favour of your letter; a debt, perhaps, you would be more ready to forgive than receive, but as it is of that sort, that one pays more for one's own sake than one's creditors, I plead no merit from the discharge of it, but the pleasure of taking any occasion to assure you how much I am your humble servant.

I will not trouble you with any account of our occupations at Hampton Court. No mill-horse ever went in a more constant track, or a more unchanging circle; so that, by the assistance of an almanack for the day of the week, and a watch for the hour of the day, you may inform yourself fully, without any other intelligence but your memory, of every transaction within the verge of the Court. Walking, chaises, levees, and audiences fill the morning; at night the King plays at commerce and backgammon, and the Queen at quadrille, where poor Lady Charlotte runs her usual nightly gauntlet—the Queen pulling her hood, Mr. Schutz sputtering in her face, and the Princess Royal rapping her knuckles, all at a time. It was in vain she fled from persecution for her religion: she suffers for her pride what she escaped for her faith; undergoes in a drawing-room what she dreaded from the inquisition, and will die a martyr to a Court, though not to a church.

The Duke of Grafton takes his nightly opiate of lottery, and sleeps as usual between the Princesses Amelia and Carolina; Lord Grantham strolls from one room to another, (as Dryden says,) *like some discontented ghost that oft appears,* *and is forbid to speak*, and stirs himself about, as people stir a fire, not with any design, but in hopes to make it burn brisker, which his lordship constantly does, to no purpose, and yet tries as constantly as if it had ever once succeeded. At last the King comes up, the pool finishes, and everybody has their dismission: their Majesties retire to Lady Charlotte and my Lord Lifford; the Princesses, to Bilderbec and Lony; my Lord Grantham, to Lady Frances and Mr. Clark; some to supper, and some to bed; and thus (to speak in the Scripture phrase) the evening and the morning make the day.

Adieu, dear Madam, and believe me, without the formality of a conclusion,

Most sincerely yours,
HERVEY.

LORD HERVEY TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Hampton Court, Sept. 11, 1733.

DEAR MADAM,

If I had known anything to send you, in company with my thanks, that could have entertained you, I should have been full as much ashamed of having thus long postponed them, as I ought to have been, had I in that situation sent them sooner. The reason of my writing now is, that I may be the first in communicating a piece of news that came hither last night, and surprised us all extremely; which is, that Stanislaus is chosen King of Poland unanimously. I shall reserve my speculations on this point till we meet; but I think, considering all things, it is the luckiest piece of news for England, and for some people who shall be nameless, that I have heard a great while. It is so considerable, that it has, ever since it arrived, suspended even our discourse on my Lady Chesterfield's match, which I suppose will be revived again on Thursday, that being the day they are both to come to Court for the first time. I think this match the wisest thing the man could do, and the silliest, the woman. I want to know if you are of my mind—for few people agree with me here, when I say I think he was in the right to marry her, and will be so much in the right, now he has married her, as to make her a very uncommon good husband.

Adieu, dear Madam, I am in a great hurry, being but just come from walking with the Queen, and obliged (as the Duke of Grafton is in Northamptonshire) to dress immediately to attend the King in Council.

CHAPTER X.

Savage, the poet—A natural son of the Countess of Macclesfield—His early life—His story told by Dr. Johnson—He kills a man in a tavern brawl—Lord Tyrconnel begs the intercession of the Queen in his favour—Letter from Lord Tyrconnel to Mrs Clayton, soliciting for him the office of Poet-Laureate—His poem, "The Bastard"—His excesses—His death—Mrs. E. Carter's opinion of him—Smollett's character of Sir William Yonge—Rigging out a Maid of Honour—A new road to greatness—The Lord Chancellor's preferments.

CHAPTER X.

The history of Richard Savage has been written with deep feeling by Johnson. Those who have read that narrative can never forget it; but it is necessary to recall some of the circumstances of the case fully to comprehend the appeal of Lord Tyrconnel, through Mrs. Clayton to the Queen, which will be found printed at length in a subsequent page.

Richard Savage was the most unhappy son of the Earl and Countess of Macclesfield, and was born in 1697-8. His destiny seemed, before he had begun to breathe, to be decided by the iniquity of his shameless mother. Previous to his birth, she had publicly declared her infidelity to her husband; their marriage was annulled, and their offspring declared illegitimate. Richard Savage, Earl of Rivers, to whom Savage owed his birth, gave to the infant thus ushered into a world of shame, his own name, but quickly abandoned him to the mercies of a woman whose inhumanity would not appear possible, were not proofs adduced to support the truth of all that has been alleged, relative to the infancy of Savage.

Until the age of seven, this ill-starred being, endowed as he was by nature with the most susceptible feelings, was happily situated, and treated, though not by his mother, with maternal tenderness.

"The person who took care of me,"—thus, in 1739, Savage wrote to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter,—"and as tenderly as the apple of her eye, (this expression is in a letter of hers, a copy of which I found many years after her decease among her papers,) was one Mrs. Loyd, a lady that kept her carriage, and lived according. But, alas! I lost her when I was but seven years of age. That I did pass under another name until I was seventeen years of age, is truth, but not the name of any person with whom I lived."

In 1712, Savage was thrown wholly upon the charge of his mother, by the death of his father, Lord Rivers; and no inheritance was left to protect him from want, except a daring and energetic spirit, the characteristic of his father, who had distinguished himself both in the senate and in the field, during the reign of William the Third. The Countess of Macclesfield was a worthy contemporary of the infamous Duchess of Kingston, and others of that shameless stamp, whose vices spread far and wide their baneful influence. She now resolved either to abandon her child, or to degrade him into a sphere so low that his birth could never disgrace her among the high-born; the boy might have perished, but that his grandmother, Lady Mason, touched by some human feelings, placed him at a small grammar-school near St. Albans, whence he was removed by his mother, and bound apprentice to a shoemaker. He was then ignorant of his parentage; the truth was accidentally disclosed to him, and the fate of Savage—to wander, to repine, to struggle uselessly against fortune, to rush into sin from despair, to suffer, to be lost—was determined.

His efforts to obtain an interview with his mother, to touch her heart, or to excite one sentiment of maternal interest, have been thrillingly told by Dr. Johnson. For the sake of his unhappy friend, the great Moralist laid aside his stern judgment, and allowed the sympathies of man to prevail over the decision of the stoic. The youth was gifted with no common powers; he soon made himself known to the public in an age when genius won laurels with far more ease than in the present day. Steele, and Wilks the actor, became his patrons; and it appears, from a passage in one of Savage's letters to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, that Steele had very nearly encountered the misfortune of having the young poet for his son-in-law. A play was produced by Savage, called "Sir Thomas Overbury," in which he acted the part of Overbury, and a sum was obtained sufficient to support, for some time, the desolate youth, scarcely then twenty years of age, in that wild and reckless course of low dissipation to which his taste evidently tended.

In 1727, the occurrence to which the following letter from Lord Tyrconnel refers, took place. In one of the tavern broils, in those days of intemperance and of riot, a man was killed by the ill-fated Savage; he was tried for murder, and condemned to death. Happily for him, Queen Caroline lived; the well-known Countess of Hertford interceded with her, to obtain the royal pardon for the outcast. Hitherto no mention has been made of any participation in this work of mercy; but it appears from the following letter from Lord Tyrconnel, that Mrs. Clayton was a powerful instrument in saving this poor man. Some years after his life had been spared, Lord Tyrconnel, the patron of Savage, thus addresses Mrs. Clayton:—

LORD TYRCONNEL TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Arlington-street, Nov. 8, 1730.

MADAM,

I flatter myself that you will be so good to pardon the freedom of this address, it being in behalf of one who has two pretensions to the Royal goodness that seldom fail of success; first, that he stands in need of it, and that, in the opinion of the best judges, he is qualified for it in the particular for which I beg leave humbly to recommend him; it is to the place of Poet-Laureate. The best judges of poetry that I mean, are the Queen and Mr. Pope; I have heard that her Majesty has approved of his poetry. That he lives, is entirely owing to the unparalleled goodness of both their Majesties, which godlike perfection they possess in the highest degree, a virtue inseparable from the greatest minds. After this, you will easily perceive I mean Mr. Richard Savage, who is the bearer of this. I know from my friend, Sir William Strickland, that he was much obliged to you upon the unhappy occasion, and if any more favour was shown him upon my appearing for him, I acknowledge it with all the gratitude due to so great an obligation. After this, I need say nothing for his loyalty and good affection to the Government. I should think him the last of mankind that would not sacrifice his life for their Majesties' service, to whom he owes it.

The favour of great princes is generally invidious, but I know nobody that does not rejoice in the share you have of her Majesty's, who is too discerning a Princess to bestow undeservedly. Producing obscure merit, as in the case of Stephen Duck, has done you a great deal of honour, and if you are so good to favour Mr. Savage in this instance, he stands as much in need of it, and it will lay a very great obligation on me, who have the honour to be with the greatest esteem and respect,

Madam,
Your most obedient
humble servant,
TYRCONNEL.

A reaction in the public mind had indeed taken place with regard to Savage; the English resented his mother's cruelty as a national disgrace, and the dread of her son's exposing her in lampoons extorted from the wretched woman a pension of 200*l*. a year, though nature could not avert her earnest exertions to get the sentence of death put into execution. The endeavour to obtain the place of Poet-Laureate was, however, unsuccessful. Habits were indeed formed, which no warnings could check. Savage was fickle, as well as extravagant; and his finer feelings, of which his poems exhibit many traces, evaporated in his writings,—a case by no means uncommon. He sank again into wretchedness; dismissed from the house of Lord Tyrconnel, he frequented only the lowest haunts, and in these, in words of fire, came forth "The Bastard,"—that most powerful, most finished, and most pathetic poem,—exalted in its sentiments, and refined in its sarcasm, although its miserable writer was, when he composed it, fast sinking, deeper and deeper, in degradation, and passing his nights sometimes, as Dr. Johnson tells us, in homely phrase, in the streets, "on a bulk."

From Queen Caroline—a model for all of her exalted rank, in her patronage of genius—Savage received a pension of 50*l.* Upon her death, that bounty ceased; he retired to Swansea, supported for a time by his friends; in January, 1742-3, he went to Bristol, was there arrested for debt, and died in prison.

A singular compound of greatness and of weakness, a man framed for better things,—the very sport of fate—Savage seemed by nature to be stamped with the impress of misfortune. His face was long, its expression melancholy; his form was thin, yet his deportment, observes his friend, Dr. Johnson, was grave and manly. There was a solemn dignity of mien, which softened into courtesy upon acquaintance. His movements corresponded with this habitual mournfulness; they were slow, and his voice was tremulous and plaintive. "He was rarely excited to smile, and but very seldom provoked to laughter."

It is a beautiful trait in the character of a frail woman, that she assisted this unfortunate being. To the charity of an actress, one of the fairest and weakest, and yet most gifted of her sex, Savage owed, at one time, subsistence. "I did subsist at one time upon such obligations as he mentions," the Poet wrote to Mrs. Carter, "but they came from Mrs. Oldfield, and not from Mr. Wilks." Late in his life, Savage formed an acquaintance with Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. That lady's efforts to reform him were meritorious, but unsuccessful. The pity of society had injured, not elevated, the character which she attempted to purify; public sympathy is a fearful medicine upon a weak subject, and Savage had to contend with hereditary tendencies to evil, of all others the most to be dreaded.

"Be pleased," he writes, "to accept my thanks for your pious intention of making me a saint. I am truly desirous of becoming so, because, as saints, they say, are allowed the happiness of conversing with angels, I may, by that means, be so blest as in some measure to become worthy of the conversation of Mrs. Carter." Mrs. Carter, it seems, was not a very cordial admirer of poor Savage. "She never," says her biographer, "spoke of him with any regard, nor indeed with much pity. She thought very ill of his moral character, and was not greatly delighted with his poetry." If one may venture to say so, Mrs. Carter was a very hard, dull, and overrated woman. What could be the taste which saw innumerable beauties in the wordy, exaggerated writings of Mrs. Rowe, one of her favourite authors, and which could not feel the passion and the truth of the poems of Savage?

Sir William Yonge, the writer of the following letter, was a warm partisan of Sir Robert Walpole, and one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. He is described by Smollett "as a man who rendered himself serviceable and necessary, by stooping to all compliances, running upon every scent, and haranguing upon every subject, with an even, uninterrupted, tedious flow of dull declamation, composed of assertions without veracity, conclusions from false premises, words without meaning, and language without propriety." The character is not an uncommon one, either in public or private life. The following letter is very characteristic.

FROM SIR WILLIAM YONGE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Escott, September 15, 1733.

MADAM,

I was from home visiting some of my friends when I should have received the honour of your letter, which I should otherwise have acknowledged sooner, and have assured you with how much pleasure I hear of your welfare.

I beg leave to wish the young lady joy who is to go with the Princess Royal. Lady Yonge will take care to obey your commands about the lace, and as we shall be in town before the end of this month, I suppose there is no necessity to send it sooner. You will please to let me have your commands by the return of the post. I received a letter from Sir Robert Walpole, with the Queen's commands to send for Miss Williams, which I have accordingly done, and doubt not she will be in town before us. I hope her Majesty will excuse her not coming sooner, she being at a great distance, and besides there being some few things necessary for rigging out a Maid of Honour. It would be well for her to have Lady Yonge in town to advise and assist her, before she makes her appearance. When she is at Court, the only advice I can give her is to obey your commands, and express her gratitude to her benefactress, whose goodness, on her account, I shall always thankfully acknowledge.

I beg my humble service to my brother Clayton, and that you would believe me, with great respect,

Madam,
Your most obliged,
and most obedient servant,
William Yonge.

In the following letter from Dr. Clarke, one of the persons to whom he alludes was at this period attracting an unusual share of the public attention. This was Dr. Thomas Rundle, of Exeter College, Oxford, Chaplain to Bishop Talbot, who zealously joined with his brother, the Lord Chancellor, in advancing the young divine in his profession in every possible way. In consequence of such powerful interest, he rapidly obtained preferment. After taking his degree of M.A., in 1710, he became Archdeacon of Wilts, Treasurer of Sarum, Prebendary of Durham in 1720, Rector of Ledgeford in 1722, LL.D. in 1723, and Master of Sherburn Hospital in 1727. In 1734, the Bishopric of Gloucester being vacant, by the death of Bishop Sydrell, he was strongly recommended to the King by the Lord Chancellor; but a most determined opposition was made to this appointment by Bishop Gibson, on the ground that Dr. Rundle had once in private company dropped some expressions that savoured of Deism. His friends, the Talbots, as may be learned from Dr. Clarke, supported him strenuously; but he was as vigorously opposed by a very strong party. The matter was at last compromised. A more orthodox divine (Dr. Benson) was placed in the See of Gloucester, and Dr. Rundle was recompensed with the rich See of Derry. Perhaps it was thought that in Ireland a Deistical Bishop might not be so very objectionable. However heterodox his divinity might be, the last act of his life proved the genuineness of his gratitude, for on his death, which took place on April 14th, 1743, it was found that he had bequeathed the bulk of his fortune, 25,000*l.*, to one of the sons of his patron, the Lord Chancellor. Bishop Rundle received an elegant compliment from Lord Lyttleton, in his "Persian Letters." Several of the Bishop's sermons were in great repute about the middle of the last century.

DR. CLARKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

December 15, 1734.

HONOURED MADAM,

I write you this by a private hand, because I would say nothing by the post, that can be made an ill use of by searchers.

I had a letter from Mr. Talbot, in which he says, "That he is practising the wise ministerial art of being perfectly unintelligible; that he shall soon rise to great preferment, and that a volubility of talking nonsense may make him Secretary-at-War, and Lord of the Treasury, or even Secretary of State, when such a turn of abilities shall be wanted in that office, and that he must be popular with such a practice of jargon, though he should be joined with the present Ministry."

And a little after, he adds, "That his father neither has, nor ever will, give up the Bishop of Durham's, his own, and his friend's character upon any consideration; and though the news of filling up the Bishopric with another person may very quickly prove true, it will be much more opposite to his father's inclination, than if they should send for the Great Seal, which," says he, "is a trouble, if I could prevail, I would prevent their taking."

These strong expressions, coming to me in a letter by the common post,* concerned me a good deal; and I answered his letter in as guarded a manner as I could, without I had taken no notice at all of the main part of his letter. I told him, that I hoped my Lord Chancellor would long continue in his station for the service of his country, in this critical situation of Foreign Affairs; and that if Dr. Rundle's success was impracticable at this time, our friends would be grieved to have any share of the resentment fall on the Royal Family, on whom all our public security rested.

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* This would imply that the authorities at the Post-office were deemed as unscrupulous in the reign of George the Second as in later times.

As I had this private opportunity of giving you this account, I was willing to let you see what are the thoughts of the Chancellor's family, though great allowance must be made for Mr. Talbot's natural warmth. However, as I am utterly ignorant of the *certain* position of Dr. Rundle's affair, I thought it would not be improper to send you this, which you will please to make your own private use of, and to burn when you have read it. I take it for granted, you have read *The Reasons alleged against Dr. Rundle's Promotion, by a Templar*, which, I am told, is done by a sensible man. I heartily wish my Lord Chancellor may keep his honour, with regard to his friend, for *his own sake*, and his place, too, if it can be kept with the former; and, I believe, most people will wish he may continue in his office for the sake of the public; and yet I am persuaded the ministerial argument against distressing the King's affairs may be carried to so great a length, as to expose us to certain ruin on the one side, whilst we are guarding against it on the other. But, considering the spirit and the views of those who are at the head of the minority, I think the argument at present is a very good one, and therefore I should be extremely concerned to have so much weight thrown into their scale, by having the Chancellor added to their number; and, notwithstanding all the reports we have about it in the country, I will not believe it till I see it.

I have had two or three messages from him, by way of bantering my design of staying there till March; and he says, if I persist in it, he is sure he shall be obliged to grant a commission of lunacy or bankruptcy against me; and I think I should deserve the former, if I should leave Winchester before, considering all my circumstances, which I talked over with you the last time I had the pleasure of being with you.

The Bishop of Winchester says (which probably you know) that Dr. Sherlock would have defeated his scheme of making young Mr. Clarke a Prebendary; and that for all his professions to the Queen, he did not like the thoughts of Mr. Clarke having a preferment which would qualify him to be a Residentiary of the Church. You know best whether there be any mistake in this; but, having nothing to fill up my paper with, perhaps the hint may be of use, if this should chance to be the first account of it.

My brother keeps his Christmas with me, and sets out for Lincoln's Inn next Monday morning: if the plate should be ready, perhaps it will come more safely with him, and he will pay the bill, if Mr. Harris directs the silversmith to him.

It would be a satisfaction, if you would be so good as to let Mr. Harris write me a line by the post, that this came safe to you, and that Mr. Clayton and you are both as well as my constant wishes and prayers would have you to be.

I am,
Most dear and honoured Madam,
Your ever obliged
and devoted servant.
A. Clarke.

CHAPTER XI.

Honourable Thomas Townshend—His prospects of success described by him to Mrs. Clayton—The University of Dublin—Lady Hervey unable to match some white china for Mrs. Clayton—Return of the Princess Royal to Kensington—The Indians in London—Their reception by the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Princesses—The Bishop of Salisbury—The King's generosity to Lord Hervey—An important omission—Mr. Carey's extraordinary escape—Excessive bigotry—Dr. Clarke's Remarks on Thomson's Poem on Liberty—A quotation from it—Mrs. Clayton's taste appealed to by Somerville—Bubb Doddington in Ireland—Heads of our Kings.

CHAPTER XI.

The following letter from the Hon. Thomas Townshend, one of the Tellers of the Exchequer, shows how intimately Mrs. Clayton was connected with all that was going on, whether in politics or in the church. Thomas Townshend was the second son of Charles, second Viscount Townshend, who married, as his second wife, Dorothy Walpole, the sister of the Prime Minister. He was the uncle of the celebrated Charles Townshend. Of this family it was remarked, in a celebrated catalogue of pictures, under the title of a head, unfinished by Lord Townshend. —"The *heads* of the Townshends, though very clever, have been always considered to be, in some respects, unfinished."* Thomas Townshend attained his point, and became member for Cambridge.

HON. THOMAS TOWNSHEND TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Clare Hall, in Cambridge, Oct. 22, 1733.

Madam,

I have just now received the honour of your letter, together with one inclosed from Dr. Friend, which I take this first opportunity of returning to you. I shall ever acknowledge my obligations to you, for the concern which you have been pleased to show for me on this occasion. Dr. Bentley has already declared for the two present members, so that Doctor Friend need not fear that his endeavours to serve me in Trinity College should meet with any opposition from the Master. I think I have at present a very good prospect of success, and am most sincerely thankful for what you have been so good as to contribute towards it. I beg you will present my compliments to Mr. Clayton and to Dr. Friend, and am, with the greatest sincerity,

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* Suffolk Letters, vol. i. p. 346.

Madam,
Your most obliged,
humble servant,
T. Townshend.

The following letter from Baron Wainwright is interesting, as referring to Bishop Berkeley. It may be remarked how strongly the Baron insists upon the *loyalty* of the Bishop of Cloyne: that point, at least as the word "loyalty" related to the Hanoverian family, having been doubted. True indeed was it, that the Bishop was far more fitted for a College than for a Court.

BARON WAINWRIGHT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, May 25, 1734.

Madam,

You accept attempts of gratitude with the same generosity and goodness you show favour, and the greatness of your own mind enlarges both. The Bishop of Cloyne was a welcome bearer of your most kind letter; the acquisition of Lord Hardwicke is of the utmost importance. Your thoughts and influences outgo my expectations. The grace of her Majesty, which you shower upon me, is the vital warmth of all my hopes; a return to the royal presence and yours, is preferable to any station here.

The inclosed to Dr. Friend, is as much to your ladyship, and designed for your perusal; it has waited a long time for a safe conveyance. The education and morals of the University of Dublin are in a very bad way: the Prince is Chancellor; the Bishop of Clogher, a worthy ancient prelate, Vice Chancellor; he intends to resign. The Provost and Fellows have their eyes on the Bishop of Cloyne. He defers the acceptance of the offer, and the decent application to his Royal Highness till he may have an approbation for which he has the greatest regard; a letter in general terms, by the post, will be understood. The station is of dignity and credit, but more expense than profit. It may give many opportunities of showing the duty and loyalty which he bears to their Majesties, which he earnestly desires, and may employ him in promoting the Protestant religion and virtue; for he is much more fit for a College than a Court, by his own account, which fully explains your hint.

Madam, my best wishes must attend my best hopes, and I must always be, with the truest gratitude and respect to Mr. Clayton and your Ladyship,

Your most obliged,
devoted servant,
T. Wainwright.

Mary Lepell, the wife of Lord Hervey, a portion of whose correspondence with Mrs. Clayton has been already given, possessing the highest reputation for amiable qualities, could afford to be sometimes a little personal in her allusions. These are usually found to be directed against her mother-in-law, "Lady Bristol, who has been described as a lady celebrated for her vivacity, eccentricity, and love of pleasure and of play;"* and in another place, the same writer alludes to her temper as capricious. "Pray," she writes to Mrs. Howard, "when you are so kind as to write to me, get sometimes one body, sometimes another, to direct your letters, for curiosity being one of the reigning passions in a certain person (*Lady Bristol*), I love prodigiously both to excite and to baffle it."†

It is but justice to add, that among her contemporaries generally, and even by many of the most eminent of them, Lady Hervey was regarded as one of the most truly admirable women of her time. A communication from her pen, treating almost exclusively of a subject which then attracted a vast share of the attention of ladies of fashion—the matching of old china—ought not to be without interest: to her letter her husband added a few lines in his own hand.

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* Suffolk Letters, vol. i. p. 50.

† Ibid.

LADY HERVEY TO MRS. CLAYTON.

St. James's, June 2, 1734.

If you knew, dear Madam, with what pleasure I receive and obey your commands, you would not think they need ever be accompanied with apologies: whenever I can serve you I shall please myself; therefore I beg, for the future, you will command me, without the formality of an excuse, and with the security of making me happy in the same degree that you make me useful. Your letter I directed, and sent to your house; but though I have ransacked Chenevix's, Mrs. Mead's, the woman in New-street, another in Conduit-street, and two shops in the city, I have not been able to match the white china you left with me, nor to procure four, or even two pieces of the same sort that match with each other. I have had a dozen pieces of that kind brought me, but most ill-coloured, rough in the inside, and no two of a size, and all of them a crown a-piece one with another, but I expect a man to-morrow morning, who has promised me to go all over the town to try to get some for me; if there are any in town which are not in private hands, depend upon it you shall have them.

The newspapers will inform you with what cruelty the war in Italy is pursued: there has been rather a massacre than a battle, the consequence of which is, that there is not a family of any quality at Paris and Vienna that is not in mourning. How happy are we who have nothing to do in it! and who, whilst they are grieving for those who are gone for ever, are now rejoicing for the return of the Princess Royal, who arrived at Kensington at two o'clock this morning. I wish her return would occasion yours, but I hardly hope it. Sundon and quiet are very powerful, when united; it is not very easy to draw you from them: how pleased I should be with anything that could do so, I leave you to guess, who have too much penetration in everything to need being told how much I am dear Mrs. Clayton's

Faithful and obedient
humble servant,
M. HERVEY.

LORD HERVEY TO MRS. CLAYTON.

I came into the room just as this letter was folding up, and the moment I heard of your name, insisted on writing my own, though I have no other reason for it than to prevent my being forgotten by you, and to make you a useless and I hope unnecessary assurance of my being most truly

Your humble servant,
HERVEY.

A different tone pervades the following letter; but though the characters of the writers so little resembled each other, they were alike in their regard for their powerful correspondent.

DR. ALURED CLARKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Kensington-square, July 6, 1734.

HONOURED MADAM,

The letter you honoured me with by your servant is such a certain proof of your friendship for me, that I have read it over several times, and will do my best to convince you that your advice is never thrown away upon me. I think it was never my turn to offend by intermeddling in the low tattle of the world or personal characters, and therefore hope I shall be able to guard against any mischief that can be done me on this head, though it will never be in my power to fence against falsehood and groundless invention, as I have often experienced, and once to your knowledge. I am very sensible that I am got into a situation where there is so much trial of one's probity, as well as prudence, that I sometimes think that I did not do very wisely in venturing upon such slippery ground; however, I hope, by your assistance, to come off without much hazard, or at least be able to retreat in time. Wherever there is a power of bestowing riches or honours, the *generality* of mankind will sacrifice their virtue, their friends, and everything else, for a share of the loaves; and I believe the Courts of all ages and countries have been governed in much the same way. When Pompey's head was brought to Cæsar, the courtiers expressed much satisfaction at the sight, though Cæsar thought it became him to appear to be moved with concern; wherein Lucan, the poet, makes both parties to play the hypocrite, and has given us a fine picture of a Court, in these two lines, on this occasion:—

> "Their rising sorrows in their breasts they kept,
> And thought it safe to laugh, though Cæsar wept."

There is another thing in which I am more afraid of my conduct than anything else, and am ignorant which way to turn myself, without consulting you at large, when I come to Sundon; and that is in relation to the visits I am to pay to the courtiers, for I have been invited by almost all of them, of all ranks; and though I know that one cannot disoblige a person more than by neglecting to take the *leave they give you* to wait upon them, in which they mean to do you so much honour, yet, on the other hand, it is impossible but I must run this hazard, or lose all my time and my friends, and every enjoyment that it is worth while for one of my constitution to stay in the world for.

However, I should not have mentioned this in a letter, but to show you that I had been turning my thoughts upon my new scene of life. Whatever happens, I hope I shall preserve your private friendship; for though I have my full share of ambition, I feel no passion that burns half so strong within me as the love of the few valuable friends I have met with in the world; and I flatter myself there is some happiness to be had in this channel which is not of so slippery a kind as that which the chance of a die can give, or the frowns of a Court take away. However, as I have taken my post, I will be as much upon my guard as I can, for my own interest; and when I have done that, will endeavour to be as unconcerned as I can about consequences, for the sake of my ease and quiet.

I have half lived with Mr. Clayton this week, and am going to dine with him to-day again. Mrs. Dyves is gone to Greenwich for two or three days, but I saw her sister, who says she believes she will be ready to go with me in a week's time; so that I hope we shall have the pleasure of waiting upon you on Monday se'nnight, unless we hear from you that it may be convenient to defer it another week. I waited upon Sir Robert, and acquainted him with the Bishop of Winchester's choice of me for one of his deputies, and that I hoped he would honour me with his countenance and protection at Court, which he said no one should have more heartily.

I am ashamed to scrawl so much about myself, but your goodness to me makes me not think of an apology; but I shall only add that I am, with a true and grateful heart,

Most honoured and dear Madam,
Your entirely devoted
and dutiful servant,
ALURED CLARKE.

The following account of the introduction at Court, of the Indian King and his followers, shows how great an interest Queen Caroline took in every incident. They appear to have come from some portion of the great American continent, in the vicinity of our colonies there.

DR. CLARKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Kensington-square, Aug. 3, 1734.

HONOURED MADAM,

The inclosed, from Lord Lymington's son, gives so good an account of our friend Stephen, that I thought it worth while to trouble you with it. The Indians had their audience in form last Thursday. Their King, his two War-Captains, and three others, called Chiefs, were all dressed in decent vests: the King in red, the two others in blue, the other three in yellow, but their faces were most hideously painted, according to their different fancies, in black and red, so thick that at a little distance they looked like masks; their Queen's habit was almost English, except that she had no stays, and her neck was buttoned up, with a kind of ruff. She and the boy, which made up the whole company, were not painted at all. I suppose she trusted to her natural beauty, though she was dowdy enough, with only one eye, her cheeks swelled out with smoking, and two or three teeth standing forward, by way of sentry or guard to her mouth. The boy was very well dressed in the English fashion, from top to toe, with waistcoat of silver tissue, silk stockings, &c. He had a very sprightly, sensible countenance; but the rest, while they were placed upon a bench in the guard-room, waiting for an audience, neither spoke a word to one another, nor looked at any person or thing, but sat almost motionless, with their eyes as it were fixed in their heads, which we were told was their way of showing respect, and not any want of curiosity, which would have made one suspect that they had not all that natural understanding which Mr. Oglethorpe assures us of.

The King received them in the room next the guard-room; they made their obeisances, and performed all the ceremony with great decency and exactness. Their King spoke his speech mighty gravely, and well, and with much emphasis; in the middle of it he turned to his War-Captain, who put two skins in his hands, which he laid at his Majesty's feet with great respect. After that, his three Chiefs brought him sticks with feathers on them, which are emblems of peace, which he laid very submissively upon the skins, as a token of his entering into a firm alliance with us, and then he concluded his speech with a few sentences more.

From thence they were conducted to the Queen, who received them in the long gallery, attended by all the ladies that were at Court. It is said, one of them was asked which he thought the finest woman there; and that he begged pardon if he made an improper answer, in owning that all white people were so much alike to him, that he could not easily distinguish one from another, and that it was some time before he could distinguish their friend Mr. Oglethorpe from the rest.

Afterwards they had an audience of the Prince of Wales and the Princesses in their respective apartments. After they were gone from the Queen, she sent for the boy again, to talk to him, which the old King with difficulty consented to, notwithstanding the interpreter tried to satisfy him; and the boy himself was in the greatest terror till he spied out his friend Oglethorpe, near the Queen. We were told that the boy has a sister, whom they had a great mind to have brought with them, but she was so great a beauty at home, that they were afraid she would have been stolen away amongst us. The King is above fourscore, and says he remembers the first settlement of the English at Carolina, which I believe is nearly sixty years ago.

I sent to Cleveland Court last night, to inquire of Mr. Clayton, but hear nothing of his coming to town, and do not wonder at his staying as long as he can at Sundon. The Bishop of Winchester came to Chelsea* yesterday, after having made three days' journey from Tunbridge: they thought he would have died in the coach; and he continues so bad this evening that I think he cannot last many days. I hear from Cambridge, that Dr. Bentley says he would not change what has happened to him for a fit of the toothach, if it was in his power: he is printing his case. I beg my humble service to Mr. Clayton and the ladies, and am, indeed and in truth,

Most honoured and dear Madam,
Your most obliged
and devoted humble servant,
ALURED CLARKE.

These earnest wishes for the promotion of Dr. Sherlock, then Bishop of Salisbury, appear somewhat inconsistent, both in Lord Hervey and in Mrs. Clayton; for Sherlock was the opponent, in controversial writings, of Bishop Hoadley; and was, moreover, a high Tory, and defended the Test and Corporation Acts. In 1717, he had been removed from Court, as the King's Chaplain, on account of his zealous participation in the Bangorian Controversy. His "Use and Intent of Prophecy," and his "Trial of the Witnesses at the Resurrection of Jesus," are works which recall his name with honour. His eloquence obtained him great influence in the House of Lords, and his reputation as a divine and as a prelate procured him, in 1747, the offer of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, which, however, he declined. He accepted, however, the Bishopric of London; and died at Fulham, in 1761, at the age of eighty-three; his remains repose in the churchyard of that place.

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* The old palace at Chelsea, belonging to the See of Winchester, was taken down many years ago.

LORD HERVEY TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Kensington, August 10, 1734.

I have a great deal of business, and, consequently, very little time upon my hands to-day, yet cannot help writing to dear Mrs. Clayton, because I believe it is in my power to give her some pleasure, and these are opportunities I always wish for, and, of course, when they offer, what I never can neglect.

I know so well how you feel towards your friends, that I am sure I cannot be mistaken, when I conclude how glad you will be to hear that the Bishop of Salisbury is on the brink of coming into the most agreeable preferment belonging to his profession, and, by what the Queen has said to-day, and ordered me to write to him, I hope the manner in which this thing is to be done for him will be as much to his satisfaction as the thing itself.

I am always pleased and proud when we think alike; and I hear you and I, without comparing notes, upon the report of the Bishop of Winchester's hopeless state of health, took and advised the same steps. The Queen had a letter this morning from the Bishop of Salisbury, which she has ordered me to answer. I hope he has written to Sir Robert. Advise him, of all things, from this day forward, to behave as if there neither was nor ever had been such a thing as a Bishopric of Durham in this country, and only to reflect that he is made Bishop of Winchester, while Sir Robert Walpole is first minister. He writes me word he shall be in town to-night.

I must now tell you a piece of news about myself, which is, that the King yesterday made me a present of a thousand pounds a-year. What he said to me in his closet, when I went in to thank him, I should be as much ashamed to repeat as I was to hear; for, praises one is conscious one does not deserve, put one almost as much out of countenance as reproaches.

I am extremely glad to hear we are to have you in a fortnight at Kensington, and hope to see you return with the same agreeable health to yourself and the same agreeable spirits to your friends, which as constantly attend you as my wishes. Excuse a formal conclusion, for I am called. Adieu.

The following letter contains an allusion to a peculiarity in the consecration of Bishop Hoadley, of which this letter, we believe, contains the first mention. The anecdote of Mr. Carey proves the intolerant spirit existing, at that time, in France.

DR. CLARKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Kensington-square, Sept. 17, 1734.

MOST HONOURED MADAM,

I hope the good weather we have had here all this week has been of service to Mr. Clayton and you, and that you have your share of the benefit of it at Sundon, where I am sure you have every other enjoyment that can give happiness.

The Dean of Salisbury and his son dined with me at Court, on Sunday, and I believe are to set out for Norwich to-morrow. They told me, that they have had their full talk out with the Bishop, and are fully satisfied of his friendly intentions to serve them, at a proper opportunity. But of this I shall have more to say when I have the honour of waiting upon you. Mr. Poyntz is returned from Hampshire, and tells me that the Church of Winchester, in the return they have made of their election of the Bishop, have left out those words in the form, which assert that they elected the Bishop *by the aid and immediate direction of the Holy Ghost*, which form of words were always inserted in their returns from all churches; and though I hope and believe that the return is perfectly good without them, as they cannot be an essential part of the instrument, yet it is pretty remarkable that the first time of their being omitted by any church, should be in the case of the Bishop Hoadley.

Mr. Carey, a brother of Lord Faulkland, is just come from the Imperial army, and was at Court, where I heard him speak of an extraordinary escape he had of being drowned. I forgot how he came into the danger, but upon his sinking the first time, a priest on the river side asked who he was, and was told he was an Englishman; on which he forbad a man that was trying to save him to give him any assistance. Mr. Carey rose again, and sank a second time: the man then insisted with the priest that he should let him try to help him; but the priest absolutely refused, and threatened him with excommunication, on which the fellow desisted; but when he saw Mr. Carey sink a third time, humanity prevailed, (not with the priest,) and the man, in defiance of all excommunication, put a long stick into the water, which Mr. Carey, having quite lost his sense, could make no use of, but by a very extraordinary chance, the stick struck his foot, which gave a motion to his whole body, and brought him up once more, by which means the man with some difficulty laid hold of him and brought him out of the water; and after an application of hot bricks wrapped up in cloths, to his head and feet, and other parts of his body, they brought him to himself in some hours. On a complaint made of the priest, he was examined, and I think deprived of one of his benefices; but the crime is of so aggravated a nature, that one cannot think of it without horror; and it is a melancholy reflection, that no man has it in his power to be so great a villain, without the aid and assistance of those monstrous pretensions to a spiritual jurisdiction over the souls of men.

I believe it will not be long before Mr. Thomson's Poem on "Liberty" is published. I have seen the first book, and there are such worthy sentiments in it, and his plans are so well calculated for the promoting of good public principles, that though his poetry does lie open to some objections, I cannot but wish him a multitude of readers. The scene of this book is laid in Rome, where he shows that the decay of arts and sciences there is owing to oppression and tyranny, and describes the difference of ancient and modern Rome, with regard to riches and freedom, genius and learning, in the most lively manner, and very much to the advantage of his own country, where Liberty (an island goddess now) maintains her empire. And as Italy, with all its fruitfulness, its warm clime, and every other natural advantage, is yet become a barren and desolate, miserable country, merely by losing its liberty, he draws from thence a very useful lesson to Britons to take care to preserve that blessing which has enabled us to make ourselves more than amends for every disadvantage of our soil and climate; and since I have begun a new sheet, which I thought I should not have troubled you with, when I left so genteel a space at the top of my letter, you will be so good as to excuse my transcribing a few lines from him, though it is a kind of theft I should not allow myself in but very sparingly, for fear the author should see some of his own verses at second-hand, before he has had the benefit of introducing them into the world.

His "Prayer to Liberty."

"O first and most benevolent of Powers!
Come from eternal splendours, here on earth,
Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,
To shield mankind, to raise them to assert
The native rights and honour of their race.
Teach me, thy lowest subject, but in zeal
Yielding to none, the progress of thy reign,
And, with a strain from thee, enrich the Muse.
* * * Her patron, thou,
And great inspirer be; then will she joy,
Though narrow life her lot, and private shade;
And when her venal voice she banters vile,
Or to thy open or thy secret foes,
May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,
Of slavish hearts unfelt; and may her song
Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew—
Vermin of state!—to thy o'erflowing light
That owe their beam, yet betray thy cause."

Though there is a little obscurity in some of these expressions, there is such an honest warmth for his subject, and against men who let their genius out for hire and to serve their worst purposes, that one cannot help taking part with the poet that endeavours to preserve the chastity of his muse.

I have only to add my best services to Mr. Clayton and Miss Dyves; and my hopes that you will be so good as to let me know by some means or other, that you are as I and all your friends would wish you to be:

Most dear and honoured Madam,
Your ever obliged, and
devoted humble servant,
Alured Clarke.

The Poem on "Liberty," thus highly eulogized by Dr. Alured Clarke, cost Thomson two years of labour to complete. He considered it his noblest work, but posterity has not agreed with him: it was divided into five parts, published separately. Lord Lyttleton abridged this work, which the clamours of a long opposition to Sir Robert Walpole's rule had called forth. Johnson remarks of this poem—"The recurrence of the same images must tire in time; an enumeration of examples to prove a position which nobody denied, must quickly grow disgusting."

The days are gone by when the approval of even the highest ladies of fashion could disarm the critics, as Somerville, in the following characteristic epistle, expects that the favour of Mrs. Clayton to his poem would do.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, ESQ. TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Edston, September 30, 1734.

MADAM,

I had the honour of your most obliging letter by the last post, for which I return my most humble thanks. I formerly troubled you with the history of the simile at the end of the Hare Chase, and as it is your opinion, (to which I shall always most readily submit,) that it may be misapplied, I have submitted the story of Orpheus in its place.

"So, when the furious Bacchanals assailed
Thraician Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!
Loud was the cry—hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,
Return'd their clam'ring rage. Distress'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain,
For eager they pursue; till, panting, faint,
By noisy multitudes o'erpowered, he sinks,
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey."

Thus, Madam, I am equally unmerciful to poets as ministers, when they will suit my purpose or embellish my poem.

I beg you will believe that I am and ever will be firm and inflexible in those honest principles upon which the Revolution was founded. Could I be so monstrous as to be wanting in my duty to my King, yet my own safety and the good of mankind would oblige me to persevere in those sentiments which support our religion and liberties. I am, upon this occasion, more obliged to you than I can express. Your single approbation of my poem is a sufficient protection against an army of critics, but your bringing Dr. Friend and Mr. Poyntz to my succour renders me altogether invincible. I will take the liberty to write a letter of thanks to the learned Doctor, for his very judicious remarks. It is entirely to your goodness that he has been at the trouble of observing the most minute particulars, and has dressed my poem so well, from head to foot, if I may use the expression, that it will make a much better figure than I expected.

Receive, Madam, once more, my most humble thanks, and believe me to be, with the greatest respect,

Your most obliged and most humble servant,
W. SOMERVILLE.

The celebrated George Bubb Doddington, whose introduction to Baron Wainwright gives occasion to this letter, aspired to be at once statesman, wit, and author. No book disappoints one more than his Diary; and we can only suppose it to have been written in one of those lethargies, described by his friend Cumberland, from which he awakened to break out into sallies of wit and humour; but the wit and humour, in this work, never came. He was afterwards created Lord Melcombe.

BARON WAINWRIGHT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, November 19, 1733.

MADAM,

The day I received your last was next in happiness to one in your presence; that letter expressed your generous and friendly mind far beyond the reach of the pencil, though when I compare my picture with the Bishop of Killala's, Worsdale triumphs much more than when the King commanded him to mend the work of Jervas; yet still I want almost daily resort to you for advice. Things have passed where I was extremely at a loss for your judgment of expressions; the time made it impossible to be had, and may be you will never know what I mean till I —— see you,—I was going to say, but I hide that thought from me, as they do things from children, which are not fit for them till they are more advanced in years. If you hear any idle reports from this side of the water, be assured I make no application, and entertain no thought without your knowledge. I am sensible who brought me into the world; my reliance is upon the same high protection, and my whole desire to continue the creature of the same power.

Soon after Mr. Doddington came here, it was signified to me it would be acceptable to his Royal Highness if I did him what service was in my power. When I came to consider his case, it seemed to me matter of justice and equity, as well as favour. I flatter myself I have been of some little use to him. He has succeeded in the branch of his business which was matter of favour; whether he will not fail in that which is matter of justice, I will not answer for this country. It is not possible to conceive their absurdity, without hearing their debates; they patriotize for hours, and then come to resolutions which only tend to undo the good that has been done for them, and find fault with methods that have been established, without any complaint, these twenty years, at the only time that there has been a saving upon them, though they never complained before. As the common people here always deal as if they never were to see the person more, so their representatives act with regard to a chief governor — begin with good words, get all they can, and then give him a parting blow. I am sorry to say that these politicians have more than once been the majority this session. At present there are several septs or clans in the house, as there were formerly of wild Irish in the land.

Since Sir Ralph Gore's death, there is no leader for whom there is a general deference; but there are a thousand little tuggings for power, ecclesiastical and civil. Believe me, Madam, it is hard to escape these miners, who work in so many by and dark paths, and make the ground hollow all about them. Though I have entered into none of their competitions or cabals,—neither green coats, black coats, or societies,—and though I would pawn my credit with you (a more valuable stake I cannot make) that I have not given cause of offence by word or deed, yet such are the tempers of the traversers here, that I think some—I do not mean any that came over with the Duke—

would be glad to diminish that value which I with pleasure heard from you, his Grace had for me; which, could they effect it, would be irksome to a heart conscious of no design but to do my duty, and be grateful to my Lord Lieutenant. Perhaps gratitude as well as love sometimes creates fears too tender. It is enough for me to be esteemed by one who has lived in Courts only to do good, incapable of making or receiving false impressions; whose friendship will be ever the most pleasing reflection to,

Madam,
Your faithful and obliged servant,
J. WAINWRIGHT.

In the following letter we find an explanation of a former allusion, and a curious custom of our ancestors is specified.

BARON WAINWRIGHT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Dublin, May 8, 1733.

MADAM,

Our recess from business has been very short since the Christmas holidays; one term ended yesterday. The Court of Exchequer sits all this week; a new term comes on a little after, and then the circuit: till the beginning of August I shall have none of that retirement, with the hopes of which I flattered myself in this kingdom; but then the habit of business gives it a relish, and perhaps the exercise of the judgment yields as great pleasure as the exercise of the imagination; if the one is not so high and lively as the other, it is more solid and lasting. A good state of health adds wings to the hours, which would move very heavily during absence from some friends.

This day I sent the head of Henry the Seventh, put up carefully in a box directed to you, and committed to the care of Mrs. Donellan, the Bishop of Killala's sister; she goes for England as soon as the wind serves. The true history of it is this:—Formerly, instead of setting up the effigies of the British Kings in wax-work among the tombs of Westminster Abbey, they took the face of the dead King in plaster of Paris, and contrived to dress a figure of his size in robes, and placed that exact resemblance of the visage for the head. This was one of them; but in the time of Oliver, these, among other footsteps of monarchy, were taken away, and this came into the hands of a person who belonged to the Abbey, a verger, or some other such man: and this is the true account of it, and the workmanship verifies it. The value of it can never be equal to the testimony I would have it bear of my respect, to the gratitude I would wish it to remain a memorial of, nor to the price I set upon the share of the friendship which you have allowed to,

Madam,
Your ever faithful,
humble servant,
J. WAINWRIGHT.

That the Spiritual Lords were not less eager than their lay brethren to serve Lady Sundon and those who were so fortunate as to obtain her recommendation, we have already given some evidence. The following communication is to the same purport.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Buckden, Sept. 25, 1733.

MADAM,

At the close of my very long visitation-circuit I received at Lincoln the honour of your Ladyship's letter, and immediately despatched from thence my answer, to be presented to your Ladyship at Hampton Court, by my son; but he coming out of waiting before your return to Court, that letter came back this day to me, and I beg leave to write again by this first post, to inform your Ladyship of the miscarriage of my first letter, and to repeat what I had said, of my readiness to give what was asked for Mr. Wilkinson, though not with so much pleasure as I should have given it, had it been something better and something fitter to have been presented to a much honoured patroness, who has made me so great a debtor to her goodness.

As soon as I get to Westminster, I shall beg an opportunity of making a personal acknowledgment of my obligations, and of making my humble suit for the continuance of your favourable protection, which will always be esteemed as the highest honour by,

Madam,
Your Ladyship's most obliged and
most devoted servant,
R. LINCOLN.

P.S.—Since I wrote this letter, Mr. Wilkinson is come hither, and I have directed the instruments to be made ready for his institution, this day.

The letter which follows is from the pen of the Lord Chancellor:—

LORD CHANCELLOR TALBOT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Lincoln's Inn Fields, Nov. 15, 1734.

MADAM,

I am very sorry that my constant employment in my office hath prevented my waiting upon you, to acknowledge the favour of your letter, which I obeyed immediately. The Queen had the goodness to put into my hands some papers relating to the war in Italy, which I have read with pleasure; and as I do not know any hand by which I can transmit them to the Queen so safely, nor any one who can make my compliments to her Majesty for this instance of her favour so properly as Mrs. Clayton, I will make no apology for begging you to do it, and to believe me to be, with the greatest truth,

Madam,
Your most obedient, most humble servant,
TALBOT.

CHAPTER XII.

Frederick, Prince of Wales—William, Duke of Cumberland—The Princess Anne—Married to the Prince of Orange—The Princesses Amelia and Louisa—Mrs. Clayton's husband created Viscount Sundon—Bishop Hoadley congratulates Lady Sundon on her title—Character of Lord Sundon—Bon-mot of Bubb Doddington respecting him—Queen Caroline's respect for Sir Isaac Newton—Patronizes his daughter, Mrs. Conduit—She solicits the place of Dresser to the Princess Royal for Sir Isaac's niece, Mrs. Burr—The Court at Kensington—Court gossip—Bishop Clayton on green usquebaugh—Entertains the Lord Lieutenant—State of the South of Ireland in 1736—Further preferment of Dr. Clayton—His works.

CHAPTER XII.

WHILST Queen Caroline was employing her time in making small ponds, since swelled into the Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, or in the improvement of Richmond Gardens, or in reading, after breakfast, Butler's Analogy, — that book which Bishop Hoadley declared he could never look into without a headach, — dissensions distracted the Court, and embittered her peace of mind. Seven promising children were the fruit of the Royal marriage. Of these, the eldest, Frederick, Prince of Wales, was a continual source of vexation and sorrow to both his parents. "He resembled," observes Horace Walpole, "the Black Prince, only in dying before his father."

Notwithstanding this sneer, the dissolute, pleasure-loving Prince was not devoid of many qualities which would have rendered him, in after times, the darling of the nation. He was liberal and good-natured, and a complaisant husband, whose infidelities shocked the people of his own times far less than sternness or jealousy towards his wife would have done. He was fond of his children, even to doting, and he confided in his father's subjects. In those days, it was gratifying to the people to see the heir-apparent walking through the streets unguarded, and followed only by a couple of servants. He had that accessibility of manner which gives such an unspeakable charm to royalty; and he showed a nicety of principle, in one respect, which was beyond his age. He always refused to give his vote in Parliament, or to influence, in any way, the votes of his household.

His popularity, as it is well known, soon rose to a height, and in a Court where the narrowest German politics prevailed, infallibly produced a coolness between him and his parents; nor did the young Prince act so wisely as to mollify the petty and burning jealousy which his father displayed. It became his delight to thwart and irritate those parents, and it seemed his aim gradually to alienate them from him. That end was accomplished, and a disunion, never healed, was the lamentable result.

William, Duke of Cumberland, was yet a youth when his mother died; but there is every reason to conclude, that had her life been spared, his career would have been revolting to a disposition which, however perverted in some respects by her situation as a wife and as a Queen, was peculiarly humane. Caroline, merciful to all, and more especially to the unhappy Jacobites, was spared the horrors of the year 1745, which might have been mitigated had her wise and gentle influence still existed.

In the Princess Anne, her eldest daughter, the Queen found little consolation for the wilfulness of her son Frederick. The young Princess was imperious and ambitious, displaying, from an early age, a most ambitious temper. One day, on being reproved by her mother for wishing that she had no brothers, in order that she might succeed to the crown, she broke out into the exclamation — "I would die to-morrow to be Queen to-day!" Perhaps it had been happier for herself, and more advantageous to the country, if the Queen had employed her time rather in correcting such great faults as appeared in her children than in settling points of controversial divinity; but the early separation which, in this country, has generally taken place between the Royal children and their parents, the independent establishment, the consignment to tutors and governesses, have laid a foundation for that loss of confidence, and consequent alienation which, during the Hanoverian dynasty, have ever been so painfully manifested.

The Princess Anne received, at one time, proposals to become the wife of Louis the Fifteenth, which were declined, on account of the difference of religious faith. Another suitor was soon presented to her: this was the Prince of Orange, a vain, positive man, of little mental energy, and deformed in person, and hideous in face. George the Second could not, as Horace Walpole relates, in the honesty of his heart, and the coarseness of his expression, help telling his daughter how frightful a bridegroom she was to expect, and signifying that she might refuse him if she liked. The ambitious girl replied, that she "would marry him if he were a baboon." "Well, then," replied the King, "there is baboon enough for you." The Princess was married in March, 1734, probably to the great relief of her parents, who, though proud of her understanding and her accomplishments, could not remain on terms with the arrogant young lady. In 1751, she became a widow, when she made an attempt to come over to England, in the hope of governing her father. He, however, sent her back to Holland, and never forgave her. She was not permitted even to pass two nights in London.*

The Princess Amelia, of whom an account has been already given, was not allowed to share her father's confidence; and, though disposed to interfere in politics, was confined to receiving court from the Duke of Newcastle, who affected to be in love with her, and from the Duke of Grafton.

Three other daughters, alike beautiful, alike ill-fated, paying, in the suffering of the affections, the penalty of royal birth, at once consoled and saddened the hearts of their parents.

The eldest, the loveliest, and the best of these Princesses, was the Princess Elizabeth Caroline.

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* Horace Walpole's Reminiscences. See vol. i.

Even Horace Walpole bears testimony to her superiority. It is much for him to eulogize any human being, without some dark disqualification. He terms her "one of the most excellent of women," equally devoted to the Queen and to her father; and these fond, proud parents, were accustomed to say, when any disagreement took place amongst their children, "Send for Caroline, and then we shall know the truth." Unhappily for her peace of mind, the Princess attached herself to Lord Hervey, then Lord of the Bedchamber to the Queen, and afterwards Lord Privy Seal. Between Lord Hervey and the Duke of Grafton, there was a mortal antipathy, and the Court rang with the quarrels of the favourites of the two Princesses; but Lord Hervey, who, as Horace Walpole expressively says, "handled all the weapons of a Court," supported by Sir Robert Walpole, to whom he paid great homage, retained his ascendancy over the Queen. After her Majesty's death, the days of the Princess Caroline were overclouded; she mourned deeply that event, and never subsequently appeared in public. Four years afterwards, a change of Ministry displaced Lord Hervey, his death took place soon afterwards, and Caroline became henceforth a complete recluse. Her afflictions were solaced by the consolatory power of showing kindness to the children of him whom she had loved, and by acts of generosity and charity to others; but her heart was broken. When urged to comply with some request to which she was averse, she answered mournfully, "I would not do it, even to die." In her last illness, which ended in mortification, she exclaimed, "I was afraid I should not have died of this." What a volume of wretchedness is poured out in those words! Immured in two chambers in the dismal Palace of St. James's, she dispensed, with unostentatious hands, her charities. Many who knew not whence the bounty came, missed her beneficence when suddenly that bounty ceased, and then first discovered its former source.

Mary, the fourth daughter of George the Second, was married at seventeen, to Frederick, Prince of Hesse, who broke her gentle spirit by his inhumanity, until his death relieved her of her miseries. She is described as having been the gentlest of her illustrious race: during her marriage, various reports reached England of her failing health; of her being liable to consumption; but the release from her tyrant seems to have effected her cure.

Louisa, the youngest daughter, was yet a child, when her royal mother died: she, also, was beautiful and gifted. Her mother almost idolized this fair creature, whose subsequent sufferings occurred after the Queen's death. She was married in 1743, to Frederic, Prince Royal of Denmark, who, like George the Second, kept a mistress to show that he was not governed by his young and lovely wife. Louisa possessed a fortitude worthy of her high birth. On quitting England, she announced to her brother, the Duke of Cumberland, her determination never to complain to her family at home, whatever might be her sorrows. She kept her word, and only on her death-bed transmitted to them a touching letter portraying her feelings. She died in the prime of life, of a similar complaint to that from which her mother suffered, after undergoing in vain a severe operation.

Such were the family of Queen Caroline; and with these Princesses Mrs. Clayton must have been continually associated. Whether the influence which she acquired over the mind of their royal mother was acceptable to them or not does not appear. That Mrs. Clayton continued in high favour with her royal mistress, is evident; her husband being created, in 1735, Viscount Sundon of the Irish peerage. Previous to this event, she had resided for some time at Sundon, as appears from the following gallant effusion from the pen of Bishop Hoadley:—[*]

Permit me, Madam, by this paper, to congratulate your Ladyship upon the honour his Majesty has been pleased to do my Lord *Sundon* and yourself. I think the merits of you both towards the Royal Family are as great as well can be. I wish your Ladyship everything that you deserve; I can wish you no more; if I could, I am prevented now from saying it, and have only time to beg that you will not go out of town without suffering me to wait upon you at any hour of any day most convenient to yourself.

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[*] Published in the Life of the Bishop, by his son, Benjamin Hoadley.

I am, with the same high and singular esteem,
Madam,
Your Ladyship's most faithful
humble servant,
B. WINCHESTER.

Lord Sundon appears to have been exactly one of those dull, official men, who will not mar fortune if they cannot make it. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, it was his lot to be one of the Commissioners of the Treasury at the same time with the celebrated Bubb Doddington, who displayed his humour by playing off his jokes upon his colleague, whose actions were, as Charles Lamb has described it, "ruled with a ruler." One Thursday, when Doddington, Winnington, another Commissioner, and Lord Sundon left the Board at the Treasury, Lord Sundon laughed very heartily at something Doddington had said. Winnington observed to Doddington, "You are very ungrateful; you call Sundon, stupid and slow, and see how quickly he took what you said." "Oh, no," replied Doddington, "he was only laughing at what I said last Treasury day." Very little more is known of his Lordship, except that when he sat in Parliament, he sided with the Court on all occasions, and counting upon its influence, put himself forward in a contested election for Westminster against the popular candidate. A riot ensued, the military were called in, and so indignant were the people, that it was only with the greatest difficulty he escaped with his life. An inquiry into this election in the House of Commons created such a storm of opposition against the Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, that it formed one of the chief causes of his forced retirement.

The next letter refers to the niece of Sir Isaac Newton, for whom Queen Caroline, as it is well known, entertained the deepest reverence; and was heard to declare herself happy to have come into the world at such a conjuncture of piety and philosophy. Her favour extended to the descendants of that great man.

One of these, Mrs. Conduit, was married to a man of wealth and importance. It is stated on the back of one of her letters, that he was appointed Warden of the Mint, in 1727, upon the death of Sir Isaac Newton. That post was, however, given to Sir Andrew Fountaine, of Narford, celebrated for his collection of pictures, medals, and antiquities—a taste for which still exists in his accomplished descendants. Sir Andrew was Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Caroline, and was tutor to William, Duke of Cumberland—with what success, let us leave it to the Jacobites to declare. The statement relating to Mrs. Barr is interesting, as referring to so near a relative of Sir Isaac Newton.

MRS. CONDUIT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

May 1, 1733.

MADAM,

I have a greater favour to beg at Court than I can hope to obtain, unless you will be pleased to intercede for me. It is to ask a Dresser's place to Princess Royal, to Mrs. Burr, niece to Sir Isaac Newton, and daughter to Colonel Barbor, who lost his life in that fatal party expedition to Canada. She married the eldest son of Mr. Burr, a Dutch gentleman, who, about fifteen years ago, came over to inherit 4000*l.* a-year, two of which lies in Burr-street, near the Tower, and the other half about Harwich. Notwithstanding this great estate, he suffers his son (a thing not common in England) to struggle with so strait a fortune as no economy can reconcile to his birth and expectations. To be placed in a Royal Family, in whose cause at and ever since the Revolution ours have had the honour to signalize themselves, and under such an incomparable mistress, in a country where they have many friends and relations, (her mother being also a Dutchwoman,) would make them supremely happy.

You, Madam, may be assured, though she is my niece, I durst not presume to recommend her to the service of the Royal Family, if her merit did not entitle her to be distinguished by those who patronize the worthy. She has had both a genteel and prudent education, has a very good understanding, and such temper and goodness, joined with discretion, (at three-and-twenty,) as have carried her through a life of difficulties. Such objects look upon you, Madam, as their sure mediator to the source of bounty, and your favour therein shall be always acknowledged with the utmost gratitude by,

Madam,
Your most obliged and
most obedient humble servant,
C. Conduit.

Mrs. Conduit appears, from her letters, to have been a singularly plain-spoken woman—witness her petulant answer to some letter of Lady Sundon's, relating to the Nottinghamshire election.

MRS. CONDUIT TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Monday noon.

Madam,

I have had no opportunity to mention what we talked upon. If you think it worth while, you will not fail seeing everybody while you are in waiting, and you are at full liberty to undeceive those Ministers who have an interest in Nottinghamshire, who were the only persons who thought themselves aggrieved. A good-for-nothing courtier will never want such an apology. An accusation which is founded upon good works is of the same nature as the sin against the Holy

Ghost, from which, good Lord deliver us. I am, with sincere respect,

Madam,
Your obedient, humble servant,
C. CONDUIT.

I could not wait upon you to-day, nor to-morrow.

The request in the last letter but one was granted; otherwise, the following address, written in 1735, upon the occasion of Mr. Clayton's being made a Viscount, would never have been penned.

MRS. CONDUIT TO LADY SUNDON.

Cranbury, Nov. 1735.

MADAM,

Give me leave to add one to the volume of letters this post must bring you, since every subject in England has an interest in the favours you receive; and as no titles can add to the respect and distinctions the world has justly paid your Ladyship and my Lord Sundon, this last honour must be taken as a passport into greater; which that you may both long enjoy, is the sincere wish of Mr. Conduit and of, Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient
and most obliged humble servant,
C. CONDUIT.

A little Court gossip from Lady Pomfret again places the deportment of Queen Caroline in an agreeable light.

LADY POMFRET TO LADY SUNDON.

Hanover-square, August 21, 1735.

You will not, dear Madam, I hope, think me unmindful of all the agreeable favours so lately received at Sundon, though I did not acknowledge them the very night I came here, which I rather chose to defer to this post—first, because I thought it not improper to give you some respite between my company and my correspondence; and last, because I might have a sight of the Queen, to enable me to tell you she looked, as she was, in good health. But before I mention my yesterday's expedition, I must let your Ladyship know that I obeyed your commands the night before to Lord Sundon, to France, and to the west. All I can say of Kensington is, that it is just the same it was, only pared as close as the Bishop does the Sacrament. My Lord Pomfret and I were the greatest strangers there; no Secretary of State, no Chamberlain or Vice-Chamberlain but Lord Robert, and he just in the same coat, the same spot of ground, and the same words in his mouth that he had when I left them, Miss Meadows in the window at work, &c.; but, though half an hour after two, the Queen was not quite dressed, so I had the honour of seeing her before she came out of her little blue room, where I was graciously received, and acquainted her Majesty, to her great sorrow, how ill you had been; and then, to alleviate that sorrow, I informed her how much Sundon was altered for the better, and that it looked like a castle. From thence we proceeded to a very short drawing-room, where the Queen joked much with my Lord Pomfret about Barbadoes, and told him she would have wished me joy of it, but that Lady Pembroke being in waiting, she feared to put her in mind of her brother. That lady inquired after you, and, by the little I saw of her, seems still in concern.

I heard, but not at Court, that the two Ladies of the Bedchamber and the Governess are yet on so bad a foot, that upon the latter coming into the room to dine with Lady Bristol, the others went away, though just going to sit down, and strangers in the place. I am very unwilling to mention one thing, because I fear it will displease Miss Dyves, who has so much pleased me; but it is the discourse at present, and I believe very true, that the Prince's wedding is put off till May, as the King's return is to the latter end of October. This, with Mr. Hervey's intention of resigning his Equerry's place, is all the news I know. Thus, dear Lady Sundon, you see I am plunged as deep in chit-chat as if I had not been out of it; and it is now but like a delightful dream, that calmness, that freedom of thought, of look, and action, enjoyed at home and improved at Sundon; but here it is otherwise, and our first parents, at their leaving Paradise, could not find it more necessary to hide part of their bodies than we at Court do to hide part of our minds; but, whatever I do with my own, I am sure my Lord Pomfret will not forgive me if I do not declare so much of his, as to assure you of his sincere thanks for the many obligations we have all received, and join him with myself, when I tell you with what truth I am, dear Lady Sundon,

Your Ladyship's most devoted,
humble servant,
H. POMFRET.

The Bishop of Killala had, at last, received the preferment for which he had so long been eager; and in the next letter we find him Bishop of Cork. His endeavours to retain the favour of Lady Sundon were unremitting, and, in the present instance, assume rather an uncanonical shape, as the reader will allow on the perusal of the first few lines of the following epistle:—

THE BISHOP OF CORK TO LADY SUNDON.

Dublin, May 15, 1736.

MADAM,

By a letter I received this week from Mrs. Duncombe, I find that your Ladyship has been disappointed in the receipt of some green usquebaugh from this kingdom, which has not proved as good as it ought to have been. I have ever since been looking out to procure some, and have this day delivered half a dozen bottles to the captain of the yacht who carries over the Duke of

Dorset, to carry them to Chester, and have engaged Sir Seymour Pile, who goes over with the Duke, to take care of and see them put into the Chester waggon, directed for Lord Sundon; and least these should meet with any misfortune, I have likewise got six bottles more, which I shall put on board the first ship which goes from hence to London by long sea, and shall direct them to be left at the Custom-house for Lord Sundon. Before the ship sails, I shall do myself the honour of writing again to your Ladyship; I shall send you the name of the ship, together with the master's receipt. The fault of green usquebaugh is, that it loses its colour if it is kept above a year; and if it is drank before that time, it tastes fiery and hot. However, I have ordered a dozen bottles to be laid by for me, that I may for the future be able to supply you with that that is old, if these which I have now sent you should happen to please you.

The Duke would have sailed from hence on Wednesday last if the wind had been fair, and has been detained ever since by its continuing in the east. I do not know whether he approves of my behaviour since he came last over, but I do not know that I have given him or any about him any just cause of being displeased with me; but I have studied to do the contrary, and he seems as if he was pleased. I asked his Grace and the Duchess to dine with me about three weeks ago, which I had never done before since his being Lord Lieutenant, to show him that the little tokens of respect which it is in my power to show should rather be for favours received than for the expectation of receiving any. This I know is not the common way of behaviour; and the Bishop of Kilmore, who used to ask him during the life of the late Bishop of Derry, has not asked him to dine with him this year.

When I write to Lady Sundon, I find myself naturally running into a long detail of my own affairs. I do acknowledge it to be impertinent; but your Ladyship has given me so many and such strong proofs of zeal for my welfare, that I cannot avoid saying something particular of myself whenever I do myself the honour of writing to your Ladyship.

My wife begs that I may present her best services to your Ladyship and Lord Sundon whenever I present those of your Ladyship's

Most faithful and
most obedient humble servant,
Robt. Cork.

I hope your Ladyship has received the suit of linen which I sent you last, though I am ashamed to mention it, having been much disappointed in the fineness of it.

The bottles of usquebaugh are sealed with the figure of St. Patrick on black wax.

The Bishop's next letter gives a curious account of the state of the South of Ireland.

THE BISHOP OF CORK TO LADY SUNDON.

Cork, October 17, 1736.

MADAM,

Since I had the honour of receiving your last very obliging letter, I have been on a progress round the remote parts of my diocese, which detained me above a month from home, otherwise I should not have been so long silent, though nothing particular had occurred to occasion my giving you the trouble of a letter, but the desire of presenting my service and inquiring after your health.

While I was upon my circuit I had an opportunity of seeing many noble and romantic prospects, and many parts of this country that are now in the same state they were left at the deluge. Other parts of it are well improved, but you see everywhere a great want of inhabitants.

It is surprising to reflect that while the inhabitants of the northern parts of Ireland are so crowded that they are daily elbowing one another off to the West Indies, the southern parts of this kingdom are left almost desolate. This is what I know not how to account for, but by the linen manufacture, which is cultivated in the north, and by the help of which a whole family is capable of being supported on a small spot of ground. The trades were indeed running into the hempen manufacture, but an Act of Parliament, which passed last sessions in England, has damped it most prodigiously, if it has not quite destroyed it. This Act has given a premium of twopence a-yard to all British exported sail-cloth, and obliged all ships built within the British dominions to have their first suit of sails of British canvas. This lessens the demand at home for Irish canvas, and enables the English to undersell us in foreign markets. I was an eye-witness of one factory that has since been broken up. We are doing all we can to encourage the spreading of the linen manufacture, but that must take time. In the meanwhile the poor labouring people of this country, who live upon farming, are kept exceeding poor; the rent which they pay for their land never circulating any more amongst them. The Lord Burlington alone draws upwards of eighteen thousand pounds a-year out of his tenants. The labouring people of this country are almost all Papists. The number of Papists to that of Protestants, through the whole country, including the rich as well as the poor, is at least eight to one; and yet there is one very remarkable town in this country, about twelve miles from Cork, in which there are about five hundred persons fit to bear arms, in which there has not been one Popish inhabitant since the Revolution. If a Papist should take or build a house in the town, nothing but a military force could preserve it from being pulled about his ears.

While I was upon my progress, I had great regards shown me by the gentlemen of the country,—three of the principal of which, Sir Richard Meade, Sir John Freke, and Sir Richard Cox, attended me almost the whole way. It was a very expensive, but a very pleasant tour. As it is customary in this kingdom for bishops at their primary visitation to give a charge to their clergy, and as it happened that the one which I made to my clergy seemed to please both the laity and clergy that were present, I venture to send your Ladyship a copy of it, and should be highly pleased if it is approved of by a person of your accurate judgment.

I must desire you will present my best services to Lord Sundon, and accept of a sincere tender of the same from

Your Ladyship's
most faithful and obedient
humble servant,
Robert Cork.

Dr. Clayton had not yet attained the height of his preferment, for he became Bishop of Clogher, in August 26, 1745. He also wrote many other productions besides letters to his powerful relative, which brought him the reputation of being a learned divine. After giving to the world various philosophical works, Dr. Clayton directed his attention to a subject which he had long had at heart. This was, the leaving the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds out of the Liturgy. On the 2nd of February, 1756, he proposed that alteration in the Irish House of Lords. His speech was afterwards published. On his return from the House the Bishop expressed to a friend, that his heart was now eased of a load which had lain upon it for twenty years. But his audience had heard him with indignation and sorrow. The Primate remarked, that *it had made his ears tingle.* Yet Dr. Clayton was not called to account for his speech until the following year, when, after publishing the third part of his "Vindication of the Old and New Testament," and renewing his attacks upon the Doctrine of the Trinity, it was determined by the heads of the Irish Church to proceed against him; and the Duke of Bedford, then Lord-Lieutenant, was ordered to take steps towards a legal prosecution.

Queen Caroline had at this time been long dead, as well as Lady Sundon; no political influence was at hand to save the Bishop. A censure was expected, a deprivation probable; but, before the time appointed had arrived, Dr. Clayton was no more. A nervous fever, brought on by agitation, was the cause of his death. For the rigour of the proceedings against him, George the Second has been blamed; but, however on the often abused plea of conscience, the Bishop might justify his conduct, the purity of the Church must, undoubtedly, be strictly maintained. The toleration of others is more a matter of surprise, than the measures contemplated against Bishop Clayton. Twelve different works, some with considerable pretensions to erudition, were the fruits of his pen. He was a Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and was held in much esteem by many of his learned contemporaries. His chief productions were:—"The Chronology of the Hebrew Bible vindicated;" "An impartial Inquiry into the Time of the Coming of the Messiah;" "An Essay on Spirit;" "A Vindication of the Scriptures, in Answer to Lord Bolingbroke;" "A Journey from Grand Cairo to Mount Sinai;" "Letters on Baptism, addressed to William Pence;" and "Thoughts on Self-Love, Innate Ideas, &c., occasioned by reading Mr. Hume's Works." Dr. Clayton died February 25, 1758.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Clayton's family connected with the nobility—This acknowledged by Viscountess Windsor and the Earl of Sussex—The Court ladies at Tunbridge Wells—Duke and Duchess of Marlborough—Court news—Mr. Chenevix's proposal—Marriage of the Princess Anne to the Prince of Orange—Public entry of the Prince and Princess into Harlingen—Court ceremonies in Holland—The Princess's ladies—Arrangements of the household—A little dissatisfaction—An adventure in Holland—Mrs. Clayton reconciled to Mr. Chenevix—Mean figure made by the Court of Spain.

CHAPTER XIII.

In a former part of this work we have introduced some specimens from the correspondence of Lady Sundon's nieces; but as there were several members of her family who were so fortunate as to obtain places at Court, and in that position enjoyed opportunities of knowing what was going on in the great world around them, it has been found advisable to connect together a selection from their letters, and form them into a separate chapter. Although all of them owed their position to the influence of their powerful relative, the Dyves's had connexions among the nobility, as may be gathered from more than one of the communications addressed to her by some of her distinguished correspondents. The following note offers additional evidence of this. It is indorsed "Lady Viscountess Windsor, Mrs. Clayton's brother, my Lord Chancellor Jeffreys' daughter." But this is a mistake; the writer was the widow of John Jeffries, second Baron Jeffries of Wem, and was the only daughter and heir of Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. She married secondly, Thomas Windsor, Viscount Windsor, in the peerage of Ireland, who was raised to the dignity of a Baron of England, by the title of Lord Mountjoy of the Isle of Wight. He died in 1738.*

VISCOUNTESS WINDSOR TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Betchworthe, September 1.

MADAM,

Permit me to assure you of the sincere part I take in your concern for the loss of Mr. Dyves, for whom I ever had a particular esteem, and shall as soon as possible pay the respect due to his memory, though with a great deal of regret to have this melancholy occasion to show it; it is with pleasure I reflect his marriage with my sister procured to me the honour of your acquaintance, which none can value more than her that is, with all esteem,

Dear Madam,
Your obedient humble servant,
CHAR. WINDSOR.

I desire leave to present my humble service to Mr. Clayton and my nephew Dyves.

The writer of the following letter, who it appears also claimed relationship with Mrs. Clayton, was Talbot Yelverton, second Viscount Longueville, created on the 26th September, 1717, Earl of Sussex, appointed Deputy Earl-Marshal of England in 1725, in which office he assisted in the coronation of George the Second; he had previously carried the golden spurs at the coronation of his predecessor; he was also made a Knight of the Bath, and sworn of the Privy Council. It seems that he aspired to other dignities; but that for which he is here an applicant we believe he did not obtain. Mrs. Clayton was more fortunate in behalf of his lady, Lucy, daughter of Henry Pelham, Esq., uncle of Thomas, Duke of Newcastle, for whom she obtained the situation of Lady of the Bedchamber to the three eldest Princesses.

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* Burke's Extinct Peerage.

THE EARL OF SUSSEX TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Bath, September 12.

MADAM,

The honour I have of being related to you, and the professions of kindness you are so good always to make me, encourage me to give you this trouble, and to hope you will excuse it. It is to acquaint you my Lady Sussex, in her letter to the Queen, this post, has at my desire begged her interest with the King, that I might succeed Lord Lincoln in the place of Cofferer. It is an office of profit; but considering what I suffered in my fortune, for not complying with a grandfather in Government points, I hope it will not be thought unreasonable for me to pretend to. I, however, entirely leave it to your management; and as you have many opportunities with the Queen, you must be the best judge what is proper to do in it. I shall only add, that I beg it may be kept as much a secret as possible.

The Princess, thank God, is very well, though she has had a little cold. My wife begs her humble service to you and Mr. Clayton, as I do mine to him, and that you will believe me to be,

Your most faithful,
obedient humble servant,
SUSSEX.

Miss Charlotte Dyves accompanied her Royal mistress to Tunbridge Wells, then one of the most fashionable watering-places in England, whence she despatched to her aunt her account of what she had observed on the journey.

MISS CHARLOTTE DYVES TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Tunbridge, July 7.

DEAR MADAM,

As you was so good as to give me leave to write to you, I could not but take the first opportunity to thank you for the civil manner with which Lady Lynne treats me. We breakfasted with Mrs. Celwyne* the morning we set out for Tunbridge; it was about eight miles out of the way; she was very civil, too. Lady Lynne, as we go from hence, is to stay a night or two there, and she has done me the honour to ask me to stay with Lady Lynne. My greatest pleasure, the day I came here, was to think you was going to a place where you always live the most agreeably to yourself, and I can answer how happy you make those that are so fortunate to be with you, for I must always esteem it one of the choicest blessings I can enjoy to be with you: every day that comes, I think how much more agreeably I should pass my time if I was at Sundon. Lady Lynne and I breakfasted this morning with Lady Bristol, and she desired me to present her humble service to you. Lady Burlington is extremely ill still; she has never been out since I came. I hear there is a great bustle about her waiting, and that Lady Pomfret has written her a letter to say she cannot wait for her, for some trifling reason, which makes everybody call her vastly ill-natured. And now, dear madam, after the many and great obligations I have had to you, my best returns can never be more than being, with great truth,

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* George Selwyn's mother.

Your most dutiful and
obedient niece,
C. DYVES.

I beg my humble duty to my uncle.

The gossiping note that follows, is from her brother's wife, to whose family Mrs. Clayton was a benefactress.

MRS. DYVES TO MRS. CLAYTON.

London, August 28, 1716.

Your kind reproaches, my dear sister, make me ashamed I did not write before, but the true reason was, I knew nothing that could be at all entertaining to you, but did not fail inquiring after your health by my brother Clayton. I cannot express the pleasure your kind and agreeable letter gave me, for which I am infinitely grateful, and want words to tell you how much I esteem and love you. I think there can be nothing in the world more engaging than the freedom you write with, and I hope I need not tell you, you are very safe in everything you say to me. I am sorry you pass your time no better: I heard of your dining with the worthy Dean, and that his bill of fare was so good, he would not let her Grace's venison pasty come upon his table,—at least when it was hot,—and that he had taken a cheerful glass, and was very comical, and a little severe upon the great lady, and that you were of the party at ombre in the afternoon; but did not hear it was your daily drudgery, for I think it may be so called, when you have so much of it, though it be with a Prince and a wit. I really think, considering your apartment, and altogether, that you are under a small sort of confinement; I dare say you can promise yourself no satisfaction that your own home will not answer, which one can say of few things one wishes. I am sure I long to see you there. I am mighty sorry for the accident that happened to your clothes: it was very provoking, and one had need of your good understanding not to seem uneasy at things one dislikes; but, without compliment, I always think you judge right upon all accounts. You would not excuse the length of your letter, if you could know the satisfaction it gave me. Here is not one of my relations, or scarce an acquaintance in town; so that if there be any sort of news, I hear none. Mr. John Chetwynds and his spouse were about to-day in town, and went one day to Hampton Court, to wait upon the Princess, who was very civil to you. I think her a very good-natured woman; she was so kind as to desire me to come, and Mr. Dyves, every day to you: they are now gone into Staffordshire. I hope you have no occasion for the waters,—you drink so small a quantity. We have had sometimes other reports of the Duke of Marlborough, but I am glad to hear from you he is so well. If the Duchess should not be highly civil to you, it would be monstrous, considering how true a friend you have been to her. I am always, my dearest sister, glad of everything that is good to you. I think what my brother Clayton has done is extremely kind, and at the same time greatly think you merit all he can give you. I hope Watty is better; the rest are all well, and not a little proud you inquire after them. I will conclude with the old truth, of being my dear, dear sister,

Most sincerely yours,
D. Dyves.

A little gossip about the Court, from another member of the family, will not be out of place here.

MISS DOROTHY DYVES TO MRS. CLAYTON.

July 16.

I was very sorry, dear Madam, you should call your commands to me troublesome, who shall always receive them with great pleasure; and as to this affair, if there had been any alteration in your waiting, I should certainly have written you word of it as soon as I knew it. Mrs. Brudenel kissed hands last Monday, for Bedchamber-woman: she being now the last, and coming in Lady Suffolk's place, who was the first, her waiting must happen to be Lady Suffolk's fortnight, so that it can make no change in your waiting. However, though I had heard this, I would not venture to write to you without asking Lady Suffolk particularly about it; she told me, that possibly Mrs. Brudenel and Mrs. Neale might change,—that she could not tell,—but that it could be no alteration as to your coming, she was sure; but if anything should happen whilst I am at Tunbridge, Mrs. Mordaunt will take care you shall know it, the same as if I was here; or if I hear anything before I go, you shall be sure to know it. I saw Lord Essex yesterday, who said he had dined with you the day before; he seemed to like Sundon mightily. I was very glad to hear you and my sister were well, and am,

Dear Madam,
Your dutiful niece,
and most obedient humble servant,
D. Dyves.

In the year 1734, the Princess Anne was married to William Charles Henry, Prince of Orange, and Miss Dorothy Dyves attended her Royal Highness, when she accompanied the Prince, after their nuptials, to Holland. The following communication is the result of the young lady's observations during the travels of the Royal pair; it furnishes some curious particulars of a part of the Continent then much less known to tourists than at present:—

MISS DOROTHY DYVES TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Zeewarden, May 11, 1734.

DEAR MADAM,

As I am so far from my best friends, I hope it will be an excuse for the following long letter; but I really believe myself so much in your favour, that you will not be displeased.

I must first thank you for your very kind letter. I had no small pleasure in showing it to my mistress, who said, "Dyves, I am glad to see Mrs. Clayton loves you so well;" she also said, you had given me an account of the election, sensible, and like yourself, and commanded me to make her compliments to you whenever I wrote. I hope you will give me the satisfaction of often hearing from you, which will be double pleasure to me; for I shall always lay up your letters, as good advice, like old gold.

We crossed the Zuyder Sea from Amsterdam in twenty-two hours; (many of them were very sea-sick, but I was not at all so. The Princess saw she had been told the truth; she lay in bed all the time, and by that means was pretty well,) and came to Harlingen, where we lay, and continued in the yachts from Saturday noon to Tuesday morning, things not being ready for a public entry. It was, indeed, very handsome; the coaches quite new, and the horses the finest I ever saw. As I made a part of the procession, I can give you but a little account of it; but what I do know, I will trouble you with. There was a leading coach with some of the States; then followed her Royal Highness and the Prince of Orange in a fine open coach and eight horses; the Prince of Orange's chariot, empty, followed them. . . .* After us came the Princess of Frieze's Maid of Honour, in one of her coaches. We were ordered by our Princess to take care of her everywhere. The Maid of Honour is her dresser and everything else, for she has no other woman-servant. After this, we were followed by near a hundred gentlemen's coaches. From the gate into Friezland, quite up to the drawing-room, were guards to make a lane for us, as close as they could stand, on both sides. Their greatest compliment was firing just under our noses; it was so close, that they broke several of our windows. The evening concluded with the finest fireworks I ever saw; but they were so long, that it was past two before the

* Injured in original.

Princess went to bed, and near four before I was. The Princess of Frieze dined with her Royal Highness the day she came, and stayed till late at night. Last night we had a drawing-room, and really very well-looking people, and as fine in clothes and lace as could be without gold or silver. I believe there might be about forty ladies, but more gentlemen. The Princess Royal's behaviour quite pleased them. There was no kissing of hands. She stood with them about half an hour, and then retired, as in England. Wednesday is fixed for drawing-room days. We have all orders to be dressed. We have a coach and footman to attend us when we go out. We have just now all ten been to wait on the Princess of Frieze in coaches, though it is not above half a street's length. She was very civil. We all sat down, and stayed about half an hour with her; then took leave, as in a visit. . . . Lady Herbert is very civil to me, but Lady Southwell is quite good; being in the yacht together, caused a good deal of intimacy. I cannot help owning I like her best; she is well bred and good-natured, and I assure you no want of sense, that I have yet seen. She certainly has a shyness, that makes people think she is wanting. They both endeavour to put us upon the best foot that can be; they were resolved not to sit down with the Princess, unless she asked us. I told them, I thought it impossible she could ask any, without asking all; and so we found it. Mr. Talbot went with us, in which he judged ill; for she asks no men to sit, but was obliged to sit down herself, as she had women there. The other gentlemen belonging to the Princess went this morning; she stood with them, but did not leave them, as our Royal Family does: so when they thought it a proper time, they took leave. Mrs. Charles behaves very civilly to me, indeed rather friendly than otherwise, and has not let anything slip that she could tell the Princess to my advantage. Mrs. Swinton is quite angry that I was all the voyage with the Princess, and scolded me one whole day, which really vexed me a good deal. Mrs. Charles told the Princess of it, and how well I had behaved upon it. The Princess spoke of it to me, and bid me not mind it; for she would raccommode her, as she called it, and so she has, I believe, for she has behaved well lately. The Maids of Honour are very well, except poor Miss Howe. . . . I have made bold to tell all the young folks that I am very glad to see them in an afternoon, but must have my morning to myself: the two Ladies and Mrs. Charles do the same. The first day the Prince of Orange's servants and the pages were coming to my room all day long; but I assured them it was the last time they should do so, and have been very quiet since. We have people found us that clean our rooms and wash for us, so there is no expense of that kind; sheets and towels are also found, silver candlesticks, and china, (tea-things, I mean,) and sugar.

The Ladies of the Bedchamber and Maids of Honour dine together, and some of the Prince of Orange's servants. We have a table that holds eight to ourselves and the Princess's dinner; so each of us has the liberty to invite one. I have talked a good deal of keeping good company, and I do believe we shall. I invited Miss Herbert to-day. We have hitherto had none but people that were fit to dine with us. Lady Southwell I have invited to-morrow, and told Lady Herbert, I knew she could not, as she was in waiting. They are all glad to be with us, for we have by much the best table; no allowance of wine, but may call for what quantity and what sort we please: we have two men to wait.

I think our lodgings very good; but the Prince of Orange told us he was sorry he could not accommodate us better, but it was only for a little while, and we should find more room in other places. . . . I am acquainted with Mr. Chenevix. He is quite obliging and civil to me; he is with me every morning for an hour, to teach me French, which is really doing me a very great kindness, and giving himself a good deal of trouble.* You were so good to leave nothing undone that could be useful to me or please me.

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* The reader will presently see the result of these French lessons.

I hope and think you will never find me ungrateful.

The Princess depends upon returning to England again in a very little time. She told me to-day, that there would not be room for either me or Miss Pott at Court, but that she would send her to her mother, if she liked it, and me, wherever I pleased, unless I would be with my sister. I told her, if you were in Bedfordshire, I believed you would give me leave to spend some of my time with you. She said, "Mrs. Clayton would be glad of you, Dyves, and I will send you." I hope it will not be inconvenient for me to be a little time with you, for I am sure it will give me vast pleasure. I shall also spend some time with my dear Fanny, if she has room, and some with my good friend, Mrs. Vanbrugh. I cannot, for my life, make myself believe it will be so soon as this summer; everybody else does believe it, so I keep my thoughts to myself. I do not think anybody but the Princess seems much pleased: it is two very fatiguing journeys, in a very short time, to be sure; but yet I must own I should be very glad to have an opportunity to spend a little time with you, Madam (my best) and the rest of my friends. I hear, nobody that chooses to stay here need go; but every one will be ashamed to do that, for it looks as if they had no place to go to. . . . I shall write a word or two to my sister, but cannot possibly write all this over again, and therefore beg the favour of you, Madam, to show it her. The Princess Royal and Prince dine at one o'clock, and sup at nine; but for all that, it is near twelve before I can get to bed, for we do not sup till they are in bed. Hearing from you, Madam, will give great pleasure to

Your most dutiful,
humble servant,
DOROTHY DYVES.

My best respects to Mr. Clayton. Every one here desired service and respects to you, but more particularly Lady Herbert, Lady Southwell, and Mr. Chenevix.

I hope you will forgive my giving you the trouble of these letters. The Princess ordered me to lay all my letters upon her dressing-table; but I did not think it right to trouble her with more than one packet, and I thought directing it to you was the surest way not to have it miscarry. I beg the favour of you to send Mr. Vanbrugh's to the penny-post-house.

Miss Dyves appears to have found some cause of dissatisfaction in the conduct of her Royal mistress, although in general, her position must have been an agreeable one.

MISS DOROTHY DYVES TO MRS. CLAYTON.

May 29, N.S., 1734.

DEAR MADAM,

I expect with impatience the pleasure of a letter from you, as you was so good to promise me. I have had one from Fanny, which is all I have had from any of my friends since I came here. The Princess Royal promised me she would write to Princess Caroline, to chide Fanny, which I think she deserves; though, perhaps, as hearing from our friends is our chief satisfaction, we may expect so much. This I doubt will be an expense to you, for we can no longer send them post free, and what comes to us we pay for, unless they are actually under the Princess's own cover. Her Royal Highness continues her great goodness to me, and as I read to her, am with her very much. I read five hours yesterday; she commends me very much to Lady Southwell, who is very civil to me. Lady Herbert behaves well enough, but nothing extraordinary. One thing, I think, is a little odd, which is, that I am the only one she has not asked to dine at her table; she spoke very handsomely of you, and desired her service, whenever I wrote. She either takes something ill from me, or does not like me: I am quite sure I have done nothing to deserve it, and came over much more biassed to her than Lady Southwell. By my being so much with the Princess, I have been employed to speak to her almost about everybody's business, which makes me well esteemed amongst them; so I flatter myself you will hear no ill character of me, and that I shall in some degree come up to what you, Madam, were so good to say for me. You may believe, Madam, I never miss an opportunity of naming you to her in the manner you deserve, not only from me but every one whom you honour with your friendship. I plainly see my Royal mistress has a prodigious good opinion of you, which gives me great pleasure. The greatest compliment we can make the Princess is to show her our English letters; so if you have anything to write you do not care she should see, please to send a double letter, for though I would not choose she should see all, I would show her the first. She told me to-day we should go to the Hague for ten or twelve days, in three weeks' time, and from thence to England, which indeed gives us all great pleasure. By taking proper opportunities, I can already speak to the Princess Royal as well as I could to yourself, especially as I have her so much alone. There is a great pleasure in thinking that, sometime or other, one may have it in one's power to assist one's friends. I am quite happy that she is pleased with my reading, and do not find it is at all troublesome to me, but it makes me have little time for anything else. I hope Mr. Clayton is well, and beg my best respects to him and service to Miss Charlotte Dyves, and I am,

Dear Madam,
with the greatest respect,
Your dutiful and obliged humble servant,
D. Dyves.

The adventure which follows appears singular for a Maid of Honour to be engaged in.

MISS DOROTHY DYVES TO MRS. CLAYTON.

Hague, December 6, N.S., 1734.

DEAR MADAM,

I had done myself the honour of writing to you from Harwich, if that place had afforded anything that could have been any way agreeable to you: we had a very good passage from thence; we set sail on Tuesday evening, and arrived at Nelvort by ten on Thursday morning. Friday, indeed, was a day of very great hardships; we were to walk from thence to the Brill, which is seven miles. As I never was a tolerable walker, I was reduced to take to an open waggon, which was a most dangerous passage, by reason of the badness of the roads. I was the only one would venture; none of the gentlemen had courage enough to accompany me, (self-preservation will always get the better of complaisance.) I went quite by myself, for I did not think it reasonable to make my maid run the hazard of her neck, because I had no legs: the roads were the worst I ever saw, but not so bad as they were represented; the worst thing to me was the cold,—that was so extreme that I had a smarting all over me, as if I had been cut with knives. I got to my journey's end almost an hour before everybody else, and went into a public-house, where I got a good fire and a large quantity of brandy, which soon recovered me; but indeed, when I first went in, I did not think I could survive it: I imagined I had lost all my teeth, for they then felt to me all loose. You, Madam, will think this a strange description; but I do assure you, I would much rather go out of the world at once than go through it again. I am rejoiced to think the Princess is of so warm a constitution, for though everything will be made as convenient to her as possible, she has a terrible journey to go through: it troubles me a good deal that I was not with her, because I am fearful I am not so useful to her as I thought myself. We arrived at the Hague about eight on Friday night; the Prince came to us in half an hour, and told us he was much surprised that the Princess did not lie in in England, after what Dr. Douglas and Dr. Tissue had wrote him. He seemed very uneasy for her, and set out from hence to meet her the next morning; he was extremely gracious and good to us all. We meet with great civilities from the Ladies: though they did not come to the Princess, when she was here last, most of them have been with us; which makes me hope they will alter their behaviour to our Royal mistress. Lady Albemarle does not go out, but we have been twice at her assembly, by invitation, and are every day invited somewhere: I fear we shall have too much of it. We were yesterday invited to a concert, by a Jew, but as I did not think it would be of any use to the Princess to show him any particular civility, I chose to stay at home. (I believe nobody enjoys being alone so much as those whose fortune casts them into a Court.) I hear we are to have half a year's salary in a very little time, which will be very acceptable to everybody. I have had a letter from my sister, at Bath; I do not find she mends so fast as I hoped for, but have wrote to her, to tell her she may draw upon Mrs. Vanbrugh whenever she wants money: she is so good to lend it me till I receive my salary; when I do, I shall be sure to remit the money to you, in compliance with the bond I gave you, taking out *3l. 3s.*, as you was so good to give me leave, that I had laid out for my sisters; and when you, Madam, are repaid, that is, what you please to take, (paid you never can be,) I know you are so good you will think it reasonable for me to be paid what I shall lay out. One would now try what can be done; but I own I have little hopes of her: when she has taken the next season, she will have had a fair trial. Dr. Tissue wrote to Dr. Oliver, at Bath, from Harwich, to desire him to visit her upon his account, and to be sure to take no fee, and to write his real opinion, whether there was any amendment or a probability of any, but we have not yet had his answer. I hope, Madam, this will find you in perfect health; and that you will live as long and happily as I wish you to do, is the sincere desire of,

Dear Madam,
Your most dutiful and obliged
humble servant,
DOROTHY DYVES.

On her return to England, Miss Dyves resumed her communications with her aunt.

MISS DOROTHY DYVES TO MRS. CLAYTON.

July 11, 1734.

DEAR MADAM,

I am not a little proud of the long letters you are so good to honour me with. Though I must own I deserve a reproach, I can hardly bear it from one I have so great a regard to. It is best to tell truth; therefore, after begging you a thousand pardons, I fairly confess it was quite forgetfulness and giddiness in me that I did not tell you of the Princess's pregnancy. I know you are so good, you will forgive the first fault, and it shall be my care to give you no further cause of complaint; this has vexed me heartily.

I designed to have had the pleasure of paying my duty to you on Monday next, but it will now be that day se'nnight; Dr. Cheark assures me it will be the same thing to him. Lady Page has engaged me to go a little party of pleasure with her; she is my very good friend, and I was quite sure you, Madam, would be best pleased to have me keep that up. She came from Greenwich to Kensington, fearing I might refuse her if she wrote; and not finding me there, she went to London, and went to five or six houses, till she found me. We go three coaches and six to Chatham, on board Captain Vanbrugh's ship, where we are to spend one day, and after that take a little tour in Kent. I go to Lady Page's house on Sunday next, and we begin our journey on Tuesday. I shall return to Kensington on Saturday, and set out for Bedfordshire the Monday following, where I propose great pleasure, as indeed I have always found in your company.

As to my money affairs, I shall let it alone till you come to town, having no present occasion; I know it is the same thing to you to receive what you were so good to give me credit for then as now: I do not believe I can receive it without a power from you. I shall be sure to observe all your directions punctually. You are very good to write so long and intelligible a letter, that I might have no trouble at all; indeed, Madam, I shall be very glad to stay as long as you do, but would not hope you would be so long troubled with me.

Now I must tell you, dear Madam, I was very graciously received by the Queen: I went to the Drawing-room as soon as I got my clothes, and the Queen talked a good deal to me, which I am sure I did not expect. It is a great thing to be your relation; I daily find the advantage of it, and do assure you I am thoroughly sensible of, and truly grateful for, all your goodness; when I have the pleasure to see you, I shall have many things to tell you, which I omit rather than make this scrawl more tedious. I now beg leave to conclude, dear Madam, with the greatest respect,

Your dutiful and most obliged humble servant,

DOROTHY DYVES.

Miss Dorothy Dyves appears to have drawn upon herself the attention of her powerful kinswoman and patroness, in one of those affairs in which the young and the old so rarely agree.

MISS DOROTHY DYVES TO MRS. CLAYTON.

DEAR MADAM,

My sister and self intended ourselves the honour of waiting upon you this afternoon, but it proves so windy that we could not walk; we both hope you are well after your journey. I have not words to express my thankfulness to you and Mr. Clayton, for your kind and agreeable entertainment at Sundon, where I am sure I shall always wish to be. I saw the Princess last night, and told her you desired your humble duty, and that you would be at Kensington on Thursday. I told her you had asked me whether I thought she would choose to see you in the Drawing-room or in her own apartment; her words were, "How can Mrs. Clayton imagine I shall not like to see her anywhere?" and bid me make her compliments, and tell you so; she said she was sure you would be glad to see her, for that she knew you were her friend. I am sorry to find that Mr. Chenevix's proposal to me is talked of here; the Princess joked a little about it last night: there is nothing but your being so much against it that gives me any trouble; though I hope you will not be disobliged, yet it is very uneasy to me to think of doing anything that you disapprove of. I never would bring myself to talk to you upon this affair, which made me choose this way to let you know it has taken wind. If it is not inconvenient, I beg the favour of you to write a little note for me to receive my money, and I would get Mr. Reynolds to do it for me some day this week; if you have no objection, I shall be ready to wait on you to the Drawing-room to-morrow.

I am, dear Madam,
Your dutiful and obliged humble servant,
Dorothy Dyves.

The gentleman referred to by Miss Dyves was Chaplain to the Princess Royal, but he was, evidently, not considered by the Queen's favourite a person of sufficient consequence to match with her niece. The family of Chenevix came originally from France, emigrating to this country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Having been educated for the church, Richard Chenevix, who now became Miss Dyves's suitor, obtained the patronage of Lord Scarborough, to whom, while that nobleman was one of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber to George II., he owed his introduction at Court. The following sensible letter will introduce Mr. Chenevix to the reader better than we can pretend to do:—

THE REV. RICHARD CHENEVIX TO LADY SUNDON.

London, November 24, 1734.

Madam,

I am very sensible that nothing but the nature of the subject I trouble you upon could excuse the liberty I now take of troubling you at all. Were I myself only interested, I should have observed a respectful silence, but the part that one has in it, who has the honour to be so nearly related to you as Mrs. Dyves,* deserves my utmost concern, and even in respect to you, requires this humble application from me.

I know you are apprised of Mrs. Dyves' favourable and partial sentiments for me, which, as I am far from deserving, I am far from expecting they should meet with the approbation of her friends; but, since she has been pleased to declare thath tose sentiments, undeserved as they are on my part, are unalterable on hers, give me leave, Madam, to lay before you what arguments I am able to urge, not to induce you to approve, but to prevail with you to forget and forgive her ill choice.

It is a difficult thing for a man to speak of himself, and, whatever he may say, his character will and ought to be taken from the voices of others, and not from his own; I shall therefore only say, upon this subject, that I flatter myself that I may safely refer my character to the testimonies of all that know me. If it is not distinguished by any merit, I hope at least it is not sullied by any blemish: the Earl of Scarborough, who has long honoured me with his protection, I believe will not scruple declaring his sentiments upon this point.

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* The prefix "Mistress" was, even up to this comparatively recent period, applied to unmarried ladies. "Mistress" was, however, only assumed by gentlewomen of a certain rank in society: their inferiors were "Misses."

As to my fortune, I pretend to none: my salary as Chaplain to her Royal Highness, and a living that brings me in one hundred pounds a year clear, is all I have; but the honour of serving the Princess Royal will, I hope, be thought a reasonable earnest of some future preferment, and could I ever be happy enough to obtain your protection, I might flatter myself that I should one day owe to your goodness what I can never expect from my own merit—such a competency of fortune as may make Mrs. Dyves' choice a little less unequal.

My birth, I may venture to say, is that of a gentleman. My father long served, and at last was killed in a post where he was very well known—a post that is oftener an annual subsistence, than a large provision for a family, and that small provision was unfortunately lost in the year twenty. One of my brothers is now in the army,—I in a profession not thought below people of the first rank; another, indeed, keeps a shop, but I hope that circumstance rather deserves compassion than contempt. He found an honest and advantageous settlement upon those terms, in which he is justified by the frequent practice of people much above him, who have not even his excuse of necessity.

This, Madam, is all I have to offer, (and I know how insufficient it is,) to lessen, at least, your dislike of Mrs. Dyves' choice. Her happiness, upon which mine depends, I am sure can never be complete while she is under your displeasure. How much soever you may have reason to blame her resolution, let me apply to your good nature to forgive it: she decides, it is true, in favour of one in every respect undeserving of that preference, but give me leave to add, too, that it is in favour of one who will make it the business of his whole life to supply the want of that fortune and that merit she so well deserves, by an attention and regard to everything that concerns her, so as to make her repent as little as possible of this imprudent choice,—this only error of her judgment.

I ask pardon for having troubled you so long, but, I hope you will forgive my importunity in a cause upon which all my happiness depends. Your favour and protection must be our support and our credit; your character is too justly valued, not to heighten or lessen that of those you protect or discountenance. How ambitious I am to obtain, though unable to deserve that protection, shall appear by every word and action of my life, and by that unalterable respect and veneration with which I have the honour to be,

Madam,
Your most humble and
most obedient servant,
R. Chenevix.

unprovokedly, nay ungratefully so towards me, in my absence, as in telling him I should never come back, and many other insinuations, which I made no scruple of owning I had heard, and treated them and the reports in, I believe, a very proper manner, but such a one as astonished them; by which, dear Madam, you will see my spirit does not yet fail me, nor will it, if ill health do not conspire with my other misfortunes. Adieu, dear Madam. I shall be very glad to hear from your Ladyship, but will never take anything ill of you again.

I am, dearest Madam, with the greatest esteem,
Your Ladyship's most sincere,
and most affectionate humble servant,
S. STRANGWAYS HORNER.

Since I wrote this I hear Lady Caroline Darcy has declared her affection to Lord Jedburgh, and consequently that she can no longer receive proposals from the Duke of Leeds. This may make his Grace inclined to wait a little.

The suitor whom Miss Horner ultimately preferred was Stephen Fox, of Redlynch, Somerset, first Lord Ilchester, brother of Henry, first Lord Holland, and son of the celebrated Sir Stephen Fox, the politician of four reigns — those of Charles the Second, James the Second, William and Mary, and Anne. Stephen Fox adopted, on his marriage, the name and arms of Strangways in addition to his own. Miss Horner was heiress to the estates of her brother, Thomas Strangways, Esq.

MRS. STRANGWAYS HORNER TO LADY SUNDON.

Melbury, July 24.

MADAM,

I give your Ladyship a thousand thanks for the honour of your letter, by which I am very glad to be informed you are in Bedfordshire, both because I know you like being there, and because I hope it will contribute to your health, which, with everything else you can desire, I am obliged and inclined to wish your Ladyship, and do most heartily and most sincerely.

Mr. Horner was at Stinsford; he had come down into the country in extreme good humour, pleased, and bidding everybody he met (to the surprise of everybody he met) wish him joy of what had happened; but before I came the moon had changed, and the case was much altered with him. I went to Stinsford, and much did I go through there, but at last got him to come to Melbury; for that he would never be under the same roof with Mrs. Fox, was the resolution he had then taken. However, he came there, and stayed a day, and then went to Mells in good humour, where he now is, and where I shall go to him tomorrow; but what humour I shall find him in, neither you, dearest Madam, nor I know, nor he himself; and this uncertainty of temper is his true character and greatest misfortune, and I am sure he does not mean nor intend half the uneasiness this necessarily gives to everybody that belongs to him, nor is it possible, but from experience, to know how much that is, nor till my spirits grew weaker did I know myself how bad it was; but never to know for two hours together what will please or displease, puts one in a continual fright, and there is no such thing as being upon one's guard, for nobody can tell on which side the danger is.

I hope Amigone will obey your Ladyship's obliging orders, and gratify me in making it extremely like;* I do assure you, dear Madam, I esteem it as a very pleasing mark of friendship, and beg leave to assure your Ladyship, that you cannot bestow any mark of yours where it will be more truly and sincerely valued than by, dearest Madam, her who is, with the greatest esteem and truth,

Your Ladyship's
most obedient and most faithful
humble servant,
S. STRANGWAYS HORNER.

There is every reason to believe, from what ensues, that Miss Horner made what is called a good match; indeed, in a subsequent communication, Mrs. Horner is eloquent in praise of her son-in-law.

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* This evidently refers to a portrait of Lady Sundon, which was being painted for Mrs. Horner.

MRS. STRANGWAYS HORNER TO LADY SUNDON.

Melbury, September 4.

DEAR MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obliging letter found me at Redlynch, very happy, not only because I was there, but likewise because I was come from Mells; for the Master of Redlynch could not be in humour more engaging than what I left his father-in-law in, had been sour. I was very welcome to Mells, he said, but my daughter must not come: he would never more be under the same roof with her; and very cross, nay, barbarously so, he was to her, threatening her with danger from the small-pox being in the village, most brutally; however, we jogged on for about ten days, when Mr. Fox, having first asked and obtained permission, came to see us; and then the bells rung for him, which terrible and important accident prevented Mr. Horner from coming home; and he went ten miles off, and stayed three days, out of humour. The oddness of his behaviour to the girl, together with a thousand strange whimsical occasions of ill humour, joined to my ill health, which they contribute to cause, made me, indeed, very miserable till I came to Redlynch, and then I was like a poor, jaded pack-horse, that is come to his journey's end. First, I rested, then grew easy, and soon, quite cheerful; nor is my load yet upon my back again, for I am at Melbury, with Mrs. Fox only, who is, and I hope will ever be, your Ladyship's most devoted servant. I am sure she will, if she has any regard, either to the advice or example of her mother, or has any gratitude for obligations that are conferred on me.

If Lady Hervey is as agreeable as my Lord, as, by the little acquaintance I have the honour to have with her, I have no reason to doubt she is, your Ladyship will be very agreeably accompanied at Sundon, and I hope will give me leave to beg you would offer her my compliments. I found Lord Hervey at Redlynch, and think him extremely both good-natured and well-bred, and those two things, taking away all the terror and awe of his superior understanding, made me like him exceedingly.

Mr. Fox went into Wiltshire a-shooting, and I came here last Wednesday. Every time I see Mr. Fox, I am better pleased with him for a son-in-law. If I quarrel with him about anything, it will be about your Ladyship's picture, which he says you told him you had promised his wife. I say he mistook, and that you promised it to me, and not to her; and, notwithstanding all the regard which I know he has for your Ladyship and all my kindness to him, I cannot give up this point to him, but beg by your next, to have it in my power to convince him that he is in a mistake.

I hope, indeed, dearest Madam, that I shall be enough my own mistress to accept, one of these days, of your Ladyship's invitation to Sundon;

I am sure it will be so great pleasure to me to spend some time there with you, that I cannot easily imagine anything that would make me more happy. In the meantime, dear Madam, believe me most obliged to your Ladyship for wishing it, and too much yours, to be quite satisfied with a letter from you which says nothing of your health, especially as Mr. Fox told me Lord Sundon said he had not been at all well of late. I beg my sincere compliments to his Lordship, and that, as you have placed me among your obliged, you will always number me among the most grateful of your Ladyship's friends,

And most obedient humble servant,
S. STRANGWAYS HORNER.

The following letter is from the nephew of Lord Torrington, and contains a proof of the bitter spirit of party existing in the early part of the reign of George the First—during the quarrels between the King and heir apparent.

JOHN BOTELER, ESQ. TO LADY SUNDON.

Clarges-street, Tuesday morn.

Madam,

I am persuaded your Ladyship will not be a little surprised at the reading these lines, from a person wholly unknown to you: a misfortune I am endeavouring to repair, and, from above thirty years' knowledge of men, and things of this consequence, choose no canal, no friend, or trusty servant, but with my own hands do presume to deliver my own business to your Ladyship; and as the purport of it is to make your Ladyship my friend, and beg your patronage and protection, I am necessarily obliged to say something of myself, a subject of all things one would otherwise avoid, in order to induce your Ladyship's generosity and good nature to pity and assist me.

My lot of life was to be born of an ancient and good family in the county of Hertford, which gave me the acquaintance and, I may say, strict friendship of the famous Chancellor Cowper, and his brother, the Judge; these induced me to come early into the interests of this truly Royal family now reigning, and by their means to appear a candidate for the Borough of Hertford, in the first parliament of the late King; in this I succeeded, —turned out of the House a gentleman well known to be deeply engaged in the designs of a Ministry quite opposite to this present happy establishment, and never failed concurring in everything that could fix and rivet it here for ever, during the whole seven years I sat amongst them.

Madam, this firmness of mine had been long ago royally answered, but for the fatal divisions* you yourself was too near the view of to want an explanation: it is enough to say they were fatal to me, and lamented by all good men. Well-wishers to both sides stood divided; the Chancellor left the seals, and my uncle, Lord Torrington, kept in the Treasury. The Chancellor sent for me into the

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* The quarrel between George the First and his eldest son.

House of Lords, and, under the clock, told me he had orders from the then Prince of Wales to tell me he would have me about his person, and make me a Groom of his Bedchamber. Lord Torrington consented, and the offer was accepted; but oh! Madam, the next day I was forced to undo all: commanded by my uncle to retract what I had done, and so refuse this Royal favour. My uncle died soon after; and though he left me a legacy of 4000*l.*, besides frequent present helps in his lifetime, yet my refusal was no ways balanced, but fell vastly short of my hopes and expectations. Lord Stanhope did, indeed, do me a short-lived favour; he made me a Commissioner of the Equivalent—a commission of small duration. The South Sea succeeded, undid me and many others, and from thence I made my retreat into foreign parts, stayed abroad ten years, and returned home in the year 1732, was chosen into the present Parliament, fairly chosen in opposition to Lord Limerick, but from a monstrous junction of parties, as well as private family interests, lost, by petition, on a point above twenty years before determined in my favour: this was a blow I could not shun; never dreaming of an exception to that qualification, so long before allowed me. But, Madam, I am running unawares into a tedious prolixity I would avoid, and, to shorten it, must beg leave to refer your ladyship to the enclosed printed case.

Should the story of it move your Ladyship to compassion, but want of knowing me be an obstacle to your favour, I dare refer your Ladyship to my good Lord Sundon himself for my character; nor can it be wondered that, under the loss of such friends,—my seat in Parliament shamefully and neglectfully given up by those I judged in interest bound to support me, and so of course the door of grace and favour shut against me by the Grand Keeper of it—I should cast about for new ones, and endeavour, in your Ladyship, to gain a friend that can carry my story to their Majesties themselves, which, if your Ladyship should deign to do, there* is no sentiments of private gratitude that could ever pretend to outstrip mine, and for any outward or other more sensible marks of it, I should think myself safest in your Ladyship's own directions how to act.

As I trust my actions, Madam, with neither man or woman on this most weighty occasion, so I flatter myself your Ladyship is too good and generous to take advantage of any failings in an unfortunate but honest gentleman.

We have all our errors, from a principle in nature; but wilfully to offend is vicious, and a sin against nature, which I profess myself, in this step, purely free from, so that if I can but clear myself to your Ladyship of any designed offence, I may hope for pardon, and at the same time sue for a place in your Ladyship's esteem and favour, which

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* The grammar, bad as it is in a man of family, is here preserved.

I shall make it my glory to have aspired to, more than any other.

I am, Madam,
Your Ladyship's most obedient
and most humble servant,
JOHN BOTELER.

The writer of the following graceful communication was Abigail, youngest daughter of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, Lord High Treasurer, and wife of George Henry, seventh Earl of Kinnoul. The family of whom she writes were worthy of her affection. Thomas, Lord Dupplin, the eldest son, succeeded to the Earldom; his brother Robert, entering the church, raised himself from one dignity to another, till, in 1761, he was elevated from the see of Salisbury to the Archbishopric of York; and Edward, another brother, became Minister-plenipotentiary to the Court of Lisbon.

THE COUNTESS OF KINNOUL TO LADY SUNDON.

Brodsworth, June 2, 1735.

MADAM,

The great obligations I lie under to your Ladyship has brought on you the trouble of this letter, to beg your acceptance of my humble thanks for your favour to Lord Dupplin. It is easier for you to imagine than for me to find words to express as I ought the grateful sense I have of your kindness. Should I write what my affection dictates to me, I should tire your Ladyship with my son's praises; but, as you are acquainted with him, I dare say you will allow he is deserving; though I have been in other respects very unfortunate, yet in my children I have a great blessing that they are all so good and dutiful.

It is with gratitude I reflect on the Queen's kindness to Lord Dupplin; her Majesty's usual good nature and benevolent disposition encourage me to hope that I shall be relieved out of my very unhappy circumstances, and I beg, Madam, that you will continue your goodness to my distressed family.

I congratulate your Ladyship on the late honours conferred on you, and beg leave to assure you that I am, with great esteem and regard,

Madam,
Your Ladyship's most obliged,
humble servant,
A. KINNOUL.

Lady Sundon was often obliged to communicate with members of the Government, in behalf of such of her applicants for whom she was desirous of obtaining posts in their offices, and most of them were, like Lord Lymington, well inclined to comply with her wishes. His Lordship evidently here advises her as to the proper course to pursue, to obtain some grant which she required in favour of one of her numerous correspondents.

LORD LYMINGTON TO LADY SUNDON.

Hursbourne, June 19, 1735.

MADAM,

I return my best friend my sincerest thanks for all her goodness to me; and though you are so good as to compliment me upon my understanding Treasury affairs, yet I own myself at a loss to know whether a memorial should not be drawn up to the Queen, or the Treasury, or whether the stating the plain matters of fact without any memorial, will do; so I beg my Lord's orders thereupon. Dr. Clarke set out on Tuesday last for Bristol; your venison went on Tuesday, which I hope you have received. All here beg their compliments to my Lord Sundon and yourself, but no one upon earth can be with greater zeal than myself,

Madam,
Your Ladyship's most faithful,
humble servant,
LYMINGTON.

The next letter is extremely characteristic of Lady Pomfret.

COUNTESS OF POMFRET TO LADY SUNDON.

Easton, July 11, 1735.

DEAR MADAM,

The sight of your letter did, what I believed nothing could do—it made me think with pleasure of the county of Middlesex. I am sorry you had so bad a reason for staying so long in it; and take it extremely kind the letting me know that you are better, for I do assure you, dear Madam, your good health and good opinion are two things I desire with all the sincerity imaginable.

Thinking you at Sundon, my Lord Pomfret had ordered his keeper to attend you with a buck; and I was just going to write by him, when I received the account of your being still in London. I hope you are now arrived at Bedfordshire in safety, and that good weather will welcome you home; the want of which is (thank God) the greatest want I feel—for myself, I mean, who find indolence grow so fast and so strong upon me, that if I did not remember it was my duty to try to make my life useful to those that I have been a cause to make live, I am sure no views, nor (if that was possible) even certainties, of whatever is reckoned most desirable in the great world could tempt me to exchange for them the pleasure I enjoy, in thinking and acting without fear of misinterpretation, or any restraint but what arises from a reasonable reflection of what I ought or ought not to do, so far as God has given me reason to judge: and if I cannot have the company of those few, those very few, I would select from the rest of human kind, I am also excused from the necessary complaisance of seeming pleased where I secretly contemn, which I have heard you often lament, as all generous minds must, who, though they keep their integrity in those circumstances, are sometimes forced to sacrifice their happiness; but, however true all this may be, since fortune, or prudence, or something or other, obliges our return, methinks I hear you say,—it is wisest to make the best of it. So be it, I agree; and am always ready to submit to your judgment, provided it is really your own, which, take my word for it, is the best information you can meet with on the terrestrial globe; and to that I refer you, for truth, with which I remain,

Dear Lady Sundon,
Your Ladyship's most devoted,
and faithful humble servant,
H. POMFRET.

By the ensuing communication, Lord Kinnoul appears to have been the cause of much distress to his nearest connexions: probably owing to the Jacobite tendencies of his family.

THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD TO LADY SUNDON.

Dover-street, Sept. 6, 1735.

DEAR MADAM,

The experience I have had of your Ladyship's friendship will, I hope, plead some excuse for the enclosed. I am so thoroughly affected with the unmerited misfortunes of that oppressed family, I encouraged Lord Dupplin to write their deplorable case, and I hope you will think our request moderate, and I believe you know me enough to be sufficiently convinced that if my circumstances could have permitted my continuing to relieve them, I would have chosen that method sooner than to have made myself a petitioner; I did take an opportunity to thank the Queen for her compassion in the most grateful manner I was capable of.

The Duke of Portland, who has every amiable quality that can be wished, has spoken in very moving terms to the Queen, which, as such actions ought, obliges me in so strong a degree, I own makes me unwilling to tire him with repetitions upon the same unhappy subject. I must add, the letters to Sir Robert and the Duke of Newcastle are sent, and the Duke of Portland, of his own accord, has offered to back them; and I hope, if you pursue your kind endeavours, we may see the good effects soon, not knowing how shortly Lord Kinnoul, from whom all these great distresses proceed, may come.

After what I write to you, I own I ought to beg a great many pardons for my importunity to you, and beg you will believe I shall continue ever the most grateful remembrance of your favours, I being, dear Lady Sundon,

Your Ladyship's
faithful friend and obedient servant,
H. Cavendish Holles Oxford.

Lady Kinnoul's case appears to have merited the deepest commiseration.

THE COUNTESS OF KINNOUL TO LADY SUNDON.

Brodsworth, September 8, 1735.

MADAM,

The favour of your Ladyship's letter I received with a great deal of pleasure, and beg your acceptance of my thanks for it. The obliging manner in which your Ladyship expresses your compassion for my misfortunes, and your generous concern for me and my family, gives me a lively idea of your goodness, and encourages me to hope for the continuance of your good offices at this time.

I have six daughters, all grown up, except one, and not wherewith to maintain them; what the consequence of my Lord's coming home will be to them and to me, God knows, unless their Majesties pity my condition; which their goodness, and the earnest solicitations of my friends, give me some reason to hope that they will do. The Queen is a most tender mother of many children; she knows how a mother can love, and consequently what a mother may suffer.

Though dear Lady Oxford has been on all occasions an unwearied friend to me and mine, she could not give a greater instance of her friendship or judgment than in communicating my unfortunate case to your Ladyship; and I persuade myself that your good nature, considering my circumstances, and what I feel for my children, will pardon the trouble that I give you.

It is a great comfort to me that your Ladyship thinks Lord Dupplin deserving of your favours, which he always gratefully acknowledges. He has spent a month with me, but goes for London in a day or two. Your Ladyship will do me the justice to believe that I am, with great respect and esteem,

Madam,
Your Ladyship's most obliged,
humble servant,
A. KINNOUL.

The death of the Hon. Thomas Fermor produced the following letter from his mother, the Countess of Pomfret. The mixture of maternal grief and worldliness is very amusing.

THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET TO LADY SUNDON.

London, September 15, 1735.

The extreme kind and obliging concern dear Lady Sundon has expressed on my late misfortune, I have now in my power to enjoy, though at all times I was sensible of it, even when unfit to return my acknowledgments in this manner. I will not pretend to describe to you what either his father or myself have suffered: it was the hand of God, and we have nothing to do but to submit, and be thankful for that Providence that so wonderfully preserved his life and senses; though I am thoroughly convinced, and thought so at the time, that if we were to lose him, it was best it should be so. But to all human appearance, a boy of thirteen, that had in every respect answered whatever could be wished, dying in such a way, was a miserable accident, and what Christianity itself must have allowed one to lament the remainder of one's life. May his that God has spared be guided by true wisdom! It is impossible for any behaviour to be more gracious than that of the Queen's on this occasion, who has made it quite fashionable to be concerned at it, and indeed all my friends, and even acquaintance, have shown the greatest kindness on this subject. Pardon, dear Madam, that I have said so much of this affair, but really I can think of nothing else, except to assure your Ladyship that I am, with sincere regard,

Dear Madam,
Your most faithful friend
and obedient servant,
H. POMFRET.

In the short space of a week, the world seems almost totally to have superseded the deceased son in Lady Pomfret's remembrance.

THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET TO LADY SUNDON.

London, September 23, 1735.

DEAR MADAM,

By this time I believe your Ladyship has received a letter I wrote before your last obliging one came to me, in which I returned my Lord Pomfret's thanks and my own, for your Ladyship's and Lord Sundon's kind inquiry after my son, who, I thank God, is now in so good a way, that I intend to go to Easton, and bring my family to town; my stay there will be very short, being to set out on Monday, and be back by Saturday. I mentioned to you, in my last, the graciousness of the whole Royal Family, on Lord Lempster's account; one of them now has an affliction of her own, I mean Princess Amelia, whose concern for the Duchess of Bedford is so great as to affect her health. Without being acquainted with the Duchess, I cannot help grieving for her case: one that had, and seemed to know she had, all that this world could give—to be snatched away in the middle, or rather beginning of life, is doubtless a pitiable reflection, and, if rightly applied, a useful one too. I have lately been so shocked that I naturally fall into these subjects, and may say, as Circe did to Ulysses—

"The cause removed, habitual griefs remain,
And the soul saddens with the use of pain."

But that I may aim at last at something gay, I will tell you (though, perhaps, it is no news to you) that the Duchess of Richmond and Lady Hervey are returned from France, and, to the great disappointment of the Drawing-room, appeared there quite English: they appeared both in good spirits, which I hope signifies they were well entertained there, and well satisfied to come home; but I have not heard any particulars yet, and indeed, till within this week, I have lived so much alone, that I know very little out of myself, and it is from the very centre of that little world that I find myself

Dear Lady Sundon's
most devoted
friend and servant,
H. POMFRET.

Lady Pomfret retired from Court at the death of the Queen in 1737, and shortly afterwards went abroad with her family. During her stay in Italy, she met Horace Walpole, who has preserved some curious recollections of her.

The "Lady Catherine" referred to in the next note was, probably, the daughter of Lady Salisbury, who married, 15th February, 1737, John, second Earl of Egmont.

THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD TO LADY SUNDON.

Dover-street, October 24, 1735.

I am uneasy to interrupt your Ladyship before Saturday, that I intend to wait on you, but receiving Lady Salisbury's letter to-day, I would write her an answer before I go out to-morrow, and I doubt I must defer waiting on Lady Catherine to Court till the birthday, and then get her presented. I hope I shall not be severely censured for doing an awkward thing. If you advise me to pay my duty to the King upon his arrival, I am willing to do it on Tuesday.

I have had an answer from Sir Robert to my message, which does not entirely divest me of hopes, and yet gives me pain, and prevents my blaming his conduct; you shall be troubled with a full account when we meet, and I hope then to find you have no remains of your indisposition. I assure you, if wishes for your happiness could have effect, you have them in the most earnest and sincere manner offered by,

Dear Madam,
Your Ladyship's very much obliged,
faithful friend and humble servant,
H. CAVENDISH HOLLES OXFORD.

Twelve o'clock to-morrow is soon enough for an answer.

Lord Wilmington was not less obliging than other members of the Administration. It appears that Lady Sundon had required him to forward a communication to the Duke of Dorset, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, containing, probably, some request it was desirable should not be made public. He held many important offices under the House of Hanover: was Lord Privy Seal, and President of the Council, and, when Sir Spencer Compton, had been Speaker of the House of Commons. He died unmarried in 1743.

LORD WILMINGTON TO LADY SUNDON.

February 15, 1735-6.

MADAM,

I deferred acknowledging the honour of your Ladyship's letter till I could at the same time acquaint you that I had an opportunity of conveying it to the Duke of Dorset, without exposing it to the curiosity of postmasters on the road; and finding that the Bills which came from Ireland by the last transmiss will not be ready to be sent back by the Duke's messenger, who attends here to carry them over, till the beginning of next week, I have delivered your letter to Mr. Jevers, an Irish gentleman, who sets out this morning for Dublin, with a private Bill of his own, which he came over hither to take care of, who has promised to deliver it to his Grace.

I am, with the truest respect,
Madam,
Your Ladyship's most obedient
and most humble servant,
WILMINGTON.

We introduce the Duchess of Bolton once more, to add her testimony to the many voluntary witnesses in favour of the generous disposition of the Queen's Mistress of the Robes.

THE DUCHESS OF BOLTON TO LADY SUNDON.

Egham, in Surrey, near Staines,
June 17, 1736.

DEAR MADAM,

As I had your permission, so I do not doubt but I shall have your pardon for giving you the trouble to acquaint your Ladyship that I wrote to Mr. Pepper, to let him know how good you were in giving your interest to put out one of his children, and to inquire which of them was fittest for that purpose. I have received his answer, and he begs that his youngest daughter, Lucy Pepper, may have the benefit of the bounty money; and if her parents may recommend a mistress for her, they desire she may be bound apprentice to Mrs. Mary Prior, at Odiham, in Hampshire. Madam, I wish, before I conclude, I were able to find words that could sufficiently express my admiration of your Ladyship's amiable disposition to do good whenever any proper opportunity is offered to you for it, which must make you the object of the highest esteem and love to all who have the honour and happiness to be acquainted with you, but especially to one who has had so much delight and pleasure in your conversation, and has received so many favours from you in such an obliging manner, as

Madam,
Your Ladyship's most obedient
humble servant,
A. Bolton.

The remarkable *reign* of Lady Sundon ended with the decease of Queen Caroline. The retirement, however, of Lady Suffolk, preceded that of her rival; and in 1735, the favourite of George the Second retired to Marble Hill, at Twickenham, and there she became acquainted with

Horace Walpole, who owed so much to her information. Both single, both alone in the world, and both mutually acquainted with different members of the houses of Vere and Dorset, they soon became intimate. What a fireside of gossip must theirs have been! Lady Suffolk was extremely deaf, and was more addicted to narrating than to listening; her memory was astonishingly correct, and her listener was indulgent, and fond of old anecdotes. "These evenings," Horace Walpole afterwards remarked, when, in his turn, he became a chronicler, and thus kept up the chain of traditional history, "were extremely agreeable."

The influence of Lady Suffolk had been always kept in subjection by the Queen's superior intellect, and by her credit with the Minister. Except a barony, a red ribband, and a good place for her brother, Lady Suffolk could succeed but in a very subordinate degree. She left the Court with a very limited income, and was obliged to be economical, although Marble Hill had been presented to her. She married Mr. George Berkeley, on leaving Court, and outlived him. How happy must she have been to escape from the disgraceful thraldom of her vicious life, from the slavery of her attendance on the Queen, and the mortifications she endured! It is amusing to find Horace Walpole speaking of the *dignity* of her behaviour.

Her endurance, not to say patronage of Lady Suffolk, was the everlasting stain upon the character of Queen Caroline. Nor were the dying hours of her Majesty so enlightened by true religion and benevolence as to efface some painful impressions of her motives and disposition, otherwise so laudable, nor to dispel the suspicions of the cavillers, that prudence had more influence than principle over her strong mind. She was certainly an actress; even her life was sacrificed to appearances, and to the habitual effort to please the King. She never refused a wish that his Majesty expressed; and every morning, at Richmond, walked several hours with him, when she had the gout, which she checked, by putting her foot into cold water. Those exertions hastened her fate; her bulk was now considerable, and the pain which she must have endured was exquisite; yet a simple operation might have saved her existence.

Two persons only, besides Lady Sundon, were in possession of the fatal secret of the Queen's disease. These were, the King, and Madame Mailborne, the German nurse. At last, the truth was necessarily, but, when it was too late, divulged to the faculty; mortification ensued, and all hope was abandoned. On her death-bed, Caroline refused to see her son, the Prince of Wales. She sent him her blessing and forgiveness; but, considering the extreme distress it would give the King to be obliged to receive so impenitent a son, she refused a personal interview—thus carrying disgraceful enmities with her to the grave. The sight of a Royal family, united by ties of confidence, in England, has, it is singular to reflect, been unknown since the days of Charles the First until the present era. His eldest son had no children. James the Second had no heir until a short time before he fled to St. Germains. William was childless. Anne lost her son, the Duke of Gloucester, when a boy. George the First and George the Second were open foes; and the same feuds were revived between George the Second and his eldest son. Nor did the two succeeding reigns afford a happier instance of true confidence, on the one hand, or filial reverence, on the other.

When Caroline was fast sinking, Archbishop Potter went to her, to administer the last sacrament. Few persons were present; but it soon transpired that the poor Queen, her mind confused by her controversial readings, and influenced, it is said, by Lady Sundon's want of orthodoxy, refused to receive the Supper of our Lord. The Prelate retired; and the people crowding around him, inquired—"Has the Queen communicated?" The Archbishop adroitly answered, "Her Majesty is in a most heavenly disposition;" and thus evaded the question.

The alienation of the Queen from her eldest son may have, perhaps, interfered with the celebration of that holy rite, no less than knotty points of doctrine with which it had been wiser not to intermeddle. Frederic is said to have shown, very early, an aversion to his mother, who, however, endeavoured, though vainly, to prevent an open rupture between the Prince and his Royal father.

The Queen's death was the signal for a new arrival at the Court—that of the Countess of Yarmouth, formerly Madame de Walmoden. This lady was venal and profligate, and was, therefore, courted by the Ministry of that disgraceful era. Even the daughters of the deceased Queen condescended to play at cards with her, every night, in company with the most favoured officers of his Majesty's household. Every Saturday, in summer, Horace Walpole relates, the King carried that uniform party, but without his daughters, to dine at Richmond. They went in coaches and six, in the middle of the day, with the heavy horse-guards kicking up the dust before them, dined, walked an hour in the garden, "returned in the same dusty parade, and his Majesty fancied himself the most gallant and lively Prince in Europe."

Lady Sundon now sank into a total insignificance. No more fawning letters from the Bishop of Killala—no more tributes of adoration from Baron Wainwright—no more satirical chronicles from Lord Hervey, are to be met with after the Queen's death. All were silent—and silent is the chronicle of her after-existence. Hers was peculiarly the power behind the throne: the unacknowledged keeper of the Queen's conscience, she has no place in the page of history, although all patronage—from the appointment of a dresser, to the promotion of a Bishop—seems to have been vested in her hands. That she was singularly courteous, charitable, and intelligent, appears evident from the many acts of kindness, referred to in this correspondence, and from the general tone of those who addressed her. These letters afford a considerable insight into the interior of a Court, possibly more interesting in its annals to many persons than what Horace Walpole calls "a magisterial detail of political events." Lord Sundon died in 1752, and Lady Sundon in January 1, 1742.

They left no issue, and their title, as well as Lady Sundon's merits, became extinct. "Of all the virtues," observes the cynic of the day, "Gratitude has the shortest memory."*

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* Horace Walpole.

THE END.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 4, Chandos-street, Covent-garden.

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